THE READER MAGAZINE

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ENGLISH MONKEY

A New Chafing-Dish Dainty

delicious, toothsome and easily made with

Armour's Extract of Beef

dried bread, fresh cheese and seasoning. Full directions may be found in our new cook book, *Culinary Wrinkles*, which also contains recipes for fifteen chafing-dish dainties, fifty soups and sauces, and twenty for invalid cookery, broths, etc., and may be had for the asking on receipt of name and address and a two-cent stamp to cover cost of mailing.

Armour's Extract of Beef

gives the flavor of roast beef roasting—rich, strengthening and invigorating—a quarter teaspoonful will make a cup of appetizing bouillon or beef tea.

 A small quantity added to soups of any kind gives a flavor and color that are so relished by lovers

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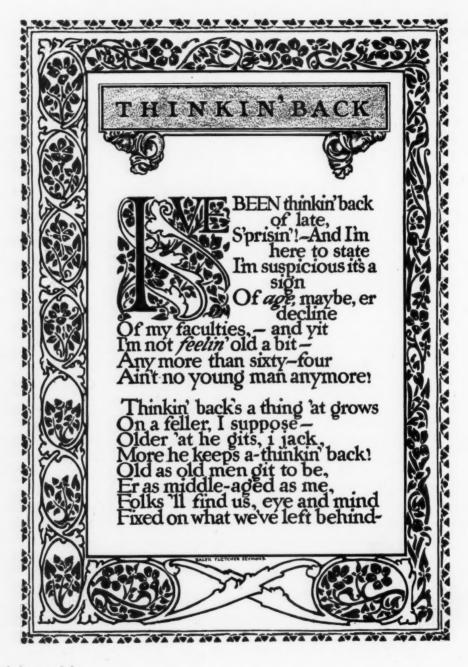


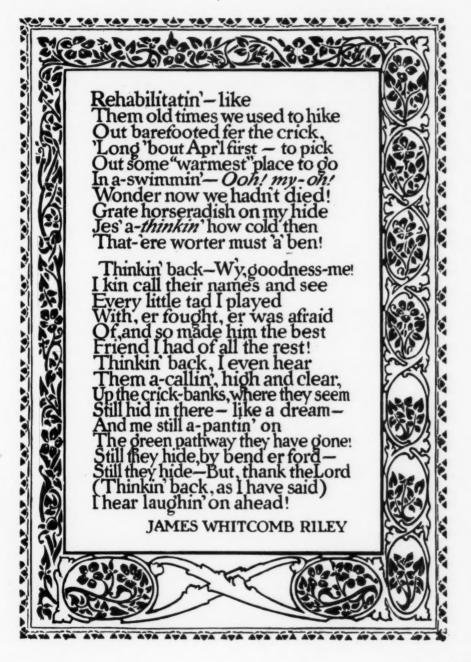
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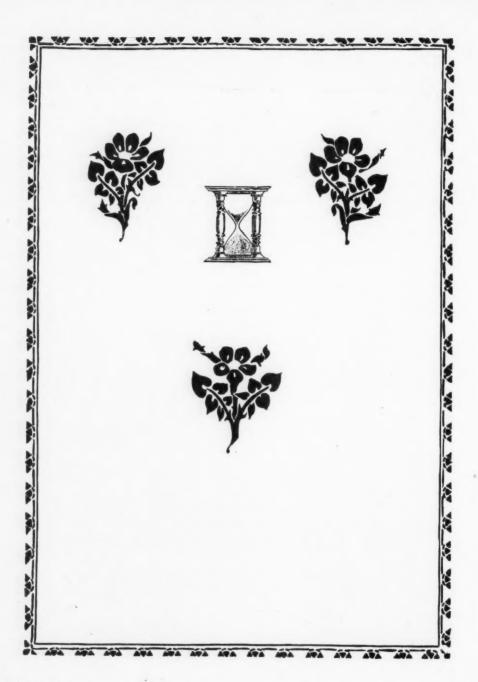
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

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MY OWN STORY

HOW BLIND PARTIZANISM OVERRODE LAW AND JUSTICE—AMAZING PROCEDURE OF THE TRIAL JUDGE AND PROSECUTOR,
ALMOST PRECIPITATING A MURDEROUS
RIOT IN THE COURT ROOM

By Caleb Powers

Ш

N the dead hours of the first night after Captain Davis and I had been placed I in the Lexington jail, we were aroused from sleep; told that we were going to be taken a "little distance"; then handcuffed together, driven out through the country in a two-horse conveyance; and, finally, lodged safely in the Louisville jail. We found there W. H. Culton and Holland Whittaker, who had been driven across the country from Frankfort the night before in order to escape mob violence. This was the first time I had ever seen Mr. Whittaker, although we were charged with joint complicity in the same murder. A few days after we had reached the Louisville jail, Judge Cantrill ordered Captain Davis and myself transferred to the Franklin County jail, where W. L. Hazelipp, steward for the Central Asylum for the Insane, had been incarcerated on the same charge as Captain Davis and myself. This was the first time I had ever seen Mr. Hazelipp.

In less than ten days after my arrest if not before that time—the political lines in the state were as tightly drawn in regard to my guilt, or innocence, as they had ever been concerning the money or any other question that has divided the two great political parties. There was not a single Goebel-Democratic newspaper published in the state at that time that failed to take the position that I was guilty of the crime charged against mevice versa with the Republican and Independent Democratic newspapers. To be a good Democrat it was necessary to preach my guilt-to be a good Republican, proclaim my innocence. The Taylor soldiers continued to occupy the State House Square, and a heavy detachment of Beckham guards and soldiers were thrown around the Frankfort jail. All this tended to intensify the feeling and, if possible, more tightly draw the political lines. The times were out of joint, big with possibilities, fraught with danger. The rumor in the Democratic camp was that the Taylor soldiers were going to release Captain Davis and myself from arrest, and in turn, arrest Mr. Beckham and other Democratic contestants on the charges of treason and put them behind prison bars. The rumors in the Taylor camp were that Captain Davis and myself were likely to be mobbed, and that the Democrats would soon attempt to take forcible possession of the state offices. The rumor that reached the general public was that there would soon be bloodshed, if not war, at Frankfort, between the contending factions; and so the weary, strife-laden

days wore on heavily.

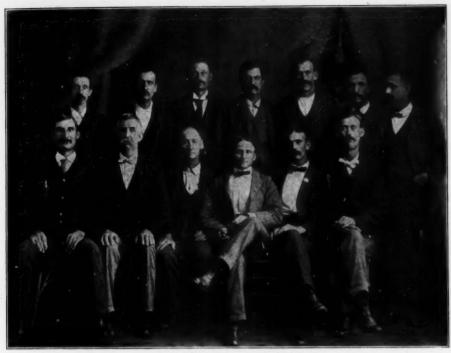
Section 50 of the Criminal Code of Kentucky provides that any one charged with a public offense is entitled to a speedy examining trial. I wanted one. I was anxious to know what proof could be produced against me-wholly disconnected with the crime with which I was charged. Accordingly, my examining trial came up in Frankfort before County Judge Dan Moore. The court room was packed to overflowing. Men came armed to the teeth, to assist, if necessary, in the administration of "justice." I met the cold, repellent stares of those who were thirsting for my blood. The military, too, was much in evidence-some, with gun in hand, others, with sash and saber. On the bench sat His Honor, Judge Moore: wise, erudite, oracular, dogmatic, harsh-voiced, ungrammatical, and as much at ease as his lack of culture, lack of learning, and lack of judicial knowledge, would allow. A veritable foe to the Queen's English, he was, and, as I soon discovered, a veritable foe to me. The poor old man knew but little of men and affairs, and seemed to know less about law than anything else, and to apply the little he knew more recklessly. The plainest rules for the admission and exclusion of testimony were completely ignored. Universally known provisions of the law were haughtily set aside: the rights of the accused-well, in that court he had no rights. The late T. C. Campbell, of Cincinnati riot fame, conducted the case for the prosecution; made frequent plays to the gallery, and in a dispute with Judge Denny, one of my counsel, came near

precipitating a serious riot and bloodshed. As Mr. Campbell-disputing the word of Judge Denny-approached him, every man of the five or six hundred in the court-room, sprang to his feet. The wildest confusion ensued. At least half the spectators made a frantic rush for the windows and doors (the courtroom is on the first floor); the other half seemed bent upon riot and murder. From seventy-five to a hundred of them, with revolvers and knives in hand, surged frantically against the iron railing which separated the court room from the bar proper. The bright steel of pistols flashed in many quarters, while vengeance gleamed from many eyes. As I sprang to my feet, I saw at least ten revolvers leveled at me. The court-room was transformed into pandemonium, and it is safe to say that this scene has had no parallel in any judicial tribunal in Kentuckypossibly not in the world. The excitement was terrific; every moment I expected to be shot. For once in my life, I looked instant death squarely in the face. The experience is not a pleasant one, yet, as with most people, when the moment came, the necessary courage came with it. Order was finally restored. Judge Moore overruled my motion for bail, and remanded me to jail.

Soon thereafter the prosecution's chief witness, Wharton Golden, was bitterly assailed by his wife in these words: "Wharton has been drunk, or bribed. I would not believe him on oath. I am not sorry for Wharton. 'Tis those innocent men

whom he lied on."

Kentucky was drunk still; the public on the qui vive as to who would be the next victim. Threats to arrest Governor Taylor became louder and louder. Richard Combs, alias "Tallow Dick," and another negro, Mason Hockersmith, were accused through the public press. A warrant of arrest was issued for Combs. He surrendered, was brought to Frankfort, put in jail. I had never seen Combs be-



JURORS IN ONE TRIAL OF POWERS' CASE

fore. On the afternoon of the 27th of March, Henry E. Youtsey, stenographer in the auditor's office, was arrested, charged with being a principal in the murder of Mr. Goebel. After his arrest, and before his lawyers could arrive, he was visited by Mr. Goebel's brother, Arthur, and Mr. Campbell. Mr. Campbell wrote out a "confession" for Youtsey, implicating in Goebel's murder Governor W. S. Taylor, James B. Howard, of Clay County; Berry Howard, of Bell County; "Tallow Dick" Combs, of Lee County; Frank M. Cecil, of Bell County, and my brother, John L. Powers. Youtsey did not at that time implicate me, but, on the contrary, said he had never discussed the killing of Goebel with me at all. According to Youtsey's "confession" either Combs or Cecil or one of the Howards had fired the fatal shot from the office of the

secretary of state, and that Taylor was aware of the plan to take Goebel's life. As soon as Youtsey had been arrested James Andrew Scott (a prominent Goebelite lawyer, who had been a candidate for attorney-general at the famous Music Hall Convention), before he knew of Youtsey's confession to Campbell, went to Winchester, Kentucky, to see Judge C. S. French and Mr. N. H. Witherspoon, the father-in-law and brother-inlaw of Youtsey. It is said that Mr. Scott urged upon these gentlemen the necessity of Youtsey's turning state's evidence to the end that he might "get a part of the one hundred thousand dollars and hang Taylor and damn the Republican party." Both Judge French and Mr. Witherspoon are men of untarnished integrity and high social standing, butpronounced Goebel-Democrats.

they made public Mr. Scott's advice regarding Youtsey, it created a profound sensation, and caused the greatest consternation throughout the Goebel ranks. Many who, up to that time, had believed that an honest effort was being made to find the slaver of Goebel, began to see that the central idea of the prosecution was, not to convict the guilty, but, as Mr. Scott expressed it, "to hang Taylor and damn the Republican party." Alarm and terror spread throughout the state. Fear reigned in the hearts of the innocent; the weak and cringing were anxious for their safety. Culton sought the protecting care of the prosecution, got it, was given his liberty, and along with Golden, put in training to make a future starwitness for his benefactors. The prosecution was spurred on by its power and thirst for revenge. The Democratic majority of the court of appeals said that it had no jurisdiction to try the Goebel-Taylor contest case, nor to decide that the Democratic members of the general assembly had done a dishonorable or illegal thing when they "fixed" the legislative Journals, and made them falsely declare that Taylor and Marshall, who had received the greatest number of legal votes, had been defeated, while Goebel and Beckham, who had received a less number by several thousand, had been elected. The Democrats felt like they had their feet once more solidly planted on terra firma. They proceeded with a high hand. A highly respected minister was insulted by Democratic members of the general assembly, while offering prayer. He and a number of his brother ministers refused to officiate further. The Franklin County grand jury indicted Whittaker, the two Howards, Youtsey and "Tallow Dick" Combs as principals in the Goebel murder, and ex-Secretary of State Charles Finley. Golden, Culton, my brother, and myself, as accomplices. Indictments were later returned against Taylor, Captain John Davis and Green Golden as accessories before the fact. The indictments charged

that there were a number of accessories to the murder, besides those named, who were unknown to the grand jury, as well as many other principals unknown to, and unnamed by, the same strong arm of the court. The indictment against Taylor was, contrary to law, kept a profound secret until the Supreme Court of the United States had decided that it had no jurisdiction over the contest cases; at which time Taylor joined Finley in the state of Indiana, and Governor Mount refused to return either of them to Ken-

tucky for trial.

On account of the unsettled condition of affairs, the auditor had for some time refused to pay out of the state treasury the salaries of any of the various Republican officials and clerks. I had been paying out of my own depleted purse clerks and an assistant secretary of state to have the duties of my office discharged. It was due the people who had given me the office to maintain it as best I could until a decision regarding my holding it was reached by the appellate court. I felt that the crisis in my situation was reached; I was in jail, my office an expensive burden to me and virtually gone, Taylor and Finley branded as guilty fugitives from justice and secure from arrest in Indiana, while I was left to carry the weight of their alleged sins and bear the brunt of an unequal battle.

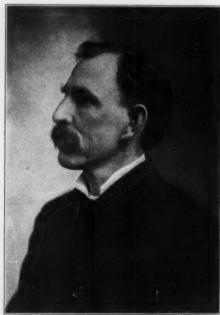
The floodgates of hatred and revenge were thrown wide open by the Democratic press. The ingenuity of the opposition was taxed to exhaustion in order to influence the public mind against me. Everything that might appear incriminating was heralded abroad, while everything that pointed to innocence was carefully suppressed. The Democrats controlled the courts, as well as the most widely circulating and most powerful press of the state. They felt that my conviction was a political necessity, and consequently staked their fortunes and their all upon it. Fearing that Scott County's Democracy might not appreciate the gravity of the

situation, and the absolute necessity for a conviction from a political standpoint, the leaders of the Democratic party met in state convention, nominated Mr. Beckham for governor, and made in part, the following declaration of principles: "We declare to the world that the mob and the assassin shall not be the arbitrators of the rights of the citizens of Kentucky, nor shall the penalty of an appeal to the law and the regular constituted authorities be death at the hands of assassins. Law and order must and shall prevail in Kentucky. We present to the people of Kentucky the picture of an army of intimidation unlawfully quartered in the public buildings of the state; a state senator in the discharge of his duty to the state stricken down by an assassin's bullet, fired from ambush in the Executive Building, then occupied by his political adversary who hoped to profit by his death; that adversary arming, filling, and surrounding the building with armed men, instructed to defy the civil authorities and prevent the search for the assassin. We earnestly invite the support, by voice and vote, of every sincere lover of civil and personal liberty to join with us in this campaign against the forces gathered under the banner of a government of assassination. The true manhood of Kentucky can not and will not endorse assassination of office, and we appeal to every Democrat and every good citizen of Kentucky to unite with the Democratic party, and thus express his detestation of a foul crime."

What further proof is needed that my conviction was an absolute necessity from a political standpoint? The failure to convict me was considered so fraught with danger to Goebel's political heirs that the highest Democratic authority, a state convention, was moved to issue a mandate to the Democratic judge who was to preside at my trial; to the Democratic sheriff, whose duty it was to summon the jurors; to the Democratic clerk and the Democratic citizens, some of whom would com-

pose the jury to try me, that a conviction there must be; for a conviction was a party necessity. And besides these, there were other reasons for conviction, other things at stake, besides the success of the Democratic party. Those Democrats directly interested in my prosecution, as well as many Democrats throughout the state, from the incumbents of the highest offices to the most insignificant witness, beheld avenues of political preferment opening before them in return for their services in proclaiming my guilt and securing my conviction. But over and above all, in the eyes of some, glittered the gold of the \$100,000 bribe-money fund. What an inducement to offer for needed proof! What a lever to use in the production of damning evidence! The sober-minded of all parties expected high tides in the streams of perjury, as well as that perjurers would stalk through the land, undisturbed by those whose duty it was-not to procure and protect—but to prosecute them. Perjurers were needed, perjurers would therefore be forthcoming and safety given them.

My case was set for trial in July, 1900; and as I was escorted to the court house. I caught many furtive glances from the assembled crowd. Much to my surprise, I found that all the ladies in the audience -by reason of a secret order of the court -were seated on the prosecution's side of the court room. This was for the purpose of making it appear to the jury and the public that I was a guilty wretch and that even the ladies of the state were entering the arena and crying for my blood. Judge Cantrill, with a dignified mien, flowing side-whiskers and bald head, tyrannical look and bearing, occupied the bench. Dignity is a mask behind which men sometimes hide their ignorancesometimes their infamy, sometimes both. Most great men are plain folk. People can exercise their common sense without becoming common-place. The witnesses for the prosecution were either present or accessible. It announced that the state was ready for trial. Of the one hundred and seventy-nine witnesses summoned for the defense, but five answered. My attorneys asked for a continuance of the case. Judge Cantrill ruled that it should go to trial. The names of the twenty-four men summoned for jury service were soon exhausted, and the court, over the protest of the defense, ordered the sheriff to summon one hundred bystanders. According to law, as the court of appeals later held, the jury-wheel should have been exhausted before bystanders were summoned for jury service. But to have drawn the names of the prospective jurors from the jury-wheel at that time would doubtless have resulted in the failure of the prosecution to convict me, since the jury-wheel had been filled about four months before Senator Goebel was killed: and, therefore, at a time when there was no necessity for it to be packed with the names of partizan Democrats. Nor was it so packed. The sheriff and his deputies



GOVERNOR W. S. TAYLOR

proceeded to the rock-ribbed Democratic voting precinct of Stonewall to get the requisite number of talesmen for jury service. Its citizens were more rural, more reliably Democratic than those of any other portion of the county. It was among such that rankled the fiercest hatred for those charged with the Goebel murder. Illiteracy, narrow-mindedness and Democratic reliability were the qualifications for jury-service sought for by the prosecution in my case. When the men arrived, Judge Cantrill deliberately left the bench and walked around where the special venire sat, and began to question the men in a tone inaudible to any except those in the vicinity of the questioned and questioner. After an investigation, which seemed to be satisfactory to himself, he excused those who, in his judgment, did not come up to the requirements of the case. Not a single lawyer for the defense was requested by the judge to be present during this strange and unprecedented proceeding - none was present.

Nearly half of the men present sought to be excused on one ground or another. Those who were more liberal-minded than the others were excused by the court; the bitterly partizan were retained. The court had held a secret interview, as far as the defense was concerned, with the jurors summoned to decide whether or not I should be given my liberty, whether I should don a felon's stripes for life, or whether I should die an ignominious death on the scaffold. I saw my most sacred rights being filched from me, as well as a court of justice being converted into a political machine shop, without being able to check or change the proceedings. On the voir dire examination of the remaining talesmen, Judge Cantrill threw dignity and duty to the winds, and entered vigorously into the prosecution of the case. Those who have ever given thought to jury trials know that the selection of the jury is of the utmost importance. If the

jury is packed or bribed, evidence, innocence, justice-nothing will affect a prearranged verdict. A bribed jury is blind to everything except the glitter of the gold-one packed, deaf to all except the crackle of the fires of hatred and revenge. By some strange oversight, or lack of insight, the laws of Kentucky (Criminal Code, Section 281) provide that the rulings and decisions of the trial court in the selection and formation of the jury are not subject to exceptions and review. Judge Cantrill knew that his decisions in the examination of the talesmen, while unprecedented, would not be reviewed by the court of appeals; so he followed the dictates of unbridled partizan feeling. As a net result, twelve Democrats sat in the jury-box to try me for my life. Mr. J. C. Porter, one of the jurymen, has been extensively advertised as a Republican. This is a mistake. Mr. Porter is not now, never has been, a Republican. His family connections, his wife's father, brothers, relatives, are Democrats. His Democracy and regularity in voting the straight Democratic ticket were never questioned until 1896, when he voted for McKinley. As soon as representatives of the commonwealth were apprised of the fact that Porter upon one occasion had failed to support the Democratic ticket, they came to the defense and urged that it should agree for Porter to be excused from jury service, on the ground of lunacy, claiming that he was not in his right mind. To this, the defense would not agree, and the jury remained as accepted. This alarmed the prosecution. It had been represented to it that Porter was a Democrat, true and tried. It was a "fake"-something must be done: so during the progress of my trial Porter's wife was secretly permitted to have an interview with him. She conveyed a letter to him from his father, which stated that if he stood for an acquittal, although convinced of my entire innocence, he would be indicted for perjury by reason of certain statements made by him on his voir dire examination



ROBERT FRANKLIN

Prosecuting Attorney in all cases, including those of
Howard and Powers

in my case; and that besides this, his property would be imperiled and his life endangered. This, the juror revealed to Judge James B. Finnell, of Georgetown, after my trial was over. He told Judge Finnell that he believed in my innocence, but was afraid to vote for an acquittal. He said that such a stand on his part would have meant that he could no longer prosper, if he lived, in the community where he resided, and added: "It's a shame that I did not stand out for Powers' acquittal, but I have a wife and children to support and I knew it would ruin me, if I did."

At the close of the first week of my trial nothing sensational had developed; but the method of selecting the jury, its political affiliation, the manifest partizanship of the witnesses, the garbled reports of the testimony and other proceedings of the trial published in the Democratic newspapers, their effort to further inflame the public mind against me, the

swarm of witnesses hovering around the distributers of the blood-money fund, the liberty on the streets of Georgetown of certain alleged co-conspirators, the bitterness exhibited by the Goebel Democrats who had attended the trial, the cagerness with which the jury drank down the strongest testimony for the prosecution, the attitude of the court toward my law-

FRANKLIN COUNTY JAIL
In rear of Court House, where Powers was confined
for a time

yers, his failure to recognize them on the street, his fining them in court upon the slightest provocation and forcing them to pay the fine immediately or go to jail, his undisguised contempt and hatred for me, his entire lack of courtesy, his manifestly unfair and partizan rulings, the latitude he gave the commonwealth in the introduction of its testimony—all pointed to and emphasized the necessity and certainty of my conviction.

The Lexington Herald, Independent Democrat, edited by Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge, said: "A conviction is a political necessity. The present leadership has staked its fortunes on this conviction", and it had.

The Republicans in the meantime had nominated John W. Yerkes, an able, aggressive debater, as their standard bearer, and declared in their platform that the jury in my case had been "organized for conviction." The issues were made upstrange issues of political parties to be fought out in a court of justice where the life or liberty of a human being was at stake. Is it any wonder, under such circumstances, that a temple of justice should be transformed into a forum for the exploitation of the angry passions of the fiercest and most bitter campaign and contest for state offices known to any American commonwealth? It would have been less than human if my guilt or innocence had not been lost sight of in such a struggle for political advantage. During the following two weeks consumed by the prosecution in the introduction of its testimony five dazzling and sensational star-witnesses were placed on the stand. Three of these-W. H. Culton, Wharton Golden and Robert Noakes, -were charged with complicity in the Goebel murder, and were swearing for, and were given immunity, in exchange for their testimony. Two-Finley Anderson and George F. Weaver, alias "Strolling Barber"-were testifying, not because of cold-blooded expediency, but for a consideration of cool dollars and cents. Of the "Five Invincibles", as these witnesses were banteringly termed at the time, one only (Wharton Golden) remains in the service of his coachers and employers. Weaver, Noakes and Anderson are now publicly known perjurers, while Culton has recently forged a number of witness claims and fled from the state. Noakes confessed his perjury, Anderson made an affidavit to his and Weaver was indicted for his. When Weaver took the witnessstand for examination Mr. Campbell and the other lawyers for the prosecution were in high feather, and looked at each other significantly. Their air indicated that a genuine sensation was about to be sprung. They were right. One was, for Weaver soon began to tell a delighted jury and anxious crowd that he was on the inside of the Capitol Square (Frankfort, Kentucky), and in front of the Executive Building, at the time of the tragedy. He said that he heard five shots; "turned around immediately upon hearing them, looked toward the building, and saw part of a man's hand withdrawing a gunbarrel into the window"-the front window to the private office of the secretary of state. From the viewpoint of the prosecution, the testimony of this witness was damning. He had established its claim that the shot which had killed Mr. Goebel had been fired from my private office window. Before the trial was over, however, the hilarity of the prosecution was changed into dispair and mortification; for the defense established by a dozen or more reputable witnesses that Weaver was not in Frankfort on the day of the tragedy, but was at Grayson Springs, one hundred and thirty miles away. His perjury was so open, so notorious, so glaring, that the defense had him arrested. He was released on an insignificant bail bond in the sum of two hundred dollars for his appearance. The money was put up for him. Weaver was given his liberty, and from that day to this he has stalked through the land, unharmed, unsought, unmolested, by those whose duty it is to apprehend him and send him to a perjurer's abode. The perjury of Anderson is equally notorious -his testimony even more sensational and damaging. When on the witness-stand, Mr. Campbell held him like a charmed bird under the spell of a serpent. His testimony was injurious in the extreme. The witness said I told him I was longing to take Goebel's life. "If we can't get him killed, and it is necessary. I will kill him myself", were the words, he declared, fell from my own lips. Proof! The veteran father confessor proved anything he desired.

Why should he not, when he had himself prepared the statements to which the witness swore. But later, Anderson, under oath, explained how he was bribed, retracted his testimony, and exposed the corrupt methods by which it was procured. The smooth suborner of perjury had so framed the story of Anderson, as well as that of Noakes and other perjurers, as to put it beyond my power to contradict them by any other witness than myself. Noakes, Golden, Culton, Anderson and the rest testified that their conversations with me had been in private. Realizing how powerless I was to convince the public that these star witnesses were black perjurers, it is beyond the power of words to express how gratified I was to know that the conscience of one had so haunted him until he was forced to tell the truth.

After my examining trial, in May, the country was kept on the qui vive reading sensational stories in inflammatory journals to the effect that this, that, and the other Republican would be connected with the killing of Mr. Goebel. Men prominent in the party councils were kept before the public as possible assassins; others, less prominent, were frequently mentioned, and among these was one Robert Noakes. He had been a "heeler" for the Republican party in his own town, and had led a somewhat reckless life. He had come to Frankfort with the large crowd of mountaineers; was active and apparently much interested in Republican success; had talked, it seems, boldly, and protested vigorously against the actions of the Democrats in the contests. He is a man far above the average in native ability; was known to be a cool, courageous scoundrel, with little or no sense of right or wrong-a man who would play any part that circumstances or shifting scenes might assign him. Such a creature played well and easily into the hands of the prosecution. Plans were laid to have him arrested for complicity in the Goebel murder. In order not to appear a willing wit-

ness, he went to Big Stone Gap, Virginia, just prior to his arrest, and refused to come to Kentucky until requisition papers had been obtained. When everything was thus properly and respectably arranged, he was arrested at Big Stone Gap on a warrant charging him with being an accessory before the fact to the murder of William Goebel. He was brought to Frankfort and put in jail, but, like Culton, his incarceration was of short duration. Two days after he had been placed in the bastile he was given in charge of a guard provided by the prosecution. When my case was called for trial, Noakes proved himself to be the monumental perjurer of the case. The will of his partners in dishonor was just as good, but Noakes had more ability, and in his special calling, could "out-Herod Herod." He came into the liars' homestretch rather late in the action, but sustained them all, beat them all. The lengthy statement he gave out for publication, many months afterward, disclosing his amazing perjury and the manner in which it was obtained, startled the public. It reads more like fiction than the record of a witness in a court of justice. In the retraction of his testimony, he said in part:

"The first conversation that I had with Tom Campbell, after I met him at Big Stone Gap, was in his room at the Wellington Hotel, at Georgetown. He sent for me to come to his room. He then informed me that they were now all going to help me to get out of trouble, and that I would be out in a few days. He then told me that he was then ready to take my statement. The nervous strain that I had gone through with had left me almost a total wreck, and I was at all times furnished with stimulants and kept under the influence of intoxicating liquors, and was frequently on the verge of delirium tremens. I had never drunk to excess until after I was arrested, and from the effects of the whisky that I had been taking, and my troubles, I sometimes realized that I was not right mentally. In this condition, I

made a statement in Tom Campbell's room. Campbell afterward informed me that I had sworn to the statement before a notary public, but I do not remember of having sworn to it, and I do not believe that I did swear to it. Campbell insisted that I did, and proved it by a man that he said was a notary public. This man's name I do not know. At the time I went on the witness-stand at Georgetown, and swore to the facts contained in this statement, I was still under the influence of liquor, was almost a nervous wreck, and under all the circumstances, was not a responsible witness."

Since the revelation of his infamy, Noakes has been the veriest "Old man of the Sea" that the prosecution ever had upon its back, which is saying much. But during the progress of my trial, "Defense utterly unable to shake the testimony of Robert Noakes," said the Goebelite press

in blazing headlines.

After three long and weary weeks of suspense, perjury, unjust rulings, and disgraceful partiality, the prosecution closed its case; and knowing that it had made out none, the claim was put forward that if I were not guilty, I was at least in a position to know who was; and that it was my duty to "point out the real criminal." This I was powerless to do, because the murder of Mr. Goebel was, and is, as much a mystery to me as to the reader of these pages. My position was a hard one. I was soon to take the witness-stand in my own behalf, and give an account of my every word and act during a protracted and heated campaign and the bitter and passion-tossed contest which followed it. I was to tell, not merely what I had said and done, but what others, with whom I had come in contact had said and done during that exciting period. I realized that it was to be a tremendous task. I must remember the testimony offered by the prosecution touching my conduct, speech, and whereabouts, and be able to attack its vulnerable points and expose its falsity. I knew under what a fire I would

be when my cross-examination began, and how the slightest discrepancy, real or apparent, would be distorted, magnified, misconstrued. But to speak the truth, I felt equal to the task. My innocence sustained me; and to what extent I succeeded, I will quote the Evening Post, Independent Democrat, as proof: "The expectation of a further exhibition of Campbell's tactics helped to swell today's crowd. People here have learned that in the art of injecting argument into examinations; of veiling innuendoes; of inference and insinuation under the guise of questions, and of putting his own words in other men's mouths, Campbell is a grand-master. But not one inch did he shake Caleb Powers in the long and severe crossexamination which went on during the forenoon. He never once lost his head, nor did he allow Campbell to trip him into admissions that he did not make. So amply able to take care of himself did the prisoner prove that ex-Governor Brown found few occasions to object to Campbell's interrogations, although most of them were couched in objectionable language. Throughout the morning, Powers remained cool and calm, and his replies seemed to breathe sincerity and truth. At times, the inquiry was turned by Campbell into a trial of wit, in which he pitted his shrewdness against that of Powers. In every such instance Campbell suffered. Powers made no flippant rejoinders; he attempted no evasion. He met each question fairly and squarely, and his answers were always full and sufficient."

After my testimony was completed, my attorneys introduced over one hundred witnesses in my defense, occupying fully two weeks. The testimony was not only proof of my innocence, but in many ways, exposed the perjury of the prosecution. But if all the testimony for the prosecution had been made to collapse on the spot like a card house before a breath of wind, what would have mattered it? Had not the jury been selected for conviction? Had not five thousand dollars been offered

for it, right or wrong? Was not a conviction both a pecuniary and a political necessity? In less than an hour after the jury retired to deliberate upon my case, there was a rap on the door of the petit jury-room. "Have you made your verdict, gentlemen?" asked the court. Two of the jurors replied: "We have." The verdict read: "We, the jury, find the defendant guilty, and fix his punishment at imprisonment for life in the state penitentiary."

What emotions filled my breast pen can not write, language can not describe. It is a poor vehicle of thought at best; and a poorer messenger of emotion. By the verdict of that jury, I was branded by my state as a murderer. The awfulness of a verdict by which I was consigned to a living death appalled me, but after the first horrible shock I felt that such a verdict could not stand; that it could not be final. I will leave the description of the scene in the court-room when my verdict was read, to the Courier-Journal:

"Numerous women who have befriended Powers since his incarceration rushed within the bar, grasped his hand, and offered him their sympathy. 'You have the prayers of all our family,' said one young woman, sobbing bitterly. By this time, Powers had thoroughly regained control of himself, and exhibited that coolness of manner which has characterized him throughout the long trial. He smiled and said he had not yet given up."

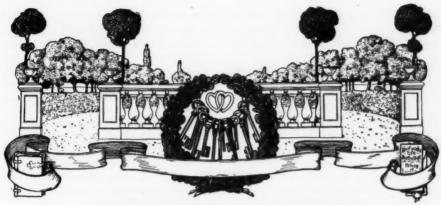
It is a great thing to have a clear conscience, to be patient and serene when wrongfully accused, to have your feet so firmly planted on the foundation stones of truth that you can meet calumny in silence and slander with a smile.

While sorrow, with its dark wings, was shadowing me, the prosecution and its friends on the opposite side of the room were offering and receiving the most effusive congratulations. The truism that the joys of many are built upon the misfortunes and sufferings of others was richly exemplified here. As Arthur Goebel left the court-room, he received congratu-

lations from the jurors who had just returned against me a verdict of guilty. I was soon rushed back to the jail, heavily guarded, closely watched. The court made an order, transferring me to the Louisville jail for safe-keeping. Two strong men took me into custody at the jail, and escorted me to the depot, where I boarded the Midland train for Frankfort.

Events had been following so rapidly upon the heels of one another and I had been going through so many vicissitudes and painful ordeals and at such a rapid rate that I had had no time for reflection, nor opportunity to pause and take my bearings. The storms of passion and hatred had, for six long weeks, lashed me so furiously and incessantly; the intensity of interest and excitement had been so acute, that no opportunity had been given me, or others vitally interested in the outcome of my trial, to clearly forecast its result or to fully realize the force and meaning of an adverse verdict. I was glad to cast anchor, glad to get an opportunity to look about me and view with some composure the outlook for the future. After a few warm and earnest words of encouragement from those friends who, before the train started, had learned of my speedy departure, I settled down by the side of the open car window, and for a few moments enjoyed the southern breeze, as the great iron horse puffed its way along, on this fateful August day, 1900. The sun was sinking slowly in the west, its rays warmly and widely flooded the country through which we passed, but for a few brief moments. Then it kissed the world good-night, and a solemn stillness reigned, broken only by the clamor of the running train and here and there by a peal of laughter from one of Ham's dusky descendants as we stopped at the small country stations. To the things about me I gave but passing notice; my brain staggered in contemplation of the future. My position, viewed from any and all points, was one to overcome the

bravest of heart, to break the spirit of the strongest of men. My life from earliest childhood had been one continuous struggle. A boy, and alone, I began to face the battle, duties and cares of life. I had striven for every inch of vantageground, and now to have my name held up in execration, my prospects in life blighted, and be driven over the country chained like a beast of the field, was a fate almost unbearable. I thought of my brother who was at that time, and is yet, a fugitive, not from justice, but from vengeance. Could it be possible that an aged father and mother, who had lived for their children and had tried to make them the best of men and women they were capable of becoming, were to be made to undergo the tortures of hell because these children had entertained laudable ambitions? It was all so horrible that I scarcely seemed sure of my own identity, or certain of all that had taken place, but unhappily, it was all too true, and not a dream. The conductor calling the names of the stations, the passengers getting on and off the train, the inquiring glances at my shackled hands, and the vigilant care with which I was guarded, made it but too clear that it was all a painful and frightful reality. Where would it end? Could the prosecution, having convicted me once, afford, in the event of a new trial, not to do so again, since my guilt was a Democratic article of faith-a plank in the party platform? I thought of all these things-and more, and while the disadvantages under which I labored seemed mountain-high, and impossible to overcome, at the same time I believed that truth and justice would finally triumph over oppression and wrong. I felt that I owed it to my father and mother, myself, my state, to continue the fight for my liberty, whatever might be the odds against me. Surely, somewhere and at some time, justice could be found in the land. Surely—but at this point I was hurried off to the county jail, one of Hawthorne's "black flowers of civilization." (To be concluded)



AN INCIDENTAL COURTSHIP

By Elliott Flower

AUTHOR OF "THE SPOILSMAN," ETC.

ARRY Renway was the kind of a man that people refer to as "a simple soul." He might feel deeply, but he did not think that way. As a matter of fact, it was stretching things a little to call him a man, for he was hardly more than a boy—a youth in years, but a boy in everything else. Nevertheless, it is worth recording that he was a reasonably thrifty boy, although his earning capacity had not permitted him to put aside anything resembling a fortune.

Love, however, visits the poor as well as the wealthy, the simple as well as the wise. Indeed, sometimes it seems as if love rather avoided the wealthy and wise and chose the companionship of less favored mortals. So perhaps it is not at all extraordinary that Harry Renway was in love-very much in love-and the object of his affections was one of the most tantalizing specimens of femininity that ever annoyed and delighted man. She said frankly that she was mercenary, but it is probable she exaggerated. She had been poor all her life, but she had no dreams of great wealth and no ambition for it: she merely wanted to be assured reasonable comfort—that is, what seemed to her reasonable comfort. A really mercenary girl would have deemed it poverty and hardship. Somehow, when one has been poor and has suffered some privations, one learns to give some thought to worldly affairs, and it is to the credit of Alice Jennings that she did not grade men more exactly by the money standard. Harry's modest salary would be sufficient to meet her requirements, but Harry had nothing but his salary. A larger salary might give something of luxury, in addition to comfort, but, assured the comfort and freedom from privation, she would be guided by the inclinations of her heart. So perhaps she was wise rather than mercenary. Love needs a little of the fostering care of money, although too much of this fostering care tends to idleness and scandal.

"But if anything should happen to you," argued Alice, when Harry tried to tell her how hard he would work for her.

"What's going to happen to me?" he demanded.

"I don't know," she answered lightly. "You're a dear, good boy, Harry, and I like you, but I've had all the poverty I want."

"Who's talking about poverty?" persisted Harry stoutly. "I've got more than two hundred dollars saved up, and I'll have a bigger salary pretty soon."

"What's two hundred dollars?" she returned. "We'd use that to begin housekeeping. Then, if anything should happen to you- Why, Harry, I'd be worse off than I am now. I don't want much, but I've learned to look ahead—a little. I've neither the disposition nor the training to be a wage-earner, and I'll never go back home after I marry. Dad has a hard enough time of it, anyhow." There was raillery in her tone, but there was also something of earnestness in it. "Now, Tom Nelson has over two thousand dollars," she added.

"Oh, if you're going to sell yourself!"

exclaimed Harry bitterly.

"I didn't say I'd marry him," she retorted teasingly, "but if I did and anything should happen to him-"

"You'd probably find he'd lost it in

some scheme," put in Harry.
"He might," admitted Alice thoughtfully, "but he's pretty careful."

"And too old for you," added Harry angrily. "Still, if it's only money-"

"It isn't," she interrupted, more seriously: "it's caution. I've had enough to make me just a little cautious. You don't know how hard it has been, Harry, or you'd understand. If you knew more of the disappointments and heart-aches of some of the girls who are deemed mercenary you wouldn't blame them for sacrificing sentiment to a certain degree of worldliness. 'I just want to be sure I'll never have to go through this again,' says the girl, and she tries to make sure. It isn't a question of the amount of money that she can get by marriage, nor of silks or satins, but rather of peace and security after some years of privation and anxiety. She learns to think of the future, if only in a modest way—that is, some such girls do, and I'm one of them. What could I do-alone?"

"Then you won't marry me?"

"I didn't say that."

"Then you will marry me?"

"I didn't say that, either. There's no

hurry."

Thus she tantalized him always. It was unfair, of course-unless she intended to accept him eventually. In that case, it was merely unwise. It is accepted as a girl's privilege to be thus perverse and inconsistent in her treatment of the man she intends to marry, but sometimes she goes too far and loses him. However, Alice Jennings was herself uncertain. She had known Harry a long time, and she liked him. She had known Tom Nelson a shorter time, and she liked him also. It may be said, however, that she did not love either of them. Love is self-sacrificing and gives no thought to worldly affairs. Alice Jennings might have been capable of love, if she could have afforded the luxury, but circumstances had convinced her that she could not afford it, so she did not try. She would not sell herself solely for money, and her standard of comfort was not high, but she was going to try mighty hard to "like" the most promising man well enough to marry him. So far as possible she was disposed to follow the advice of the man who said: "Marry for love, my son; marry for love and not for money; but if you can love a girl with money, for heaven's sake do so."

As a natural result of her desire to make sure of escaping for all time the thraldom of poverty that was so galling to her, she was irresolute and capricious. She dressed unusually well for a girl in her position, but this was because she had taste and had learned to make her own clothes, so the money available for her gowns could be put almost entirely into the material alone. She was a capable housekeeper, because necessity had compelled her to give a good deal of time to housework in her own home. She had no thought of escaping all these duties, irksome as they were, but she did not wish to be bound down to them. A comfortable

flat, with a maid-of-all-work to do the cooking and cleaning, and a sewing girl for a week once or twice a year, was her idea of luxury. This, even though there was still much for her to do, would give her freedom, and this, with reasonably careful management, either of the men could give her. But she looked beyond, and hesitated; she had schooled herself to go rather deeply into the future.

Tom Nelson found her quite as unreasonable and bewildering as did Harry. Tom was older and more resourceful than Harry, but he was not so steady and persistent. Harry was content to let his money accumulate in a savings bank, but Tom deemed this too slow and was willing to take risks in the hope of larger profits. He made more, but he also spent more, and, all else aside, it was a question as to whether Harry would not be able to provide the better home. Then, too, Tom occasionally lost money, while nothing but a bank failure could endanger Harry's modest capital. So Tom had his own troubles with the girl. He knew her dread of poverty-amounting almost to a mania-and he made frequent incidental reference to his capital.

"But that isn't much," she said lightly. Her self-confessed mercenariness was always brought out in a whimsical, half-jocular way that seemed to have nothing of worldly hardness in it. "And there's no telling whether you'll have it six months from now," she added. "As long as I had you to take care of me it would be all right but."

be all right, but—"
She always came

She always came back to the same point. Yet one of these two she intended to marry, her personal preference being for Harry, and her judgment commending Tom. Harry would plod; Tom might be worth twenty thousand dollars in a few years, or he might be in debt. Harry never would have much; Tom might have a great deal—enough to make the future secure, no matter what happened.

"Will you invest the money for me?" she asked.

"Why, no," he replied in surprise. "I must use it to make more."

Thus she flirtatiously, laughingly, but with an undertone of seriousness, kept them both uncertain, while she impressed upon them her one great fear of being left helpless. Yet even in this her ambition was modest; no income for life, but only something for her temporary needs until she could adjust herself to new conditions, if that became necessary. Anything more than that was too remote for serious consideration.

Harry finally told his troubles to a friend, when these exasperating conditions had continued for some time. He wanted consolation; he got advice.

"A little too worldly to suit me," commented the friend. "Still, it might be better if some of the girls who marry hastily had just a little of such worldliness. There would be fewer helpless and wretched women and children."

"That's just it," returned Harry.
"She knows what it means, and that two
thousand dollars of Tom Nelson's looks
awful big to her. If I had as much, I'd
invest it for her outright, and that would
settle it."

"Doesn't want it to spend, as I understand it?" queried the friend.

"Oh, no—just to know that she has something, in case anything happens."

"Why don't you try life insurance?" asked the friend.

It took Harry a moment or two to grasp this. Then his face lighted up.

"By thunder! I never thought of that!" he cried.

"That's the trouble with lots of men," remarked the friend dryly. "Marriage is considered a dual arrangement when it should be a triple—man, woman and life insurance. That's the only really safe combination. The thoughtful lover will see that the life insurance agent and the minister are interviewed about the same time."

"Where did you learn all that?" asked the astonished Harry.

"Oh, it's not original with me," was the reply. "I heard Dave Murray talk about insurance once. He's an enthusiast. He claims that the best possible wedding gift is a paid-up life insurance policy, and I guess he's right. It would be a mighty appropriate gift from the groom's father to the bride—a blamed sight better than a check or a diamond necklace. A paidup policy for five thousand dollars would look just as big as a five-thousand-dollar check, and it wouldn't cost nearly as much—unless the old man plans to sneak back the check before it can be cashed. And what a lot of good it might do at a time when the need may be the greatest. If the bride is the one to be considered in selecting a wedding gift, as I understand to be the case, what better than this?"

"I guess Dave Murray is the man for me," said Harry in admiration of the

originality of this idea.

"Of course he is," asserted the friend.
"And, if you want to make the argument stronger for your wavering girl, get an accident insurance policy, with a sick-benefit clause, also, and then take out a little old-age insurance. There ought to be no trouble about giving her all the assurance necessary to allay her fears."

Harry was a good risk, and he had no difficulty in getting a policy. He saw Murray personally, but, as he did not explain his purpose or situation, their conference was brief; Murray merely asked if he thought a one-thousand-dollar policy was all that he could afford.

"Because," said Murray, "when you go after a good thing it's wise to take all you can of it. There ought to be enough so that something can be found after your

estate is settled."

"I'd make it five hundred dollars, if I

could," said Harry.

"Most of the good companies," said Murray, "wisely protect a man from his own economical folly by refusing to issue a policy for less than one thousand dollars."

"It's an experiment," explained Harry.

"A fellow doesn't want to put too much money into an experiment."

Murray, the resourceful Murray, was bewildered. Life insurance an experiment! Surely he could not mean that.

"Well," he said, "your widow will be pretty sure to think the experiment a

success."

"I haven't got a widow," asserted Harry.

"Of course not," admitted Murray, "but you may have."

"How can I have a widow when I am dead?" asked Harry. "How can I have anything when I am dead?"

"You can't tell by the looks of an electric wire how highly it is charged," mused Murray. "I guess I touched this one too recklessly." Then to Harry, "But there may be a widow."

"There may," returned Harry.

"Well, she'll be sorry you didn't experiment on a larger scale, because it really isn't an experiment at all. There's only one thing surer than insurance."

"What's that?" asked Harry.

"Death; and, with the popular gold bonds or any limited payment policy, you have a chance to beat death by some years. But suit yourself."

So Harry took the physical examination and got the policy, payable to his estate. Then he promptly assigned it to

Alice.

"There's one thousand dollars sure, if anything should happen to me," he said. "That beats any old elusive two thousand dollars that Tom Nelson may have."

"You're a dear, good, faithful boy, Harry," she said impulsively, and she

gave him a kiss.

That was happiness enough for that day and the next, but on the third he began to get down to earth again and deemed the time propitious to settle matters.

"You'll marry me?" he suggested.

"Perhaps," was her reply.

"Perhaps!" he cried. "It's always perhaps."



"PERHAPS IT WON'T BE ALWAYS PERHAPS," SHE RETURNED

"Perhaps it won't be always perhaps," she returned.

In truth, she had wavered so long that she found it difficult to make up her mind. Besides, Tom was prospering, Tom was devoted, and Tom was a nice fellow. True, he was twenty-six, while she was only eighteen, and Harry, at twenty, was nearer her own age, but-well, aside from any question of the future, it was rather nice to have two so devotedly attentive. Then, too, Tom spent his money more freely, and she derived the benefit in present pleasures. There was no hurry; the future was now brighter, whichever she chose, and, things being so nearly equal, there was even less reason for haste. Alice, in addition to her dread of poverty, was a natural flirt: she enjoyed the power she exerted over these two men. But she said nothing to Tom of Harry's latest move; perhaps she thought it would be unfair, or perhaps she was just a trifle truer to Harry than she was to Tom.

Harry, in his "simple" way, misinterpreted this irresolution. He was too devoted to criticize; he had begun to understand her dread and to think that she was quite right in taking such a very worldly view of the situation. Why should she not, so far as possible, endeavor to make her future secure? It was for him to convince her of his thoughtfulness and his ability to provide for her. Thereupon he got an accident insurance policy.

"You're awfully thoughtful, Harry," she said. "I like you."

"I don't want you to worry," said Harry, flattered and pleased.

"I'm not worrying," she told him. "But I am," he retorted, ruefully.

"Men," she asserted, "are so impatient."

Harry could not quite agree to this; he thought he had been wonderfully patient. In his straightforward way he began to ponder the matter deeply. It had seemed to him that he was doing a wonderfully clever thing, that ought to settle the matter definitely. Had he made a mistake?

If so, what was necessary to rectify it? Incidentally, he heard that some of Tom Nelson's little speculations had turned out favorably, and Tom was still quite as devoted as ever and seemed to be received with as much favor. Then to Harry came an idea—a really brilliant idea, in his estimation.

"Perhaps," he told himself, "I ought not to have assigned that policy to her; perhaps I ought to have kept it in my control so that a wedding would be necessary to give her the benefit of it. As it is now, she has the policy, no matter who she marries. I don't think she would—"

Without finishing the sentence, Harry knitted his brow and shook his head. It was not a pleasant thought—he told himself it was an unjust thought—but, as he had gone in to win, he might as well take every precaution. If the conditions were a little different, it might put an end to her flirtatious mood and compel a more serious consideration of his suit; it might have a tendency to emphasize his point and "wake her up," as he expressed it. Possibly, it was just the argument needed

With this in mind, Harry again called upon Murray.

"I'm in a little trouble," he explained.
"I ought to have had that policy made out to my wife."

"It makes no difference, unless the estate is involved in some way," explained Murray. "She'll get it through—"

"It makes a big difference," interrupted Harry. "You see, I've got to get the wife."

"What!" ejaculated Murray. "Say that again, please."

"Why, if I had an insurance policy in favor of my wife, it would make it easier to get the wife, wouldn't it?"

"Thunder!" exclaimed Murray. "I thought I was pretty well up on insurance financiering, but this beats me. Are you hanging an insurance policy up as a sort of prize package?"

"That's it, that's it!" cried Harry,

pleased to find the situation so quickly comprehended. "The other fellow is worth more, but insurance looks bigger than anything else I can buy for the money, and I want to show her how much safer she will be with me than with him."

"You're all right," laughed Murray, "but I'm afraid you'll have to marry first. We can't very well make a policy payable to a person who doesn't exist, and you have no wife now. When you have one, bring the policy back, if you're not satisfied to have it payable to the estate, and—"

"But she's got it."

"Who?"

"The girl. I assigned it to her, so she doesn't have to marry me to get the benefit. That wasn't good business."

Murray leaned back in his chair and looked at the youth with amusement and

curiosity.

"No," he said at last, "that may have been good sentiment, but it wasn't good business. And," he added, jokingly, "I don't know that this transaction is quite legal."

"Why not?" asked Harry anxiously.

"Well, we're not allowed to give prizes, and if a girl goes with the policy, it looks a good deal like a prize-package affair. I'm not sure that that wouldn't be considered worse than giving rebates on premiums."

"You've got the wrong idea," argued Harry with solemn earnestness. "The girl doesn't go with the policy, but the policy goes with me. At least, that's what

I intended."

"Better try it again with another policy," suggested Murray. "Make it payable to your estate, and then hang on to it until you get the girl. Let me give you a word of advice, too, although it's not exactly to my interest."

"Well?"

"Well, the policy that you gave to her doesn't amount to much if you stop paying premiums on it. You might suggest that to her." "By George! I never thought of that!" exclaimed the youth. "I guess I haven't much of a financial head."

"Oh, you're all right," returned Murray. "You're the first fellow I ever knew who made a matrimonial bureau of an insurance office. I've got something to

learn about this business yet."

With his second policy in his pocket, Harry reverted quite casually to the subject of insurance, although he had first taken the precaution to have a lot of insurance literature sent to Alice. From this she learned that nothing could quite equal it in making the future secure.

"I have decided," said Harry in an offhand way, "that the best investment for a young man who has any one dependent upon him is insurance. I have just taken out another policy for one thousand dol-

lars."

"How thoughtful of you!" exclaimed Alice.

"It's on the twenty-year endowment plan," exclaimed Harry. "At the end of twenty years the whole sum may be drawn down or it may be left to accumulate. As provision for the future, I guess that makes any two or three thousand dollars in the bank look like thirty cents."

"You're awfully good to me," said Alice, for this apparent evidence of unselfish devotion, in addition to what had preceded it, really made her reproach herself for her capriciousness. But it was such jolly fun to keep two men anxious.

"The insurance," Harry went on, "is

payable to my estate."

"What does that mean, Harry?" she asked.

"It means," replied Harry, "that a girl has got to marry me to get a chance at it."

"I always did like you, Harry."

"Yes?"

"But you're so impatient."

Harry was beginning to develop a little strategical ingenuity.

"There is no need," he said, "to make a secret of this. I'm not ashamed to have

all the girls know that I am making proper provision for the one who becomes my wife."

"Harry Renway," exclaimed Alice, "if you make our private affairs a subject of public gossip, I'll never speak to you

again as long as I live."

Thereupon Harry demonstrated that he was not as "simple" as he was supposed to be, for he promptly returned the kiss that she had given him on a previous

occasion. There could be no misinterpreting "our" private affairs.

"When?" he asked.

"Oh, pretty soon," she replied, for the flirtatious instinct was still in evidence. Besides, under the circumstances, too much haste might be misinterpreted. However, their friends were told of the engagement, and that was something. Tom Nelson was angry and disgusted.

"The fool!" he exclaimed. "A live man wants to have the use of his money, and he has tied himself up with insurance.

That isn't my way."

"But he got the girl," some one suggested.

"Not yet," retorted Tom, "and you never can tell."

In truth, it seemed as if Tom's insinuation was almost prophetic, for Alice procrastinated and postponed in a most aggravating way, and Harry took it all in good part for two or three months. There was no particular reason for this delay, as the preliminaries of such a wedding as they would have could be arranged very quickly, and in time it tried the patience of even Harry.

"The semi-annual premium on that first policy is due the day after to-morrow," he remarked one evening.

"Well?" she returned inquiringly.

"If the premium isn't paid the policy lapses."

"But you'll pay it?"
"For my wife I will."

She gave him a quick look, and she

knew that he was not going to be swayed this time by her little cajoleries.

"But, Harry," she protested, "that's

so-so soon."

"I have the license in my pocket," he said; "there's a church within two blocks, and I saw a light in the pastor's study as I came by. I guess we've waited long enough. Let's go out for a little stroll."

It was six months later that Harry again met Dave Murray, but Murray remembered him.

"Did you get the prize with your policy?" asked Murray.

"Sure," replied Harry.
"Was it a good prize?"

"Bully," said Harry. "A little hard to handle just at first, but you can do almost anything with insurance."

"You certainly have made good use of

it," laughed Murray.

"You bet, I have," answered Harry, with some pride. "Why, say! an insurance policy is the greatest thing in the world for family discipline."

"For what?" exclaimed Murray.

"Family discipline. The first time we had a little rumpus she had me going seven ways for Sunday until I thought of the insurance policies. 'Well,' said I, 'if I'm not the head of the house there's no reason why I should be paying insurance premiums, and I'll default on the next one. The head of the house looks after things of that sort,' I told her, and that settled it; I'm the head of the house, and, if I don't play it too strong, I've got the thing to maintain discipline."

"Don't you want another policy?"

laughed Murray.

"Well," returned Harry, thoughtfully, "if I could get the same kind of a prize with another, and if it wasn't against the law, I rather think I might be tempted to do it. Anyhow, there can't anybody tell me there's nothing in insurance, for I know better."

THE MIRROR OF THE SEA

By Joseph Conrad

AUTHOR OF "LORD JIM," "YOUTH," ETC.

III. GALES OF WIND

HE man-or perhaps I should say the poet, since anything may be expected of a poet in search of an epithet-who first spoke of a "smiling sea" must have had a peculiar notion of joyousness. The smile of a giant would be a formidable thing. The sea is never joyous, though it can be serene, and in the utmost freshness of its serenity it never has the youthful delicacy of the earth in spring. No man born and truthful to himself could declare that he ever saw the sea looking young. But some of us, regarding it with understanding and affection, have seen it looking old as if the immemorial ages had been stirred up from the undisturbed bottom of ooze. For it is a gale of wind that makes the sea look old.

At a distance of years, looking back at the aspects which each storm presents, stored in the memory, it is that impression which disengages itself clearly from the great body of impressions left by many years of intimate contact.

If you would know the age of the earth, look upon the sea in a storm.

I hesitate before using the word storm; for the habit of many years is strong—the habit of the sailor's thought in which that word never has a place. In the whole gamut of a sailor's experience, from a hurricane or heavy weather to a hard facer or a dirty night, there seems to be no room for a storm.

Since the mad human animal first trusted itself on the water astride a plank, there may have been a sailor who used the word storm. It must have been one who would not have minded using the expression "to cast anchor"—which seems to be a technical phrase coined by landsmen to jar upon the ears of men for whom the splash of a falling anchor has been the closing sound of many phases of life.

The Atlantic Ocean, that turns so quickly gray beneath a smoky sky, shows its age most in the stress of a gale. The grayness of the whole immense surface, the wind furrows upon the faces of the waves, the great masses of foam, flung about and waving as it were white locks, give to the sea in a gale its appearance of hoary age, lusterless, dull, without gleams, as though it had been created before light itself.

Looking back after much love and much trouble, these instincts of primitive man, which personify the iorces of nature for his affection and for his fear, are awakened in the breast of one who had gone beyond that stage even in his infancy. One seems to have known gales as enemies, and even as enemies one embraces them in that affectionate regret which clings to the past.

Gales have their personalities, after all; perhaps it is not strange, for when all is said and done they are adversaries whose wiles you must defeat, whose violence you must resist, and yet with whom you must live in the intimacies of nights and days.

Here speaks the man of masts and sails, to whom the sea is not a navigable element, but an intimate companion. The length of passages, the growing sense of solitude, the close dependence upon the very forces that, friendly to-day, without changing their nature, by the mere put-

ting out of force, become dangerous tomorrow, make for that sense of fellowship which modern seamen, good men as they are, can not hope to attain. And besides, your modern ship which is a steamship makes her passages on other principles than yielding to the weather and humoring the sea. She receives smashing blows, but she advances; it is a slogging fight and not a scientific campaign. The machinery, the steel, the fire, the steam, have stepped in between the man and the sea. A modern fleet of ships does not so much make use of the sea as exploit a highway. The modern ship is not the sport of the waves. Let us say that each of her voyages is a triumphant progress-and yet it is a question whether it is not a more subtile and more human triumph to be the sport of the waves and yet survive.

In his own time a man is always very modern. Whether the seamen of three hundred years hence will be men with the faculty of sympathy it is impossible to say, for unchangeable mankind changes with the pride of his own achievement. How will they feel on seeing the illustrations to the sea novels of our day, or of our yesterday? It is impossible to guess. But the seamen of our vesterday brought in contact with the old caravels by his sailing-ship, which is their direct descendant, attaining an almost absolute perfection in the very hour of death, can not look upon those lumbering forms navigating the naïve seas of ancient woodcuts, without a feeling of surprise, affectionate derision, envy, and admiration. For those things whose unmanageableness, even when represented on paper, makes one gasp with a sort of amused horror, were manned by men, his professional ances-

No!—the seaman of three hundred years hence will probably be neither touched nor moved to derision, affection, or admiration. He will look upon the photogravures of our nearly defunct sailing-ships with a cold, inquisitive, but indifferent eye. Our ships of yesterday will

be to his ships no ancestors, but predecessors. Their course will have been run and their race extinct. Whatever craft he handles at sea, he will be not our descendant, but our successor.

П

And so much depends upon the craft which, made by man, is one with man, that the sea will wear for him another aspect. I remember once seeing the commander, officially the master, by courtesy the captain, of a fine iron ship of the old wool fleet, shaking his head at a very pretty brigantine. She was bound the other way; she was a taut, trim, neat little craft, extremely well kept; and on that serene evening when we passed her close she looked the embodiment of coquettish comfort on the sea. It was somewhere near the Cape—The Cape, tout court, being, of course, the Cape of Good Hope, the Cape of Storms of its Portuguese discoverer. And whether it is that the word storm should not be pronounced upon the sea where the storms dwell thickly, or because men are shy of confessing their good hopes, it may be called the nameless cape. Of the two great capes of the world, the other, strangely enough, is seldom if ever called a cape. We say, "a voyage round the Horn;" "we rounded the Horn;" "we got a frightful battering off the Horn;" but never "Cape Horn,"-and indeed, perhaps with truth, for Cape Horn is as much of an island as of a cape. The third great stormy cape of the world, which is the Leeuwin, receives always its full name, as if to console its second-class dignity. These are the capes that look upon the gales.

The little brigantine, then, had doubled the Cape. Perhaps she was coming from Port Elizabeth—from East London, who knows? It was many years ago, but I remember well the captain of the wool-clipper nodding at her with the words, "I wouldn't go about the sea in a thing like that for anything."

He was a man brought up in big deep-

water ships, and the size of the craft under his feet was a part of his conception of the sea. His own ship was certainly big as ships went then. He may have thought of the size of his cabin, or, unconsciously, perhaps, have conjured up a vessel so small tossing amongst the great seas. I didn't inquire, and to a young second mate the captain of the little pretty brigantine sitting astride a camp stool with his chin resting on his hands that were crossed upon the rail, might have appeared a minor king amongst men. We passed her within earshot, without a hail, reading each other's names without a signal.

Later on, the second mate, the recipient of that almost involuntary mutter, could have told his captain that to a man brought up in big ships there may be a peculiar and fierce delight in what we should both then have called a small craft. Probably he would not have understood very well. His answer would have been a gruff "Give me size," as I heard another man answer to a certain remark about the handiness of a small vessel. It was not a love of the grandiose or the prestige attached to a command of a great tonnage -for he continued, with an air of disgust and contempt, "Why, you get flung out of your bunk as likely as not in any sort of heavy weather."

I don't know: I remember a few nights in my lifetime, and in a big ship, too, as big as they made them at that time, when one did not get flung out of one's bed simply because one could not go to sleep for the extreme necessity of spreading arms and legs and holding on. The expedient of turning your bedding out on to a damp floor and lying on it there was no earthly good, since you could not keep your place or get any rest in that position. But of the delight of seeing a small craft run bravely amongst the great seas there can be no question to a man whose soul does not dwell ashore. Thus I well remember that three days' run got out of a tiny little barque of barely four hundred

tons somewhere between the islands of St. Paul and Amsterdam, and Cape Otway on the Australian coast. It was a hard long gale, gray clouds and green sea, heavy weather undoubtedly, but still what a sailor would call manageable. With two lower topsails and a reefed foresail the little vessel seemed to race with a long steady sea that did not becalm her in the troughs. The great regular combers caught her up from astern, passed her with a fierce boiling up of foam, level with the bulwarks, went on ahead with a swish and a roar, and the little vessel dipping her jib boom into the tumbling froth would go on running in a smooth glassy hollow, a deep valley between two ridges of the sea, hiding the horizon ahead and astern. There was such fascination in the pluck, nimbleness, the continual exhibition of the little vessel's seaworthiness, in the semblance of courage and endurance, that I couldn't abandon the delight of watching her through the three unforgetable days of that gale, which my mate also delighted to define as "a famous shove."

And this is one of those gales that in after years come back to one with a friendly aspect, as you may remember sometimes with pleasure the face of a man after your own heart whom you have once met and are never to see again. In this way gales have their physiognomy. You remember them by your own feelings, and no two gales stamp themselves in the same way upon your emotions. Some cling to you in wobegone misery; others come back fiercely and weirdly like ghouls bent upon sucking your strength away. Others again have a catastrophic splendor; some are unvenerated recollections, as of spiteful wild cats clawing at your agonized vitals; others are severe like a visitation, and one or two rise up draped and mysterious with an aspect of weary despair. In each of them there is a characteristic point at which the whole feeling seems contained in one single moment,—so, there is a certain four o'clock in the morning in the confused roar of a black and white world when I took charge of my watch with the absolute conviction that the ship would not live for another hour.

I wonder what became of the men who silently (you couldn't hear yourself speak) shared that conviction with me. To be left to write about it is not perhaps the most enviable fate.

This is the moment which resumes in its intensity the whole recollection of days and days of most terrific weather. We were then, for reasons which I do not wish to specify, in the close neighborhood of Kerguelen Land; and now, when I open an atlas and look at the tiny dots on the map of the Southern Ocean, I see as if engraved upon the paper the

physiognomy of that gale.

Another, strangely, resembles a silent man. And yet it was not din that was wanting; in fact it was terrific. It was a gale that came upon the ship swiftly, like a pampero, which last is a very sudden wind indeed. Before we knew very well what was coming all the sails that were set had burst; the furled ones were blowing loose, ropes flying, sea hissingit hissed tremendously-wind howling, and the ship lying on her side so that half of the crew were swimming and the other half clawing desperately at whatever came to hand, according to where a man had been caught by the catastrophe, either to leeward or to windward. The shouting I need not mention—it was the merest drop in an ocean of noise-and yet the character of the gale seems contained in the recollection of one small, not particularly impressive, sallow man without a cap and with a very still face. Captain Jones-let us call him Joneshad been caught unawares. Two orders he had given at the first sign of an utterly unforeseen onset; after that the magnitude of his mistakes seemed to have overwhelmed him. We were doing what was needed and feasible. The ship behaved well. Of course it was some time before we could pause in our fierce and distracted exertions; but all through the work, the excitement, the uproar and some dismay, we were aware of this silent little man at the break of the poop, perfectly motionless, soundless, and often hidden from us by the drift of the

sprays.

When we officers clambered at last upon the poop, he seemed to come out of that numbed composure, and shouted to us down wind: "Try the pumps." Afterward he disappeared. As to the ship, I need not say that although she was presently swallowed in one of the blackest nights I can remember, she did not disappear. In truth, I don't fancy that there had ever been much danger of that, but certainly the experience was startling and particularly deafening—and yet it is the memory of a very quiet silence that survives.

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For, after all, the gale of wind, a thing of mighty sound, is voiceless. It is man, who in a chance phrase interprets the elemental passion of his enemy. Thus there is another gale in my memory, a thing of endless deep, humming roars, moonlight and a spoken sentence.

It was off that other Cape which is always deprived of its title, as the Cape of Good Hope is deprived of its name, and that is called the Horn. For a true expression of disheveled wildness there is nothing like a gale in the bright moon-

light of a high latitude.

The ship, hove-to and bowing to enormous flashing seas, glistened wet from deck to trucks; only her one set sail was black upon the gloomy blueness of the air. I was young then and suffering from weariness, cold and imperfect oilskins which let water in at every seam. I craved human companionship, and coming off the wheel, took my place by

the boatswain (a man whom I did not like), in a comparatively dry spot, where at best we had water only up to our knees. Above our heads the great explosive booming gusts of noise passed continuously, justifying the sailor's saying "that it blows great guns." And from that need of human companionship, being very close to the man, I said, or rather shouted: "Blows very hard, boatswain."

His answer was: "Aye, and if it blows only a little harder things will begin to go. As long as everything holds I don't mind it, but when things begin to go it's

bad."

The intonation, the shouting voice, the practical truth of these words, heard years ago from a man I did not like, have stamped the peculiar character on that

gale.

And so it may be a look in the eyes of a shipmate, a low murmur in the most sheltered spot where the watch on duty are huddled together, a meaning moan from one to the other with a glance at the windward sky, a sigh of weariness, a

gesture of disgust, passing to the keeping of the great wind, become part and parcel of the gale. The olive tint of hurricane clouds presents an aspect peculiarly appalling. The ragged wrack, flying before a nor'-west wind, makes you dizzy with its headlong speed that depicts the rush of the invisible air. A hard sou'-wester startles you with its close horizon and its low gray sky, as if it were a prison wherein there is no rest for body or soul. And there are black squalls, white squalls, thunder squalls and unexpected gusts that come without a single sign in the sky; and of each kind no one of them resembles another.

There is infinite variety in the gales of wind at sea, and apart from the peculiar terrible and weird moaning that may be heard sometimes passing through the roar of a hurricane—an unforgetable sound as if the soul of the universe had been goaded into a mournful groan—it is after all the man's voice that stamps the mark of his feeling upon the charac-

ter of a gale.

IN SPORT, AND LOVE, AND DEATH

By Arthur Stringer

WHEN the herd in the sun swings round to run,
And the hour and the end's at hand,
The Law of the Wild ordains but one—
Remember, and understand!

When Life and a Third at a reckless word
Would dare what is doubly banned,
The Law of the Home is the Law of the Herd—
Remember, and understand!

When the oil ebbs low and the road we go Holds never a light nor hand, But one, is the Law, but one and alone,— Remember, and understand!

BOBBY'S RETURN

A STORY IN TWO PARTS

By Gouverneur Morris

AUTHOR OF "TOM BOWLING," "ELLEN AND MR. MAN," ETC.

I

HEN my Aunt Ellen married Claude St. Anne, the chocolate king (this event took place in Tours, France), it was arranged that I should go home to America (indeed it was I that did the arranging) to Charleston, South Carolina, and live for a time with my maternal grandfather. And who so happy at the prospect as I? For the old gentleman had promised me horses and dogs and guns, and as the French say, "I had but nine years." But when I remembered that I was leaving Blanche, who had promised to marry me if I would stay, wretchedness possessed me. And we parted with kisses and tears.

All through the voyage home I regretted Tours and Walter and Blanche with a great regret. If I had not felt so important, traveling alone, being in charge of the captain and having my pockets full of money with which to buy lemonade and ginger ale, there were times when I should have wept. But one morning the low white shores of Long Island came out of the haze off our starboard bow, and my mind became crowded not with recent memories, but with old memories of home, and I began to quiver with the excitement of getting back. Soon we had passed through quarantine and were steaming at half-speed up the hazy bay. New York, looking as clean as if it had just risen from the sea, lay before us under a motionless canopy of white smoke. The great bridge, the most graceful of all things strong, and the strongest of all things graceful, shimmered on the right. And to the left was the colossal Liberty looking brazenly toward the open sea.

But my father was not on the pier. Alas! that was very like him. A kind gentleman in blue, with dirty finger-nails, asked me what was the matter.

I said: "My father was going to meet me, but he hasn't come, and I've got to go to Charleston, South Carolina." Just like that. All in one breath.

The kind gentleman patted the top of my hat with his grimy paw.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Edward Holinshed."

"Well, sit tight, and maybe your father'll be along."

He went away whistling. And I, who had been for the moment comforted, began to feel forlorn again, and teary.

"Is this Edward Holinshed?"

"Yes, sir."

"My dear boy, how you have grown!"

"Yes, sir."

"Your father couldn't get to meet you. He asked me to come in his place. You don't remember me? My name is Splinter—you used to sit on my knee when you were a baby."

I did not like Mr. Splinter's looks. True he was youngish, brisk, clean and gentle, but something was wrong. It may be that his hair was a shade too long in the neck. But it was very nice in him to take so much trouble for his friend's child. And I think I appreciated it.

He took me up-town by the elevated to the Murray Hill House, where he said my father would join us. He then asked me if I had any foreign money to exchange into American money, and I emptied my pockets. I had three Louis d'or, some silver and coppers. Mr. Splinter took the money, saying that he would exchange it before the banks closed, and come back. I sat on a settle in the office, my little satchel beside me, and waited for him. But the afternoon wore away and he did not come back. Toward evening a clerk asked me what I was doing there; and I told him that I was waiting for Mr. Splinter and my father. The clerk told me that he did not know about that, and I saw him approach a large important looking man behind the desk, and enter into a conversation about me. I knew that because they kept glancing in my direction. Therefore I became alarmed, for I had heard of little boys being arrested for no reason at all and sent to jail. I left my satchel on the settle to avert suspicion and strolled casually to the door. I opened it a little, and looked up the street and down. Then I bolted. I ran hard in the direction of the most people I could see, and turned down Forty-second Street to Third Avenue. It occurred to me that my father, not being used to having me on the same side of the ocean, had forgotten that I had returned from Europe, and had gone home. So I walked up Third Avenue under the shadow of the elevated, knowing well that if I kept on I would come to the Harlem River, and that having crossed that, I could follow the railroad tracks to Baychester, and thence through the woods home.

I struck out manfully, though I was very much afraid, for little street boys followed me, and made mock at my sailor clothes, and addressed insulting questions to me, which I did not have the heart to answer. Lights were being lighted in that interminable and gloomy thoroughfare,

and shops were being closed. The shoppers had gone home, and the people that sleep by day were beginning to walk abroad. Frequent trains, in and about which people swarmed like bees, passed heavily over my head on the up track. and less frequent and nearly empty trains passed in the opposite direction. Dust and sparks, cinders, peanut-shells, spittle and occasional banana-peels showered into the street from the crowded trains. Fat tously women that did not wear corsets leaned bare-armed from house windows, and chatted with each other. Now I looked up and saw a man in his shirt sleeves, smoking a pipe; the day's work done. Now a pale child, often a cat, and sometimes a dog sat observant upon the sill of a window. Brilliantly lighted saloons occupied nearly every corner, and as the hours passed, for it is many weary miles from Forty-second Street to the Harlem River, I saw many men the worse for liquor, and was sore afraid.

The night was in full swing when at length I passed by the station at One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street and came out on the banks of the river. But how excellent was the smell of shipping and salt, and how splendid the enlargement of the horizon after the dismal smells and sights of that tunnel-like abomination which is called an avenue! In those days there was little city beyond the river. Halting in the middle of the old Harlem bridge and looking forward, I saw few lights and the shapes of many trees. From the bridge I crossed a windy expanse to the old Harlem terminal station, and set out for Baychester by the ties. I had to wait for a train to pull out, and I was very weary and wished to be aboard, but it did not occur to me to steal a ride, and I had no money.

My progress became slower and slower. Occasionally I had to cross a little trestle, and that was a work to stir the imagination and turn the heart cold. It is a marvel to me that I ever finished that walk,



I SLEPT ALL NIGHT ON THE DOORSTEP OF MY OLD HOME

for I remember vividly how tired I was, and how unhappy. But it was May in Westchester, and delicious smells came from the woods to the right and left, and with them was the fragrant smell of the beaches at low water, and I was going home. Then the moon rose, and flooded the old familiar faces with light; I could see that the dogwood was out, and that the grass was full of sleeping flowers.

I was many hours passing from Harlem to Baychester, and many trains—up and down—rattled and roared by me. Ahead, far up the track, a light would suddenly appear, remain motionless for a long time, and then fairly leap at me. The pulsing of the locomotive, the rattling of the cars would increase until, with a long drawn roar, the thing of iron and steam and fire, with its shining train, would hurl past and retreat rumbling, and disappear. On the long trestle from Westchester to Baychester I was caught between the up train and the down, and I crept out onto one of the beams that connected both tracks at intervals, and clung to it with arms and legs, was rocked and nearly torn loose by the draft of the contending monsters. Then, indeed, more dead than alive. I crept over the rest of the trestle, and saw that the Baychester station was dark, and hence that the last train had run, and it was midnight. And now there was a short half-mile of the old dear woods, where nothing could hurt me, and I would be at home. Every now and then I ran a little, for in a minute I should see Pelham Bay with the moon on it, and God would be good to me, a tired little child, and I would sleep once more in the old bed in the room under the eaves.

And now I turn into the long alley of maples that the inhabitants of Mosquito Row did plant for grateful shade. And I have passed the house next to the Big House, and the Big House itself, and now beyond the Cotter's house I see the giant sassafras that marks my home. But why are all the lights out in Mosquito Row? It is only a little after midnight, and surely some one must be still up and doing?

I have pulled the bell of my home, and I hear it jangling far away in the kitchen. It has an empty and lonely sound, as of a bell ringing in a house that is carpetless and without hangings. I listen for footsteps and there are none. Again I ring, and again there comes to me the jarring and mocking, the lonely and empty jangling of the bells.

Do you know what they have done to Mosquito Row? and to the shores of Pelham Bay? They have taken them away from us that loved them so well, and they have made them into a park in order that the money of a great city may be spent. They have said that the smoke shall rise no more from the hospitable chimneys, and they have hurt beyond mending the heart of a little child who lies sobbing on the doorstep of his old home.

H

I slept all night on the doorstep of my old home and rose with the sun to find myself sore from the hard boards and wet with the early dew. I went from house to house in Mosquito Row only to find that all were closed, and I had a sort of fear that the black death had perhaps dealt with its former inhabitants even as it once dealt with the citizens of London Town. I wondered if all Westchester had

been emptied like a cup—a libation of people at the feet of the angry gods; and then nailed to a tree I saw a large green board upon which was printed:

PELHAM BAY PARK

and soon I came upon another sign which told me not to harm the flowers or shrubs. But the park, I argued, could not extend for ever, and I set out over the causeway and up the boulevard toward Greenways. In the long grass by the side of the road I met a tramp. He had built himself a little fire and was roasting a piece of meat.

"Where going, son?" he called cheerfully.

"Just up the road to Greenways," I said.

"You're an early bird," he said. "Have you caught any worms?"

He was a young unshaven tramp with blue eyes and a fine round column of a bronzed throat.

"Do you mean have I had breakfast?"
"That's what I meant."

"No, I haven't."

"Well, sit down and eat. You're wet through."

"I've been out all night."

I said this with a slight tingle of pride. "What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Look here, young un," said the tramp, "I know enough to know something. Are you a runaway or in trouble of your own making? Kids with sailor suits like yours usually have a home to go to. Tell me what's wrong?"

There was something very kind and engaging about that tramp. Before breakfast was over I had told him my immediate troubles. But when I told him about Splinter and my money, he laughed.

"And who is your father?" he asked.

"Edward Holinshed," I said.

"Now, really!" said the tramp. He looked at me with freshened interest.

"Any relation to the Miss Holinshed that married a Frenchman the other day?"

"She is my Aunt Ellen," I said.

"Ellen," said the tramp, "yes, that was the name." He took a newspaper clipping from his pocket. It contained an account of my aunt's marriage and was headed by a doubtful wood-cut of her. "That she?"

"Yes," I said, wondering greatly.

"And you want to go to Charleston," he said, "to your grandfather, is that it? And you have no money, and don't know where to find your father, and if you did you are pretty sure that he wouldn't have any, and if he had, you ought to be damnably sure by this time that he wouldn't give you any? Am I right?"

I said that he was.

"Well," he said, "I'm not what I seem, "Aren't you?" I queried solemnly, expecting, perhaps, that he would suddenly turn into a horse or a tree. He laughed.

"No," he said, "I'm only a tramp, nor'-nor'-west."

"Must have been a sailor," I thought.

"I tramp," he said, "for pleasure and profit, or say from pride and prejudice. The fact is it's my ambition to be an authority on tramps. I tramp, and take notes," he said, "and when I've got enough, I put on my store clothes, dine at Delmonico's, go to Newport in summer and write my book. It's to be all about tramps. For instance, you may expect to figure in it as a young, guileless and inexperienced tramp, and this gentleman coming down the road will appear-unless I am greatly mistaken—as the perfect type of the experienced and perfect waggles."

And in truth an aged and weary gentleman of the road was at that moment discernible, shambling from the direction of Baychester. He made straight for our fire and sat down.

"Whose kid's dis?" he said.

My friend nudged me with his elbow.

"Mine at present," he said.

"Get him some duds or youse'll be pinched," he said. Then he helped himself to the fragments of our breakfast, and when he had stayed his hunger-

"Dis," said he, "is a hell of a citypark for miles-empty houses-empty kitchens-give me Pennsylvan-ia."

"Pickins poor?" said the young tramp. "Dreadful poor," said the old one, "but what you goin' to make wid de kid?"

"I'm goin' to return him to his family wid me compliments," said my friend.

"It ain't a safe play," said the old tramp. "I done it once and dey done me." "I ain't feared."

"Don't want no help from an old 'and?"

"If youse had a tenner."

"On what assurety?"

My friend spoke a word that I did not

"O. K.," said the old one. He produced a greasy roll of bills from an extremely inmost pocket, and stripped a ten from it.

"When do I touch?" he said.

"Depends where you'll be?"

"Hartford-Monday?"

"Kirey at the corner."

"'Nuff said," said the old one.

He handed my friend the bill and rose slowly to his feet. "Good day, gen'lemen," he said.

We looked after him for some time as he shambled down the road.

"You might not think it," said my friend, "but there goes a rich man. He's a sort of walking bank to gentlemen of the road."

How much has he got?" I asked.

"Perhaps fifty thousand dollars."

"But why does he tramp?"

"It's the only business he knows. He makes it pay."

"How will you get him back his ten dollars?"

"Send him a money order with twentyfive cents extra for interest."

"But how do you know where to send it?"

"Why Kirey," said my friend, and he laughed in my face. "When we get to New York," he went on, "I can get all the money I want, but it's a darn long walk from here to New York, and I hadn't the price of two tickets in my clothes. Let's be moving."

"Are you going to help me get to Charleston?" I asked.

"Sure," said he.

So we went to town by the next train and we went to the kitchen entrance of a large house just off Fifth Avenue. The blinds were all closed in the house, and it was evident that the family were absent. But a fat woman named Annie came to the kitchen door, and fairly bubbled with pleasure when she recognized my companion.

"Why, Mr. Fred," she said. "And

are yez back for good now?"

"Only for a day or two, Annie; is there any hot water?"

"I'm just after stokin' the fire, sor."

"And something to make breakfast of?"

"Sure, the larder's always full, as ye

knows, sor."

"That's fine. This is my friend, Mr. Holinshed, Annie," he said. "He's mislaid his baggage, and I wonder if there are any clothes in the house that would fit him."

Annie pulled a grave face.

"There's Mr. Bobby's things," she said, "in his thrunk, sor, as he left them, pore lad."

Mister Fred looked puzzled for a mo-

"Annie," he said, "do you think my mother would care?"

"If it was a good deed," said Annie, "she would na care, sor."

"Is the trunk open?"

"It's as Mister Bobby left it, sor, the kay will be in the lock."

We went upstairs through a darkened

hall, there were covers drawn over everything so that I could not see what it was like, and up more stairs to a room in the third story. It had evidently been Mister Bobby's room, for there stood his trunk with the key in it.

Mr. Fred opened the trunk (with a little sigh I thought) and took out fresh underclothes, stockings, shoes, and a little checked suit of clothes. As he was about to close the trunk, he caught sight of a large photograph face down. He turned it over and held it up. It was evidently a picture of Mister Fred himself, but clean and shaved, and with very few clothes on. Indeed, his costume consisted of a pair of blue trunks, a pair of very thick socks, and a jersey with a big letter Y on it. I wondered greatly at Master Fred's big muscles, and at the towering oar resting on the ground and supported by his right hand.

"That's me when I was at college," said Mister Fred. "Bobby thought the world of me because I was on the crew, and he was going to put that on his bureau at school for the other little fellers to see. Bobby was a great little man," he said. "Always fightin', always in debt, and always good to everybody. It's sort of funny comin' across this." He laid the picture back in the trunk face down, gave a sort of pat to the rest of Bobby's things and closed the lid. Then he turned sharply away from me, walked over to the window, threw it open and looked out for a moment. Pretty soon he turned around again and smiled good-naturedly.

"Take you long to dress, son?" he

asked.

"No, sir," I said.

Adjoining Mister Bobby's room was a white tiled bathroom. Mister Fred set the water running and left me to my own devices. I had a splendid bath with perfumed soap, and a rub-down with a rough towel as big as a portière. Then I got into Mister Bobby's clothes, which

fitted reasonably well, and sat down to wait.

After a while Mister Fred came back. He was shaved and clean, very elegantly dressed and smiling.

"Find everything all right?" he said. "Yes, sir, except a hair brush," I said.

"Couldn't find one, eh? Come into my

We went into his room. It was right next to Bobby's, but much larger. Unlike the rest of the house nothing was covered up. There were quantities of books, a table covered with books and cigar boxes, old prints on the walls, and delightful thick rugs on the floor. Mister Fred motioned me to the bureau.

"Help yourself," he said.

I started to brush my hair and found myself face to face with a picture of Ellen.

"Why, there's Ellen!" I cried.

"Make you feel at home, son?"

I was filled with wonder.

Mister Fred looked over my shoulder.
"I think it's very good of her—don't you?"

I said that I did.

"And that's my kid sister," he said, "she's just your age, but you can't have her, because she's my best girl."

If ever I saw the face of a rogue, a smiling, whimsical, half-spoiled, beautiful roguish rogue, it was the face of Mister Fred's kid sister.

"And now," said Mister Fred, "let's go downstairs and eat some real breakfast, and meet the original. I am informed," he said, "that Miss Edith has run down from Newport with her maid to buy clothes. Miss Edith," he said, "has, in such matters, little if any regard for her mother's taste or her father's bank account. This winter her bill for hansoms, in which to go about and buy clothes, was slightly over seven hundred dollars. She's a daisy," he said.

The beautiful little child was waiting petulantly for us in the dining-room, under an enormous hat. "Enfin!" she said as we entered.

"Edith," said Mister Fred, "this is my friend, Mr. Holinshed." I had been wondering what the family name was, and now my curiosity was satisfied, and for the moment dissatisfied, for it seemed an ordinary name.

"Miss Brown," said Mister Fred, "this is Mr. Holinshed."

She shook hands in a brisk mannish way that was very charming.

"I'm nearly famished," she said, "and you, Mr. Holinshed?"

We sat down at the big table, covered with covered dishes and fragrant.

"By the way, Freddie," said Miss Brown, "will you call me a messenger?"

"Certainly," said her brother rising at once. "But why?"

"I am going to ask some of my friends to lunch," she said.

"Oh," said Mister Fred.

She turned to me with a bewitching smile.

"You will stop and lunch, won't you?"

I looked to Mister Fred for the decision.

"Better do it," he said.

"Thank you, then," said I, "I will." It was just like playing "grown-ups."

III

After breakfast Brown lighted a cigar and pushed back his chair. Little Miss Brown sat with her arms folded on the table, and a kind of expectant expression which seemed to say: "What strange and delightful monsters men are after all." Brown and I had done most of the talking, as two men will in company with one woman; and little Miss Brown had laughed with us and sympathized with us in a manner that warmed the heart.

"Freddie," she said, "what are you going to do with Holinshed this morning?"

"I intended," said Brown, "to help him look up trains and to buy tickets and send telegrams, but if you have any plans for him, why go ahead. I can do all the needful from the club."



"AND THIS." I SAID, "IS HOW WE'RE GOING TO LOOK WHEN WE ARE MARRIED"

"Care to drive round with me, Holin-shed?" said Miss Edith.

"I'd love to," I said.

"It won't be very amusing—that is to you," she said. "I've a host of things to get, but you can help choose, and afterward, if there is time, we can take a turn in the park."

Now that I am grown up myself, I can not help laughing at the grown-up phrases that little Miss Brown used and feeling a little sorry that she should have had to know her world so well when she was so young. But at the time, I simply keeled over with admiration, and did my best to convey the idea that I was myself as old and worldly wise as she.

Brown came with us to the front door.

There were two hansoms waiting by the curb.

"Can't I have one of them?" he said.

"I'm afraid not," said Miss Edith.

"One is for us and one is for Bourget
(Bourget was her maid—a stout little
Frenchwoman) to follow us round in.
But if you like I'll send the first stray one
I see back for you."

"All right," said Brown.

"And by the way, Freddie, I'm out of cash, for the moment. Can you let me have some?"

Freddie took a large roll from his pocket and counted through it roughly.

"I can let you have a hundred," he said.
"All right—that makes five I owe you—thanks."

He helped her into the hansom as if she had been a princess, and I climbed in beside her. As we drove off she waved her hand—the one full of bills—to him, and called:

"So long-see you at lunch."

Then she stuffed the bills down between the cushions on which we were sitting and the side of the hansom.

"Remind me where I put them," she said. The first time I had driven down Fifth Avenue was with the girl that my father desired to marry (how long ago it seemed); the second time was with the girl I desired to marry myself. For at breakfast-yes, it was during that meal -Blanche had become a tender recollection-myrtle and roses. Self taught, I was learning of the faithlessness which is man's; and how that the ancient adage about absence making the heart grow nearer (or dearer or fonderwhichever it is) is rubbish. Love by itself is a mighty poor foundation to build love on; but if the lover can look in the loved one's eyes once or twice a week, and touch her hand on the veranda, and hope to be allowed to kiss her by and by; then his love is an edifice that is calculated to stand anything but a prolonged absence from the co-builder. I should have liked, O Blanche, when the cooling time came, to have cooled toward you in the heat of battle, or while saving people from a burning house or a runaway horse, but it was not to be. Dramatic as is the quenching or the igniting of a great passion, calling, as such situations do, for bouleversing manifestations of weather, dewy evenings, or moony gardens, I must, nevertheless, go on record as having performed both psychological feats during a dish of hominy. I took mine with sugar and cream. Forgive me! And when you find at length the right man, and he is worthy (and rich) and you love him, why, for heaven's sake keep him right where you can lay your hand on him at any moment.

Little Miss Brown did not pay cash for anything; she had the charging habit in an acute form, and the shop-people bowed and scraped before her. Into one shop she would not let me go; but in another I was permitted the delicate intimacy of helping to select stockings. We preferred open-work silk effects, and between two pairs of equal beauty would invariably choose the more expensive. We also left orders for all kinds of shoes, slippers and riding boots. Little Miss Brown had a passion for silk, leather, hats and tan-colored things.

"It would be a catasfrofy," she said, and it was the first uttered evidence of her immature years, "if I was to marry a poor man, wouldn't it?"

With despair at my heart I said that I thought it would.

"But I have always intended to," she said comfortingly.

"My aunt," I said with pride, "married about the richest man there is, but when she promised to marry him she thought he was poor."

And I told her the story. "That is nice," she said.

We went into a drug store and she treated me to a glass of ice cream soda, for I hadn't a cent in my pocket. When we came out and were seated in the hansom—

"Don't you think it nonsense," she said, "for you to call me Miss Brown? You see we know each other pretty well now, and then you are great friends with my brother."

"All right, E—" I fell to trembling with sudden shyness of the great privi-

"Say it," she said and laughed in my face.

"Edith!" I got it out somehow.

She patted my knee with her little gloved hand.

"I like you, Ned," she said.

"I like you," I said.

"We must be great friends, and possi-

bly get married some day. Do you think you would like to marry me?"

"I know I would," I said, "but then I'm poor."

"Are you?"

"Yes."

"Well, don't let's think about that now. Men can always make money somehow."

"Then," I said, growing bold, "we are engaged, are we?"

"Practically," said she.

"Edith—"

"Edith, what?"

"Edith, dear!" It was truly difficult to say such a thing for the first time, but I did it. It was an inspiration.

"That's nice of you," she said.

We had finished shopping and it was still an hour to lunch. She directed the driver to a photographer's.

"I haven't been done for weeks," she said.

We went up the stairs.

"Let's be done together," she said, "and then I can send you one if they are good."

Edith selected a plain background, and we giggled a great deal and spoiled

a great many plates.

As we went down the stair I kissed her. I was progressing.

"You didn't mind, did you, Edith?"

"Edith what?"

"Edith, dear."

The door closed behind us and we heard the hansoms drive off.

"Goodness, Edith," I cried, "the money under the cushion!"

"Oh, Lord!" said she, "I forgot all about it!"

I dashed to the door and flung it open. The hansom had disappeared.

"Well," she said, "it can't be helped, but don't tell Freddie, because it would bore him stiff. Let's pull the cover off the big mirror and see how we'll look in the photograph."

We pulled at the big sheet till it came

down. Then we stood before the mirror. "Do you know you're not half bad-

looking, Ned?"

"And you're—you're beautiful."

"How was it we stood?"

"Like this."

"Yes, that was it. That's how we are going to look in the picture."

I put my arm about her and drew her

close

"And this," I said, "is how we're going to look when we are married."

"I wish," said little Miss Brown, "that I hadn't asked those silly children to lunch; it would have been nicer with just you and Fred and me."

A loud, merry laugh sounded behind us. We were still in the attitude which I had fondly conceived gave an adequate representation of us as a married pair. I let go and little Miss Brown drew herself up stiffly.

"I'll thank you not to laugh, Freddie

Brown," she said.

IV

"Son," said Brown, "let us hear from you."

"I will," I said, "and thank you for all you've done, and I'll send the clothes back and the money, and give my love to Edith, please, and please send me the book about tramps when it's done."

"I will," said Brown, "good-by."

"Good-by," I called.

The train began to move slowly and smoothly. Brown had turned and was making for the ferry back to New York. As for me, I went disconsolately to my revolving seat and began listlessly to cut the periodicals which he had bought for me.

After an interminably monotonous and lonely journey I reached Charleston and, descending from the train cramped and cindery, found my grandfather waiting for me. I knew him at once.

On his head was a high hat; his slim, broad-shouldered body was attired in a long, well-fitting frock coat of a somewhat antiquated design; his trousers were pepper and salt; he wore patent-leather shoes and white spats; in his button-hole was a white camelia, freshly picked, for there was no sign of turning on the edges of the petals.

A handsome old negro, very black, with white hair and teeth, stood just behind my grandfather in a military atti-

tude.

"How do you do, grandpapa?" I said.

"It's you, my dear boy, is it?" said
the old gentleman. He bent over and
kissed me. "Have you a check?"

I produced it; for Brown at the last moment had succeeded in getting my trunk from the Customs to the Southbound train.

"Give it to Yap."

The old negro advanced, grinning from ear to ear, and took the check. He joined us presently at the front of the station where a roomy barouche drawn by two long-tailed bays stood waiting in charge of an infinitesimal negro. We got in; Yap took the lines and the infinitesimal negro sat up very straight and haughty on the seat beside him. As we drew near the postoffice my grandfather pointed off to the right.

"See that dog," he said.

I saw, on the steps of the postoffice, a dog—a field spaniel—with a perfectly marked white collar and white breast. His mouth was full of letters and newspapers.

"I sent him for the mail and told him to wait," said my grandfather. "Here,

Ban!"

Ban ran forward at once, wagging his tail and leaped into the carriage.

"Finest dog in the South, sir," said my grandfather.

He relieved the dog of the letters and introduced us.

"Ban-My grandson!" he said.

"Hallo Ban ?" I said and held out my hand. Instantly he gave me his right paw.

"I expect you to be the best of friends," said my grandfather. "Are you tired, Edward?"

"I was, sir, but I'm not any more."

"Do you feel able to start on another journey to-morrow?"

I didn't at the moment, but I said that I did.

"While I was waiting for the train," said my grandfather, "it occurred to me that it would be pleasant if we ran up to the east shore of Virginia for a little shooting, in order to become better acquainted. I have ever found my truest and best friends in the field or in the blind, and I desire that you should be among them."

I was going shooting—I that had not felt fit for another journey! Why I was ready, and eager to start on the instant for the North Pole.

"Have you ever fired a gun?"

"No, sir; but I think I could."
"If you've any of my blood in you,"
said my grandfather, "I think you can.
Ban," he cried, "Ban—we're going shooting, sir!"

Ban expressed the most intense joy, and did everything but fall out of the

carriage.

My grandfather's house stood catercornered to a broad promenade that followed the edge of the harbor. Every
floor had a wide veranda, and there was
a fine garden, full of camelias in bloom.
The house within was furnished with fine
simple old mahogany, gilt mirrors, and
stiff paintings. I was first introduced to
the dining-room. I watched my grandfather pour brown stuff into two fat little
glasses. He poured very little into mine
and added considerable water. His own
he filled to the brim.

"Edward," said my grandfather, "I wish you many happy returns to me and to this house."

The next thing that I was shown was a beautiful little sixteen-gauge gun by Greener. My grandfather had bought it for me, and I passed a delightful hour being shown how to aim with both eyes open, and having explained the simpler

points of the gun's mechanism.

"I see that you know how to take care of your teeth," said my grandfather, "take the same care of your weapons. I would rather see a young man with stains on his front teeth than with rust in his gun."

Need I say that that night I took the gun in its beautiful leather case to bed

with me?

All day we sailed down a winding tidal creek; on either hand extended thousands of acres of brown marsh, unbroken but for waterways, and all day the sea-gulls screamed and wheeled in the heavens, or lighting by hundreds afar off on the marsh looked like white headstones in populous cemeteries. My grandfather, in a worn suit of corduroys, lay on deck in the sun and scanned the horizon for omens of the morrow's shoot. Now he would point to specks no bigger than dust that wheeled across space, and say what manner of bird they were and give their cry. Once he sat suddenly bolt upright.

"Did you hear that?" he said.

I had indeed heard a strange piping down the wind.

"Curlew!" he said.

As the afternoon wore on there became less marsh and more water, and when the sun went down, naked and blazing, we slipped from the marshes and entered a broad expanse of bay. We navigated nearly all night, for the wind held and there was a moon; and when I was wakened in the early morning, the sun had not risen, the heavens were still filled with stars, and we were anchored in the channel between two low-lying, seaward islands. The wind blew chill and the deck and deckhouse were cold and wet to the touch, but now and again there was a sound of piping in the air.

I shall not soon forget the seaward

beach of that island, ribboning from us in the semi-darkness, with, on one hand, the rank growth of marsh grasses, and on the other, the curl and ripple of the flood tide. As we tramped up the beach near the water's edge where the sand was damp and tight packed, the stars went out by dozens, a dull gray, trodden on the heels by a tender pink, spread up from the horizon. Every instant it grew lighter to seaward, and, suddenly, like the opening of a flower, water and sky became radiant blue, and a jagged edge of the sun shot up from the rim of the long curved ocean. Until it had cleared the horizon the sun appeared many-sided, like a vast polygon of dull red gold, but rising above the low lying vapors it became a perfect sphere, and blazed. My grandfather told me that between us and Spain there was nothing but the rolling

Well up the beach we made a blind of driftwood and sea-tangle; and with their feet in the water we planted our rough wooden decoys. Then my grandfather showed me where I was to sit in the blind, how to stow my cartridges handy, and how to hold my gun so that at once it would not be a nuisance and always ready. The negro who had toted our paraphernalia, helped build the blind, and set out the decoys, now went back of the beach and lay down in the grass, where the splendid morning became as night to him.

At intervals my grandfather whistled strangely and piercingly. The sun rose higher; the tide turned and began to run out, but saving a sea-gull that fished in the blue there was no bird in sight. A trig little sand-piper whisked over the decoys, set his feet to alight, saw that there was too much water, and, piping loudly, whisked away. I had my gun up, but my grandfather said:

"That's not game."

A while longer we sat. Then my grandfather, who had been sitting up-

right, the better to see, suddenly bent low, compelling me to the same action with his left hand, and whistled with redoubled fervor. Round a curve of the island to our right came three dark birds flapping rapidly, and approaching us with wonderful velocity.

"Get ready-now."

They swung for the decoys without checking speed. I heard two shots and saw one of the birds turn an infinite number of somersaults, and land in the water with a splash and skip. And there it floated, now turning over and over, and rolling in on a little wave, and now reversing and rolling out. I felt my grandfather's arm around me.

"O my boy," he said, "you didn't aim, but you got one, and that shows you're

my grandson!"

"Didn't you shoot, grandpapa?"

"Certainly not," he said, "you are my guest and the first shot was your prerogative. Go and pick it up."

I rushed out of the blind and pattered into the water. The bird had long legs, a sharp bill and a reddish breast. It looked like an aristocratic robin and I

could have hugged it.

All the ebb tide we shot, alternately at the single birds, and together at the flocks. As the tide receded we moved decoys and blinds after it. The uncovering of the beaches revealed muddy and shelly flats, black and oozy, with estuaries between them, into which the sea—which had become rougher—rolled with a fine foaming. Quantities of sea-gulls came out to scream and feed, and one old sea-crow flew foolishly from headland to headland.

Then we waked the negro, gathered up our birds, guns and remaining cartridges, and, sweating under the hot sun, returned to our boat for lunch. It was dead low tide, but anchored as we were in the edge of a deep channel it was possible to go swimming from one side of the boat; from the other, one could look into the

shallow water and observe the personal habits of crabs. But before swimming we cleaned our guns carefully, with cotton waste, and clear, clean grease that looked good enough to eat, and nice oily Then we stripped and went overboard. My grandfather must have been seventy, but it only showed in his white hair and the lines of his face; his body was like that of a young man's, strong, white and lithe. He took a beautiful header from the top of the deck house, and I followed. Then we swam about and laughed and came out of the water and dove in again until we were clean, and fresh and salty. Ban had a swim, too, and joined our sport like a third boy. He had not been allowed to go shooting in the morning, as my grandfather wished to reserve him for the ledge shooting in the afternoon when the retrieving would be more difficult. The blessed dog was getting old, it seemed, and was no longer up to a whole, hard day's work.

After lunch my grandfather smoked his pipe, and read out of a Vergil. And as for me, I lay on my stomach, and looked at a printed page which purport-

ed to explain "The Muse":

The muse
Of a muse
To or for a muse
By, from or with a muse
A muse
O muse

and gave the Latin equivalents, but my eyes beheld only the robin-snipe booming down the beaches and in my ears sounded their cry. And indeed it was two days before I could bring my mind to attention and persuade my grandfather that I was not a very stupid, though affectionate little boy.

As I remember the morning of that day, so I remember the afternoon. The level floor of the reef, the constant popping of the guns, old Ban for ever plung-

ing into the cool sea to drag forth victims or bounding over the sand in rapturous pursuit of cripples. I remember well how the tide came in over the levels nearly as fast as you could walk, how the reef narrowed and shortened and grew small, until we had made our last blind on its highest point, and shot through the glorious sunset until dark. I remember that it grew darker and darker, that you could just see the birds when they darted into the circle of forced vision over the decoys, and I remember how suddenly out of nowhere came the thrilling salute of curlew, and a flock of great shadowy birds, that looked to me as big as camels, came suddenly out of the black. And I remember that I let off my gun with a vell and saw one fall.

And I remember that after supper we sat for an hour in the cool, and heard the majestic utterances of the waters, and beheld the glorious rising of the moon.

"Sing me a song of a lad that is gone. Say—could that lad be I?"

V

My grandfather had a code according to which he lived and judged. The first place for a host to take his guest was the side-board in the dining-room; the second was the cigar-box. The first thing to express on his arrival was pleasure; and one must maintain that tone until his departure, when it became necessary to show regret. You should light your own cigar (they were segars to my grandfather) first, so that all taint of sulphur should have left the match when you handed it to your friend. You must never refer to the Civil War bitterly; but maintain that it ended for the best. You must think of a woman as beautiful, less because of her beauty than because of her womanhood (I have sometimes found this hard), and you must show as much consideration for your servant as for your horse and dog. You must be kind to negroes as long as they behave, and when they misbehave you must be ready to shoot them, but calmly and without anger. You must treat your grandson as if he were your favorite brother, and tho one coming as a guest, were to remain nine years, he must always be your guest. A gentleman must shave (and do the shaving himself) at least once a day, no matter what his surroundings, and, when possible, should have fresh flowers in his button-hole.

"Begin your day right," my grandfather once said to me, "and it will be hard luck if it ends wrong. To begin it right, you must begin it early; to begin it early, you must be guided by the disposition of your guest. Having begun the day early, shave and get into cold water; be in your clothes and out of the house half an hour before breakfast. Walk in the garden, thinking pleasant thoughts and make a nosegay. Be cheerful at breakfast and you will go to bed smiling."

On another occasion, having returned from playing poker at the club, he said:

"When a man is hard up, he should borrow; but he must devote his energies to paying back and remaining the equal of the man from whom he has borrowed. If he can not pay back let him be frank about it; for it is better to steal than to cheat."

And again:

"To ride straight, and to shoot straight; to win money cheerfully and to lose it cheerfully; never to be boorishly in debt, or swinishly drunk, to enjoy flowers and music, and if possible to be in love with at least one good woman, is half the duty of a gentleman."

"What's the other half, grandpapa?"

I had asked him.

"Why to be a gentleman, of course."

One night a certain freethinker dined with us. When he had gone my grandfather took another drink, "to get the taste out of my mouth," he said; and when he had taken the drink, standing: "Edward," he said, "never undertake to patronize God. If you feel that you do not understand Him, keep it to yourself. It is enough to know that you were dust and He made a man of you; that you grow weary at length and He gives you sleep."

The event of September was the publication of Brown's book on tramps, and the arrival of a presentation copy for me. My grandfather read it aloud, evenings, and when we neared the end, and came to a passage about me, we both felt as celebrated as emperors.

"A small boy with a jovial face came up the road. He was dressed in a dew-damp sailor suit, and was really very sorry for himself; but he couldn't help looking jovial. He made friends as quickly as a stray dog, and shared my breakfast with me."

Then he went on and told just so much of my story as would not give away names, and finished like this:

"He shook my hand and said, 'If I never do anything for you it won't be because I don't want to, and, if I can't, you just ask my grandfather and he will.'"

So," said my grandfather, beaming with pride, "you took me on trust, did

"That's the way you took me," said I.
"I am going to write to Mr. Brown," said my grandfather (he had already done so, when returning the things and money that had been lent me). My grandfather's letter was like this:

My Dear Mr. Brown—On the first day of November my grandson and myself are going to our hunting preserve in Georgia. We desire your gifted presence, and hope that you will accord it, less perhaps because of the social enticements than because of the shooting, which is the best in the south. Nor do we hold our table in less esteem.

I am, sir, because of your kindness to mine, and because of your book, yours with a double gratitude,

RICHARD CHESTLETON.

Brown's answer ran as follows:

Dear Mr. Chestleton—The devil of it is that my little sister has been ordered south for the winter; and I am to be her duenna. She has just pulled through an attack of diphtheria and the doctors do not wish her to stay north after the first frost. I am looking forward to a delightful winter as it is, because she is the best of company, but it distresses me, it really does, that I can not accept your delightful invitation. Will you give my love to Edward and believe me faithfully yours,

In the face of this my grandfather sent a telegram, but, by my advice, not to F. Brown, Esq.:

Charleston, S. C.

To Miss Brown,

- West - Street, New York:

We are expecting you to join us in Charleston the last week of October and go with us to Georgia for a hunt. We promise you all the comforts of home, and hope that you will see your way to bringing your talented brother with you.

RICHARD CHESTLETON.
EDWARD HOLINSHED.

How my heart beat when the answer came:

Fred says that it's not to be thought of, but do not worry on that account. We will be with you about the twenty-fourth.

Many thanks,

EDITH BROWN,

(To be continued)

THE SALVATION ARMY'S SYSTEM OF CHARITY

By Commander Evangeline Booth

T was one of the officers of an ocean liner who told the story, and as near as I can remember, it went something like this:

"We were three days out when we ran into a terrific storm—a storm that I never will forget. An hour after it struck us we were being knocked about as if we were a Newfoundland fishing-smack instead of a liner of ten thousand tons. The passengers were locked below, and with faces pallid from fear walked up and down the cabins. Few words were exchanged; the situation was desperate to them, but to sea-seasoned old salts like ourselves there was nothing to arouse undue alarm, as up to this point we could see no indication that the storm was getting the better of us. However, with difficulty we kept our course until all of a sudden there was a crash below; the propellers stopped, and the great vessel swung round in the trough of the sea, catching the full force of a monster roller that buried us completely. The wave then dropped off as if willing to give us one more chance for our lives, or more likely to regain fresh strength to deal us a blow from which we could not recover, for we were barely free from the first before we were submerged again. How we weathered that storm is a mystery to me. We could not repair the break in the machinery, and even after the storm had abated somewhat, we were lifted and dropped, turned and re-turned, by the winds and the waters.

"The day after the accident we sighted a liner, and as soon as we were within signaling distance, our captain ran up a code message, which read: 'We are disabled; lay to and help us.' With what agonizing eagerness we watched the sig-

nal-head of our neighbor through our glasses and tried to decipher their reply before the wrinkles were fairly blown out of the bunting. Imagine if you can our feelings when we read: 'We are carrying fast mail, and can not stop; other liner following.' Our captain never gave a quicker order in his life than he gave just then, and in response our boys pulled up, 'We'll hold you responsible.'

"To make a long story short they lay to, gave us a hand and stuck by us until we limped into New York harbor."

As the Salvation Army looked out over the great stretches of life's sea upon which we all are sailing, we saw floating from the mast-heads of tens of thousands of human wrecks the signal: "We are disabled; lay to and help us"; and with holy determined enthusiasm we headed straight to the rescue of those hopelessly tossed on the billows of misfortune, sorrow and sin, and have not only reached them, but are carrying multitudes safely to shore.

I can not discuss the causes that led up to the smashing of the machinery that made these derelicts. It is not necessary. There they were without help, and without hope, baffled in the whirlpool of conflicting evils—only a question of time and they would go under.

Those who have come close up to the Salvation Army, and even with prejudiced eyes have examined the system in vogue in our different branches of work, always have been obliged to admire the intrinsic worth of our practical measures.

From our first efforts for the benefit of the poor we recognized the importance of inaugurating a system that would be at once thorough and effective—a system that would be denuded of all red tape that did not have a specific advantage. As a result the foundation stones of our system of charity were laid, and upon them we inscribed "Help for the help-less."

It has never been the policy of the Salvation Army to indiscriminately distribute money, clothing, or food. In dealing with applicants for relief of any kind our system demands that proper investigation be made, for we know too well that there are numberless mendicants who are ever on the alert to secure something for nothing, and thus forestall those whose condition is more appalling and whose needs are more desperate. If there is any truth in the old saying, "To know people you must live with them," then certainly the brave and devoted officers who fight under the flag of the Salvation Army know the needs of the classes who live in the lower sections of our great cities, for they work among them, visit their homes; in many instances, live in their neighborhood year after year.

In dealing with all classes of applicants for assistance the Army endeavors to prevent pauperism and create self-respect by insisting on some return either in a nominal fee or labor for that relief which is given. Take, for example, our hotels for poor men and women. These are located in the principal cities. A small charge is made, but this charge is sufficient to make the people feel that they are not objects of charity. In many of our hotels, for ten cents, we provide the guests with a comfortable bed, bath, needles, thread, buttons, stationery and daily papers. Our nightly accommodation is over ten thousand in this country alone.

If, however, a man turns up at one of our hotels and tells the sad story: "No work—no friends—no money—no home—no hope," nothing save a good-sized appetite, we ask that man one question. It matters not to us whether he is a Protestant, a Catholic, or a Jew, but one

question he must answer,-that is, "Are you willing to work?" We contend that a man who is able to work and unwilling to work ought not to eat, and when people do help such men they do them an injustice. If he is willing to work he is sent to one of our industrial homes, where he is employed at paper or rag sorting. mending shoes, repairing furniture, etc. He is taken off the streets, removed from the temptation to beg or steal, and placed in a position where he can produce all he consumes, and a little more, which surplus is given him in cash. These homes are established in the principal cities, and the men taken in last year handled more than ten thousand tons of waste material alone.

Through the rescue homes of the Salvation Army in this country two thousand five hundred girl; pass each year. These are taken from the class that has been ostracized by society and branded as lost, and their rescue is acknowledged to be one of the most difficult and discouraging branches of Christian philanthropy. Yet our efforts among the forlorn sisterhood of the streets have been signally successful, and ninety per cent. have been permanently restored to lives of purity, righteousness and peace. Laundry, needle-work and other industries are carried on in these homes, thus enabling the inmates to help toward their own maintenance. Several institutions are almost entirely supported by the gifts of gratitude of those who have already passed through them.

There is not space sufficient at my command to deal with our work among the waifs and strays of the great cities—our orphanages, cheap coal depots, slum nurseries, employment bureaux, training schools, farm colonies and many other departments.

One branch after another has been opened up as we have recognized the need, and the success that has rewarded our labors everywhere has been such as

to assure us, as well as our many friends, that the system adopted at the beginning and now followed is from every point of

view a right one.

The only exceptions to our principle of self-help are our midwinter and midsummer efforts, which provide free in this country three hundred thousand Christmas dinners, and one hundred thousand outings to poor mothers and sick children. But the first of these efforts is sacred to that season when all generous hands are ful! of gifts in memory of Heaven's first, best present to earth, and the latter caters for breathing space in the interest of the most destitute shut-ins within the cities' slums. In both of these instances our officers personally distribute the tickets and thus insure that the needs of the most deserving are alleviated.

The following statistics deal with our work in the United States only. In going through them we should remember that the flag of the Salvation Army is flying in forty-nine countries and colonies, and that the same kind of work is being carried on in all of them:

Three thousand seven hundred and seventy-three officers, cadets and em-

ployees.

Nine hundred and eighty-three corps, outposts, slum-posts and social institutions.

Ten thousand five hundred and eighty accommodations in social institutions.

Nine hundred thousand dollars expended annually upon the poor of America, exclusive of farm colonies. Three million annual provision of beds for the poor.

One hundred industrial homes, woodyards and stores for the unemployed.

One thousand and fifty accommodations (finding daily work for the unemployed).

Three hundred and fifty thousand dollars annual income from their work.

Fifty thousand found outside employment.

Three farm colonies.

Two thousand eight hundred acreage. Five hundred and thirty colonists (men, women and children).

Twenty-one rescue homes for fallen

girls.

Five hundred accommodations in same. Two thousand six hundred and thirty-five girls passed through yearly.

One hundred and sixty babies cared

for in rescue homes daily.

Five hundred passing through annually.

One hundred and fifty accommodations for children in day nurseries.

Two hundred and fifty children settled in colonies with parents.

One thousand five hundred children cared for in various ways annually.

Three hundred thousand persons provided with Christmas dinners, clothing and toys.

A gold medal was awarded at the Paris Exposition for the United States exhibit of the Salvation Army operations among the poor, and two grand prizes and two gold medals were awarded at the St. Louis Exposition.

THE CORONATION

By C. Cunningham

PAME, from her Heaven-kissing hill, reached down
Past scholars, vainly struggling for renown,
Loud in vain argument, to where, apart,
Dwelt him she wished to crown, a Man of Heart!

IF THIRTY-THREE WERE ALL

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN WERE THE LIMIT OF HUMAN ACTIVITY FIXED AT THIRTY-THREE YEARS

By Joseph M. Rogers

HE man who in his forty-odd years of existence has never laid a votive offering on the altar of Esculapius becomes naturally an optimist. I confess to an unimpeachable stomach, a good constitution and a disposition which my wife has until lately commended in the highest terms. Such a situation has its disadvantages. It is apt to make one hypercritical, almost unsympathetic. Indeed, it leads one to think charitably of Christian Science. To a man who has neither inherited nor acquired any of the ills the flesh is heir to, life is one perpetual joy until he falls foul of microbes. This way my condition. In my youth we never heard of microbes. If the children had a "turn" they were given a dose of boneset tea, or calomel, or a mustard plaster, while the doctors starved. I confess in later years to have taken an academic interest in the discoveries by which every disease was chased without let-up until a bacillus was found and a way to kill him or her (if they have sex) was developed. These things are interesting to science. They never affected me until one day I went home with a most unpleasant feeling. I would not confess to illness, but, in truth, my head felt queer, my bones ached, and I was obliged to decline a game of whist for the first time in my life, to the great astonishment of my friends at the club.

Angelina was all sympathy. I regret that I did not receive it in the spirit in which it was tendered. Usually, I believe, I am a tender and affectionate husband, but the suggestion of water-bags and mustard foot-baths disgusted my soul. I

said things much better unsaid. Angelina wept. I apologized. This was at seven P. M. At eight o'clock I made a pretense of a hard day's work to go to bed, leaving Angelina to look after the children. At nine o'clock Angelina was in such demand that she had to protest she could not do everything for me at once. The doctor soon came. I told him he was an idiot, which he took with more composure than seemed to me reasonable. He felt my pulse and stuck a thermometer into my mouth, which I immediately bit in two. I don't know how it happened, but a myriad of invisible devils got hold of me. I was burning with fever; my bones were being crushed, my throat was swollen, and I had an idea that every one in the world had formed a conspiracy against me. For two days I fought the devils, but knew no one else. When I came to myself there was a strange woman in a white dress and cap in my bedroom, who looked at me as if I were an anatomical specimen. She took up a chart and made some notes, gave me some medicine and smoothed the coverlet. I was shocked. A strange woman in my chamber! What would Angelina think? I asked for my wife. With a dignified and professional air I was told to keep quiet, and another glass tube was stuck into my mouth. Then another record was made on the chart, and this strange woman (whom I must confess, was good looking) took up a book and began to read. I immediately went off again, and when I woke up Angelina was there. So were the million devils, called microbes, who were eating at every part of my anatomy. In three days I was in my library feeling like the breaking up of a hard winter. I was depressed in spirits, irritable in temperament, and ready to fight the world, the flesh and the devil. I hope that no one will insinuate that I had not enough intelligence to perceive that I was suffering from the grip, concerning which I had made so much fun among my associates. I knew that I was, in the language of the ungodly, "up against it," and I trust that Angelina has forgiven me for what I said and did during the time.

Now then, to come to the point: Was this a time to bring up a subject that is unpleasant for man to contemplate under the most favorable circumstances? My youngest son began it. He was studying his Sunday-school lesson which, as fate would have it, concerned Methuselah. He asked me if I believed it possible that man in those days lived to be nearly a thousand years old. Now, though I am a good churchman. I have my own views about the Old Testament, which I do not give here and I have not given my children, because I have concluded they had better grow up believing everything as they were taught, as I did before them. I do not think they would appreciate the higher criticism, and so I told my son that whatever the Bible said was undoubtedly true, that Methuselah lived to be nine hundred and sixty-nine years old, and might have lived longer if he had not been drowned in the flood. He wanted to know how I knew the latter statement, which was not in the Bible, but I was in no mood to go into genealogical tables, and told him that it was figured out that such must have been the case. Also I told him that men now might live to be very much older than they do if they would only use prudence and temperance, and take exercise-golf for instance.

Now, when I had made up my mind to live a century at least, I ask any candid reader if I was in a state of mind to receive any such communication as the maid brought to me at this moment. It was a suspiciously looking private envelope, addressed in a professional hand. I opened it and found, to my disgust, a communication from a life insurance agent. I am now glad he did not come in person. No intelligent jury could have rendered a verdict greater than manslaughter, but I am glad to have escaped that. The first thing that caught my eye was the announcement:

"ARE YOU AWARE THAT THE AVERAGE HUMAN LIFE IS THIRTY-THREE YEARS?"

I may say that I think I had seen the statement, but it had never come home to me. The rest of the argument of the agent was to prove that every year I lived beyond thirty-three was simply stealing from some one else, and as I was liable to die any minute the only thing to do was to insure in the Blank Life Insurance Company for the benefit of my wife and children, who might otherwise be helpless. I confess I am not a rich man. If I were to die now I fear Angelina would not be able to keep up our establishment, and the children might have to cut down their luxuries, but I resented the imputation of the agent that I was not man enough to prepare for eventualities. When I got over my anger against the agent and his circular letter I began to think. I believe I am somewhat of a philosopher, in which I presume I resemble every man that ever lived who could think about anything. I began to think about Methuselah with his thousand years of good time and the fact that I was entitled to only a third of a century. I began to wonder whom I had robbed of some ten years of existence and whether the said party knew it or ever could know it. You see my Calvinism is not fully eradicated. I wondered why it was that man now had only a right to thirty-three years of terrestrial existence, and then came to me the suggestion as to

what would happen to the world if thirtythree were made the limit instead of the average. This, according to the Bible, would not be anything like so great a coming down as we have come down from Methuselah at the present time.

My idea was based on the proposition that the average of thirty-three should be maintained, but that no one should die before that time. This would give exactly as many years of existence as at present, though, naturally, the years of productive industry would be greatly reduced. This, I believe, is what many social reformers are after, though not exactly in this manner. We are told by one school of economists, or reformers, or theorists, or whatever you may call them, that if every man worked four hours a day, and no more, all the people in the world could live in comfort, that poverty would be eliminated along with undesirable wealth, and that the millennium would come. We are told by another school, professing much the same ideas, that the only cure for all the evils, social and political, is hard work by every one, so that there shall not be too many hours of idleness for Satan to find mischief.

I no longer profess to be a prophet, or teacher, or reformer, or anything else. All my theories have been shattered by germs, or bacilli, or something of that sort. What I am trying to do is to suggest the possibilities of an average life. I fully realize that most of the work in this world is done by men beyond thirtythree, but on the other hand, half of the consumption is by those this side that limit. I am also aware that the law of averages is very misleading. The other day I met a friend who is the proud father of ten children. I have only two. He remarked to me that on an average we had six each. This gave me a new train of thought, and has shaken much of my faith in mathematics, which we used to be told was a pure science.

But supposing we all lived to be thirty-

three, and then died; what would happen? I trust I am not expected to answer this question fully. I don't know, and I don't want to know all, but there are some things that seem to me suggestive. In the first place, unless the whole race changed its normal condition, and this I assume even under the law of evolution would take so long that I do not propose to consider it, grandparents would practically be eliminated. Even under favorable or perhaps abnormal conditions few could expect to be grandparents at thirty-three. In fact, that is getting unfortunately to be a moderate age for fatherhood. If girls continued to get married, say at eighteen, they could hardly expect at death the eldest of their children to be more than fourteen. Naturally, earlier marriages would take place, and we might have mothers at fifteen, which would make grandmothers possible, even if not desir-

Another feature would be that orphans of youthful years would be so common that they would be a burden on the community, unless they became self-supporting much earlier than at present, which is quite possible under the assumed new conditions. Of course education would begin almost in the cradle, and the average college graduate should not be above fifteen. Chatterton would no longer be a marvelous boy. This would test whether children are now overworked as to their brains or not. Personally, I do not think so, though I believe they would lose a lot of fun they ought to have, for under the circumstances I am thinking of I do not see that there would be much chance for a good time. I can remember when boys graduated from the old-time colleges at eighteen without trouble, and I must confess that while they did not learn so much Greek or Latin or science as some of the modern university graduates, they have managed to get along pretty well. I am a busy man in a busy world, and must say, as a matter of observation, most of

the successful men I know, if they came from any college at all, came from the smaller ones. Perhaps they did not acquire a great deal of knowledge, but their brains seemed to have had a sort of harrowing and plowing that prepared them for the accumulation of wisdom under a large amount of experience. Contact with professors and the cultured people that always cluster around the small college, and are in close touch with the students, always seemed to me to be more beneficial than ability to read Lucian at sight, or prepare a learned thesis on the condition of shoemaking in New England during the fifth decade of the seventeenth century. But I am getting away from the subject.

There would be more hustle than at present, supposing that were possible, or else there would be a return to primitive conditions such as existed in the times so much prized by our ancestors, and so thoroughly discredited by the present generation. On the other hand, the young Absalom would get a chance quickly, if not for long. There would be no more gray-haired bank presidents or railway managers, and all the active people would be young, except by comparison. Relatively things would probably be about the same, for we can not believe that any such change would eliminate all the elements, either bad or indifferent, which seem so wicked and wasteful in our social economy.

It is useless to go deeply into the possibilities of this situation, which is not likely to come to pass. The imagination can see many pleasant, but principally unpleasant, things in the scheme, since no one that arrives at years of discretion has the slightest intention of dying at thirty-three, or, in fact, at any other age. One of the profoundest pieces of philosophy which I ever read is that of good old Doctor Young: "All men think all men mortal but themselves." If the limit was placed at thirty-three each of us would expect to be terrestrially immortal just

the same. We should eat, drink and be merry, being sure that our friends would die at thirty-three, but that we should live for ever.

However useless all such speculations may seem, there is one practical way of looking at the subject that may be instructive. Let us consider some of the men of note in history who have accomplished great things before this minor limit suggested for humanity. Of course only a few can be suggested, and it can not be claimed that what they did is possible for us all, but these examples do show something, and what that something is the reader may work out for himself.

In contemplating this subject the mind instantly turns to Alexander, who died at thirty-three, weeping that there were no more worlds to conquer. One may well discuss whether such deeds as he accomplished were worth the doing, but that is not to my purpose. I am only trying to show that youth is no bar to accomplishing success, whether it is or is not worthy. We can not all be Alexanders nor Von Moltkes, the latter of whom rose to prominence only when he was an old man, but no one denies that in executing his purposes Alexander was as successful as any man can ask to be in this world. Under the limit I have suggested Alexander would have died with all his purposes accomplished.

Or consider Hannibal, who became a general when a mere boy. He won the battles of Cannæ and Trasimene at thirtyone, after a career of victories such as few men have ever attained. Had he died then, instead of later by his own hand, his fame would have been more enduring than it now is. The limit would have benefited him. Or we may consider the young Octavius. It is true his heritage was great, but he had to wade through slaughter to a throne; yet he was emperor of Rome at thirty-two, and the limit could well have been exercised in his place, since his latter years were his worst.

To mention only one more warrior: Napoleon was first consul and master of France at thirty-three, and a few months later was emperor in fact. Will his most devoted admirer say that it would not have been better for his fame if he had died at thirty-three than on St. Helena; not only in a personal sense, but from the point of view of his own policy? He would not have lived to see defeat, to divorce his wife, or to see his second wife discard him, and his son a prisoner in his grandfather's castle.

If one turns to statesmanship, the names are perhaps more alluring. The younger Pitt was prime minister at twenty-four, and his best work was done before my limit. It is true that his father's best was in old age, but that proves nothing. I am showing that the young Absaloms have had a great chance. Relatively, under my limit I suppose we would have warriors and statesmen at fourteen, just as we have boy evangelists now, God save the mark, but I think I am proving my case. Alexander Hamilton, the greatest constructive statesman this country ever had, one of the greatest the world ever knew, carried through his three great financial measures at thirty-three, without which this nation could not have lasted a decade. Of him Talleyrand said that he was the greatest genius he had ever met, not excepting Napoleon. Had Hamilton died then, his fame would not be more lasting than it is, but it would have been undimmed by the quarrels and ambitions of his later years, which brought him increasing sorrow and untimely death. The limit would have worked well here. Or take Thomas Jefferson, who lived to a green old age. His reputation was assailed in life; he was fought as bitterly as any man who ever lived. He had the highest civic honors, and as an experimental philosopher deserves a certain amount of a certain kind of fame. Yet he was only thirty-three when he wrote the Declaration of Independence, and

had he died then there would have been monuments erected to him by every liberal nation on earth. It was his later career, with its crafty plotting, its political scheming and its disastrous policies, that tarnish his fame, though not to the extent his detractors imagine. Yet the limit I have mentioned would have been good for him, and one can not believe it would have injured the country. To cite just one more instance, Henry Clay was less than thirty when he was elected to the United States Senate. Though he lived long, his career was one of personal friendships, unparalleled popularity, but almost unvarying political disaster. The "Young Harry of the West" might have died at my limit, and still be loved for the qualities he had already shown in such great measure.

If one turns to literature there is an embarrassment of riches, and since poesy is looked on as the highest form, I need only mention Byron and Keats and Shelley and our own Bryant. Surely in these instances the fire of genius burned long before our limit, and death in some cases came before what I would have allowed. Or in art, think of Raphael, to go no farther. Did youth dim his powers or his later years add anything to them? Or of inventors, who have done so much for the world! Was it age that brought power to Fulton or Watt or Whitney? Or as to explorers; are there names which exceed in glory those of Lewis, Clark and Kane and Stanley, whose greatest deeds were done when our limit would still have preserved them to activities?

I will not go on. These are merely a few names that came to mind as the subject ran through my thoughts. Any one can see how indefinitely the list could be extended. There have been men who lived active lives beyond fourscore, as Gladstone, or Von Moltke, or Leo XIII, but they are no more conspicuous than the men who have died young, having accomplished more than falls to the lot of the

ordinary man in the allotted span of life, and I do not refer to the conspicuous ex-

amples above mentioned.

Indeed, I was led from this train of thought into its corollary. What did these patriarchs accomplish who lived nearly a thousand years? I turn to the Fifth Chapter of Genesis and read the list. Adam lived nine hundred and thirty years and he died. I admit Adam accomplished something. If the Calvinists are correct in that he caused the fall of the human race at the request of his wife it is certain he lived much too long. I have intimated that I do not believe this part of the narrative; for while I regard not man, I love God and woman, and can not believe them capable of permitting or accomplishing any such fiendish deed, even supposing it possible. But, according to the accounts, Adam had to name all the animals, and after the unfortunate affair of the apple-tree had to work for a living, all of which is duly recorded.

But what of the rest? Seth, Enos, Cainan, Mahaleel, Jared, Enoch, Methuselah, Lamech and Noah-all these approached the thousand-year mark, with the exception of Enoch, who was translated. Of the rest, all we learn is that they begat sons and daughters, with the exception of Noah, who had a distinctive career of his own. Now the begetting of sons and daughters would not be stopped under my limit, and while we can imagine these patriarchs must have had enormous families, the fact is not recorded, nor anything else to their credit. The Bible has a way of going into particulars at times, and it would seem that if these long-lived gentlemen had done anything worth noting it would have been recorded. It is not so recorded, and I claim that Holy Writ can not be quoted against me.

I trust that these things I have written will be taken not literally, but in some sense as an allegory. If the reader has not by this time seen the point I am driving at the obtuseness is on my side. We do live

in a world that seems at times to call for more energy, more worry and more nervous force than we can possibly expend, and yet our situation is such that each man feels there can be no letting up. We strive not for any particular end in business, but for an ideal. That ideal is to be abreast or ahead of our fellows. The physician with more patients than he can look after, with justice to his health, increases his practice as fast as he can. The lawyer does not turn down clients, even if they bring him enormous labor for fees he does not need. The millionaire makes more millions, not that he wants to spend them, but because his neighbor is making them, and it is a question as to who will get the most. Not one dollar that has come into the hands of a Carnegie or a Rockefeller in the last ten years has been of material value to them. If they got so many million neckties a year instead of so many million dollars they would be as well off materially. That there is a mental enjoyment in piling up millions as well as in securing rare Americana or collecting bugs is beyond question. The intensity of our lives is tremendous in the line of our doctrine. I am no croaker, nor socialist, nor anything else, as I have already observed, but I can not fail to note the storm of intensity into which we are plunged. I have never before had a chance to think so much about it. Can we believe that Methuselah could have made the world's record if he had lived at the intellectual pace of, say J. Pierpont Morgan? Can we believe that the average man to-day can forever stand the strain put on him, or, if he stands it, can we believe that it is worth while? The machinist in the factory lives a strenuous life in these days of competition. He may get good wages, but his eyes are on his work, and his hands busy every moment between whistle blows. Can we believe him happier than the cobbler of our ancestors who sat under a tree and in slow fashion mended his neighbors' shoes? He

had little, and he wanted little. Probably he had as many of his wants gratified in as great measure as the mechanic of today. Personally I think he had more. He was not worried over strikes, or lockouts, or discharge. He could work out his own salvation—moral, mental and material—in his own way, and he worried little, even if he had no carpet, and no idea of the delights of a continuous performance pro-

I wonder what we are coming to! Certainly the life of man is not growing shorter. I believe that statistics show that it is slowly lengthening. Are we always to work and worry at this high pressure? Must it be necessary for me to have a fit of sickness in order to get the briefest time for introspection? Must my children tread the life I have trod in a constantly increasing whirl of excitement? Must it always be necessary for men of even more than ordinary intelligence and abilities to keep the safety valve blowing off? I have earned an income for years, which to my youthful imagination, would have seemed beyond the dreams of avarice, yet at the end of the year the bank account is woefully small. Could I live on a Vermont farm and still earn my living in one of the great centers of industry I might get rich, but that is just what our social system does not permit, and is just what our wives and children will not put up with. To live as well as my richer neighbor, to spend for that which satisfieth only in a certain way, is the lot of most of us. I have wanted to go to Europe for thirteen years, but have never been able to persuade myself to take the time, yet I heard it whispered at the club the other day that I must be pretty well fixed by this time.

Whether we live a thousand or thirtythree years makes little difference. We are, of course, gods, and yet we are creatures of environment. We can not escape, rather we do not want to escape from it, and while we pretend to enjoy it

there are few men with whom I come in contact who do not feel that there is something wrong somewhere which they wish some one would correct. For themselves, they have not the time. They must make more money, or collect more bugs, or more neckties. All of us are waiting for some one to come along and lead us gently to the millennium, but few of us are very anxious to take a day off occasionally to help. I don't mean that we do not do our duty by our fellow man in a general way as we see it. We go to church, pay pew rents as regularly as club dues, and subscribe liberally for the constituted charities. We give to beggars and are willing to sit on boards for the amelioration of all sorts and conditions of men, but we are not willing to take a large part of our time to study problems that confront us and must be settled some time. We haven't the time, and this is literally true. It isn't a martyr age. I could easily live on half my income if I wanted to, but I don't and won't, because I am selfish enough to want some other man to sacrifice his wife and children on the altar of social progress. For myself, I will peg away and sear my conscience occasionally with a check to some altruistic institution, and then go home and thank God I am not as other men. I presume I am a firstclass hypocrite. I admit it, and I don't like Jeremiahs who come around and say the country is going to the "demnition bowwows." I don't believe it. I don't want to believe it, but I do think that there is need for the pressure being lessened somewhere.

"The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four-score years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off and we fly away." I do not altogether agree with the Psalmist. We have progressed since then. Life is so beautiful, so full of opportunities, that years should but add to our pleasure. The truth is, we have since the Civil War lost many of our ideals. I used to read Emerson more often than the Bible. I haven't read a line of him in fifteen years. I used to read Plato and Mill, and Rousseau, and Tennyson, and Hawthorne. Now I read only newspapers, magazines and popular books, go to the theater, and play cards for recreation. I haven't lost my old ideals. I have put them away in camphor until the time comes when I have time to use them. Nearly every one I know is the same way. They talk most beautifully about current books they haven't read, or lectures they have not heard, or pictures they have not seen. So do I. Indeed I consider I am developing into an artistic liar. I get caught very seldom, but this may be because my friends know as little as I. Certainly I trust not, but most certainly I do hope that the time is coming when there will be a little let-up.

I am no political philosopher (note how negative I am), but if the trust system will only finally result in taking things so in hand that the work and worry of this world can be distributed more evenly, so that those of us who want

a rest can get it without fear of ruin, and those who are obliged to rest can get some work, I will be willing to indorse the sys-In the meantime my faith is in trusts of another sort. Not little corporations like Standard Oil or United States Steel, but in those trusts which are as old as the race. Trust in humanity, trust that it is somewhere going to work out these problems for the good of mankind; trust in intelligence, perseverance and integrity; trust in the good, the true, and the beautiful; trust that "somehow good will be the final goal of ill"; trust in the all-wise God who made us. If it were not for these trusts, whose capital can not be expressed in figures and whose stockholders have received dividends since the world began, honest men could not lie down to sleep in peace.

We all of us feel that some way things are getting better, and we are willing to do our part more or less, if some one will show us the way. The way may be long, but it seems to me that we shall gradually reach the goal over the stepping stones of our own dead selves. So much have microbes done for my philosophy.

SPRING MAGIC

By Edith M. Thomas

THERE is Supernal Beauty that subtends
All beauty wherewith mortal eyes are blest,—
A veiled Loveliness, that gives unrest,
When, fleetingly, into our sphere it bends,
And down these skies a gleam Elysian sends.
Watch! For that all-subtending Fairest-Best
Is now the Young Year's transitory guest,
And thereto something of its glory lends.
'Tis mid the flickering dews of April's prime—
Mid blossom-winds—through shimmering forest green,—
That for a brief, a trembling moment's time
We glimpse this Beauty-scarcely-to-be-seen;
Ay, with another pulse-beat, it will climb
By viewless pathway to its own demesne.

THE WEDDING OF TRIONY

By Philip Sydney Howe

UNT "Calline" sat on the step in the afternoon sunshine, sociably taking snuff with Mis' Adams,—an act of extreme friendliness, considering that the latter was not at all in Aunt "Calline's" set, having drifted on to the plantation from somewhere or other, indefinitely described as "up-river." Her smoking her snuff, instead of dipping it, elegantly, with a wooden stick, chewed flat at one end, also militated against her reception into the very best circle of the house-servants and would have forced her to associate with the lower social stratum of "fiel' han's," but for the charms of her daughter, Triony. That young person was the topic of their conversation.

"When am Triony 'spectin' to git ma'ied?" Aunt "Calline" inquired, passing her bag of snuff to Mis' Adams whose

supply had given out.

"She don' ezackly know. She wah 'lowin' t' git it 'tended to befo' grindin'time, but de season wah too fo'handed fo' huh. Den she 'lowed to wait tell atter de cake-walkin', 'case Mistah Kinney he nachurly don' 'prove much ob dancin' an' cah'in on. Co'se Triony she lak t' hab huh fun. Seem lak dat gal hab mighty hahd luck. Fust dev wah dat Brack Bob. When she done got ma'ied t' him, 'Ole Miss' wah so sot ag'in it dat she won' gib Triony nary t'ing, an' dey wah jes' as po' as po' could be. Den, when she tuck up wid de red-haahed coon ovah to'ds de Bayou, 'Ole Miss' wah maddah still. Huh didn' tuhn huh han' ovah fo' Triony dat time nuther. 'N now, 'pears lak she ain' a bit bettah satisfy wiv Mistah Kinney, do' he's de fines' exho'tah de chu'ch evah had. Seems lak dey jes' ain' no pleasin' 'Ole Miss.' "

"Is you spoke to 'Young Marse' 'bout it?"

To Aunt "Calline" the husband of "Ole Miss" was always "Young Marse," since it was under his father's reign on the plantation that she had been born and her present master's first toddling steps had been by her teaching. To the other darkeys he was now "Ole Marse." To Aunt "Calline" the father would never grow up and his son would always be "Li'l Marse."

Mis' Adams sighed heavily before answering her question. "I ain' spoke t' him, but Triony, she done tole him, 'n all he say wah, 'You got ask de mist'ess'."

Aunt "Calline" chewed her snuffstick reflectively. There really seemed no hope for Triony, yet when others of the young colored girls married, no one could be more generous than "Ole Miss."

"Am she got sumpin' ag'in Mistah

Kinney?" she asked, finally.

"She ain' got nuttin' ag'in him ezackly, 'cep' she say he don' do no wuk; 's if exho'tin ain' de hahdes' kin' ob wuk! But what she maddes' 'bout am Triony's 'vorce."

"Am Triony got one?" Aunt "Calline's" tone was that of serious awe.

"Yes'm, she have. She done pay dat lawyah down to de Bayou t' git huh one, an' he done it. He chawge huh ten dollahs, too. He say hit come right smaht highah whah she gittin' two 'vorces 't onct. Ef dey wah on'y one, hit would hab cos' huh less, but bein' two hit nachully got t' cos' mo'."

Aunt "Calline" nodded understandingly. "Seems lak Brack Bob might a' pay paht. Ob co'se dat red-haahed husban' ob huh's couldn', bein' as he am in de pen'tensherary. But Bob he might a' done somefin' to'ds payin' dat lawyah."

Mis' Adams gave another pessimistic sigh. "Brack Bob wouldn' pay nuffin'. He say he don' want no 'vorce f'm Triony.

He say he ready t' take on wiv huh ag'in if she say de wo'd."

Aunt "Calline" reverted to the original subject. "Is Triony ask 'Li'l Miss' t' spik fo' huh?"

"She done dat, an' Missy say huh will, but I don' know if huh speakin' 'll do ary bit ob good. Ole Miss don' seem t' keer

much 'bout Missy, seem t' me."

"Yes huh do. But ef you hed jes' one on'y son an' he wife die an' leave him on'y one po' li'l lam' lak 'Li'l Mis,' an' him dat sad he won' t'ink 'bout pickin' out anudder gal t' hab him—an' 'Li'l Miss' dat del'cate she lakely t' die mos' any time,—an' 'Young Marse' he ain' none too spry dis yeah,—ef you wah in huh shoes, I reckon you wouldn' feel much lak laffin' an' playin' wid a 'streperous chile lak' 'Li'l Miss' am when she feel 't all well."

"Dey she come now! Jes' look at de way dat angel chile run an' run! She gwine be sick, Aunt 'Calline,' weahin' huhse'f out in dis br'ilin' sun."

The child did indeed slacken her pace as she came near them.

"I'm so tired, Aunt 'Calline.' Rock me!"

"Co'se I will, honey. Jes' come heah to yo' ole 'Calline' an' she'll res' you. Huh lam's been playin' too hahd. She wan' t' sit heah wiv ole 'Calline' an' let huh sing t' huh, while she done git a good res'."

The child crept into her arms, nestling comfortably into the broad expanse of her

lan

"Now sing!" she commanded, closing her eyes, and Aunt "Calline" began, Mis' Adams joining in with a mellow second:

"Dah wah ninety-an'-nine dat safely lay, In de sheltah ob de fol',

But one wah out on de hills away,

Fah off f'om de gates ob gol'.

Away on de mountings, wil' an' baih,

Away f'om de tendah Shepheahd's caih,

A-way f'om de ten-dah Shep-heahd's

caih."

The child's head dropped lower on Aunt "Calline's" breast. Nodding a silent

farewell to Mis' Adams, the old colored woman gathered her burden carefully up in her arms and stepped briskly off to "de house."

On the veranda the grandfather met her.

"I'se jes' bringin' Miss Evelyn in," she explained, curtseying carefully so as not to disturb the child. "She ain' been feelin' right well an' she done come an' ask me t' rock huh."

Her master bent over her burden, anxiety written in every line of his face.

"You don't think there's anything serious the matter, 'Calline?'"

"Well, she ain' jus' strong. I t'ink you' all got t' be mighty keerful ob huh. Huh ain' so hahty as huh mout be."

"Don't you think Triony takes good care of her?"

"I reckon she do,—'s well 's she know how," with scorching emphasis, "but Triony ain' got no 'sperience. She ain' nevah had no child'n ob huh own an' she ain' nevah nussed no oddah chile but dis heah one. 'Sides, Triony's got huh ma'-in' on huh min', an' I don' s'pose she got time fo' anyt'ing else. Dese young gals ain' much 'count when it comes t' pendin' on 'em. Dey'se well 'nuff when dey hab jus' or'nary t'ings t' look atter, but a del'-cate li'l chile lak Mis' Evelyn,—she need a pusson ob 'sperience—'

Her master laughed. "I reckon you're hard on Triony, 'Calline.' She does better than most, but you might have an eye on

her yourself."

"Dat I will, suh!" returned Aunt "Calline" with emphasis and took her way in-

At suppertime, the child was still sleeping. It being Triony's evening for "receiving" her betrothed, Aunt "Calline" was deputed to sit in the room until she should wake. Downstairs everything soon fell into quiet, as the servants trooped off to enjoy the evening at the "quarters." The mistress always retired with the birds—and rose with them, being no advocate of easy discipline. Under her sharp eye,



"NOW SING," SHE COMMANDED, CLOSING HER EYES, AND AUNT CALLINE BEGAN

twice the work was accomplished as when her easy-going husband held the reins, and since she enjoyed it and left him to his books, he was content.

Out on the long gallery in front, he sat in the gathering shadows, with only his thoughts for company. The short twilight faded and the soft blackness of the southern night shut out the garden, though as when an eye is lost, the other grows stronger, so the fragrance of the flowers seemed redoubled. He could still locate the trees from the varying sounds they made as the evening breeze stirred them: there was the rustle of the poplars, the soft sighing of the maples, the sad murmuring of the larches, the crisp whisper of the catalpas. The laurestinus, alone, was silent.

Far off toward the Bayou, a belated plover called to his mate, called again and was still. The note waked a cardinal in the cypress overhanging the house and he gave a sleepy protest. Presently, out of the hedge of English hawthorn, a nightingale began to sing, softly at first, its voice rising and falling in infinite sweetness. A mocking bird added its contemptuous note and the songster fled, with scornful whirring of wings.

Wrapped about in the thick darkness, the old man saw faces he would never see again, heard voices never to be heard more this side the grave. They were the real. The voice of Black Peter, the coachman, speaking from the foot of the steps, seemed more unreal. As he went on his way, his footsteps struck sharply on the gravel walk, until he left it for the thick turf.

The master turned in his chair and gave himself once more to his dreams. One vi-

sion dominated them. No matter what other figures out of the past might come and go before him, this was always there, as she had ever been, close beside him through the years since he had seen her in the flesh. Life had separated them, or seemed to separate. She had married, had gone North with her husband, never to revisit her childhood's home. When his son had gone to college, it was to this friend of his youth that his father sent him. That the son should have chosen her daughter for his wife was not surprising. But for the young bride's early fading, the new tie might have brought the old friends together. He had, indeed, written once, proposing that she visit her daughter in her new home. For answer he received a tiny book of verse. He did not have to look far to find her answer in the lines:

"In dreams she grows not older,
The land of dreams among;
Though all the world grow colder,
Though all the songs be sung,—
In dreams doth he behold her
Still fair, and kind, and young."

A curious thing, the heart! For more than thirty years this man had walked by the side of the woman he had married in his youth, had called her wife and paid her unfailing deference. Yet the shadowwoman, who had gone out of his life, outwardly, before he was twenty-five, was more close to him. To her he gave his best self. His ambitions, his tendernesses, were for her. In all the years since he had lost her she had been his last thought before sleeping, his first, waking. And as time made his step slower, whitened his head and bent his shoulders, so her image changed to him. It would have given him no shock to have seen her after the years had left their mark upon her. In his dreams she had grown old with him. What her daughter had been to him no one could have guessed. And now she

was gone to her mother, and only her child remained to link him to the past. Surely death had no terrors for him. For long, life had been but a waiting, in patience and serenity, for the call.

The moon rose as he sat there, but though it bathed the long gallery in brilliant light, save where trailing vines shed black shadows of eerie shapes, the old man did not move. He had passed from waking into sleeping dreams, in which his well-beloved touched his forehead with soft hands, and his arms, holding her, forgot the aching loneliness of waking.

Suddenly he found himself standing, wide-eyed, holding fast to the arms of his chair. He was conscious of having heard no sound, yet he strained his vision into the dense shadows beyond the circle of moonlight, listening tensely. The dream, if dream it was, was too vivid to shake off. Some insistent, imperious demand had broken the chains of sleep, though what it was he could not tell. As he stood, Triony burst into the moonlit space, clad only in skirt and shawl. Her face, turned upward, was ghastly with the grayness of the negro, frightened. Her eyes, wide and staring, showed little but the whites and took on fresh terror as she saw her master.

"I'se had a call, suh," she gasped. "Dey's death a' comin', shuah, shuah! I'se had de call. 'Li'l Miss'—"

Her voice died away, as her master, seizing her shoulder, dragged her up the steps. In that moment, white and black were bound together by the common superstition in which both had been nurtured. At another time, the man might have derided it, but he had grown up with it and many experiences, not to be explained on ordinary, human ground, swept away disbelief at a moment like this. If Triony had indeed had a "call", danger must threaten one of his house. Who more likely that it should be than the child?

Together, stepping softly even then, in fear of waking the mistress, they hurried through the great hall to the rear gallery, from which the stairs ascended to the child's room. Triony was first. As she fled up the steps, her master sank on the lowest one, his lips moving dumbly in the prayer his mind could not frame. For on the slender balustrade framing the upper gallery, clad only in her white nightgown, his grandchild stood, ready for the

her head fallen on her breast. She did not answer when her master spoke to her. Death had indeed been busy in the room, but with Age, not Youth, and only His hand had stayed her from keeping her trust.

The child slept in Triony's arms. Her grandfather bent down to kiss her hand, so like her grandmother's. He had known



*EF YOU-ALL ON'Y WOULD, I'D NEVAH GIT MA'IED NO MO'"

leap which her sleep-ridden senses impelled her to take.

Had Triony but retained voice enough to call to her, the mischief must have been done. Lacking it, she gave no sound to startle the small sleep-walker, and just as the child put out one tiny foot in the step which would have meant her cruel mangling on the stones below, Triony caught her gown and held her fast.

In the nursery, lighted only by the moonlight streaming through dormer windows, Aunt "Calline" sat in an armchair,

what it was to go through life, "widowed of one dear touch".

Aunt "Calline's" funeral was a glorious memory for years among her associates. A few days later, Triony waylaid her master in a secluded path in the garden.

Standing before him, nervously twisting her hands together, she began her appeal:

"Massa, won' you jes' spik t' de mist'ess 'bout my ma'in'? Won' you?"

For a moment he did not answer her.

It had just come to him that he had not made any acknowledgment of the service she had done him in saving his grandchild. In his absorption, he had entirely overlooked her.

Triony misunderstood his silence.

"Ef you-all on'y would,"-wringing her hands despairingly,-"I'd nevah git ma'ied no mo'. Won' you jes' spik fo' me dis onct?"

Her distress recalled him to earth.

"Why, of course you can get married any time you like, Triony. What is it you want me to speak to your mistress about?"

The girl drew a long breath of courage. "Ef 'Ole Miss' jes' would gib me dat rose-cola'ed silk dress what she git de las' time she wah in de City,-it jes' 'bout my fit an' colah an' it ain' doin' nobody no good whah it am-put away in de cedah-chis'. An' ef I could hab dat to wah t' chu'ch an' camp meetin's an' sichlike, an' den ef I could hab one of huh white dresses t' git ma'ied in, an',-Oh, Massa!"-clutching his arm in the beatific vision she saw before her,-"ef I could on'y git ma'ied de same way dat Chloe an' Brack Peter done,-in de libr'y, wid a really white pahson an' a weddin' cake an' de carryall t' tek we uns ovah t' Mistah Kinney's house,-ef I could jes' hab all dat, I t'ink I'd be puffeckly satisfy."

Her master saw the vision, too, not

without sympathy.

"All right, Triony," he said. "I'll get the dresses. You needn't speak to your mistress about them. And you can be married in the library if you like, though I should think you'd rather have it in the sugar-house, so you could have your friends and dance afterward."

"I don' keer 'bout habbin' none ob de niggahs in de room when I git ma'ied. Dev kin see me f'om de gall'ry when I dribe off in de carryall. Dey allays jibin' at me, anyhow, 'n at my maw, 'case we-all ain' b'long t' you-uns 'fo' de wah,-an' Massa, please, suh, I does jes' wish dat maw could hab a new dress t' weah t' my weddin'-"

To retreat was plainly the better part, but the dress for Mis' Adams was promised with the rest. His wife would probably say sarcastic things of the proceedings, but on the rare occasions when, as the servants would say, "De Marse done put he foot down," his wife always recognized the necessity of yielding and the

virtue of doing it gracefully.

So, when Triony ventured for the third time upon the matrimonial sea, it was a great day. And not only for the happy pair, but for all the colored people on the place. To have a real wedding, with cake, clergyman, white dress and veil and a carriage to take her to her new home,to bid farewell to her mother, also resplendent in a new gown, in full view of all the house-servants who had slighted them both unnumbered times,-all this filled Triony's cup to overflowing. "Li'l Miss" had given her the bridal bouquet, bristling with stiff, crimped paper edge, and as the carryall turned into the road from the "home place," the watchers saw the bride waving it in a last farewell.

Mis' Adams' breast swelled with maternal pride, as, overcome by her emotions, she leaned upon Chloe's broad shoulder,

and sobbed out:

"De thuhd time am shuah 'nuff de chahm. Triony ain' nevah had no luck 'tall befo' at huh ma'in's, an' now she done hab it all."

LEW WALLACE

BORN, BROOKVILLE, INDIANA, APRIL 10, 1827 DIED, CRAWFORDSVILLE, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 15, 1905

By Meredith Nicholson

AUTHOR OF "THE MAIN CHANCE," "ZELDA DAMERON," ETC.

ANY unusual qualities, tastes and talents were combined in General Lew Wallace. The contradictions in his character were in themselves interesting. He was intrepid and daring as a soldier, and yet he put down the sword and with infinite patience set about the business of authorship; or, from the pen he turned to politics with the intense interest of a loyal partisan; or, again, as Minister to Turkey, he became the intimate personal friend and counselor of the Sultan.

The truest thing that may be said of him is, perhaps, that he was an Oriental with medieval tastes. He was, let us say, a kind of American Sir Richard Burton. Caravans and pilgrimages and the dialects of the desert were wholly within the range of his interests and sympathies. When he went to represent his country at Constantinople it was as though an exile were going home. The Oriental element in his character, borne out strikingly in his personal appearance, was further emphasized by a grace and dignity of speech as natural as it was charming. He was thoroughly democratic in his tastes and ideals, and always approachable; but the common currency of anecdote, the floating gossip of the town, was not for him. He liked the serious discourse that belongs to the unhurried hour, the fireside, an unobtrusive light and a good cigar. He could build up with convincing vividness an Oriental scene, or describe a military manœuver until the listener heard the tramp of armed men. He discussed incidents in Malory with as much interest and

zest as though they had been dispatches in the daily paper.

There was in Lew Wallace's life little of inadvertence; he did not wait for magic to open the doors of opportunity, but he labored diligently, with a certain stubborn patience, along definite lines. Manyeven among those who knew him wellwere misled by a certain careless ease,the air of a soldier off duty-that marked him in his prime; but this was perhaps an attitude put on consciously to deceive. He did things picturesquely, but with a naturalness that made them seem inevitable. For example, he marched his newly organized regiment overland from Crawfordsville to Indianapolis when the railway was simpler and quicker; and in the State House yard he swore his men to "remember Buena Vista,"—a reference to Jefferson Davis' fling at Indiana troops in the Mexican War. He was probably the only American of his time who might have put on a suit of armor and ridden through a city's streets without being at all out of character. He was always alert and active, always interested in the life about him, but always a dreamer, and something of a mystic, too. He could, in Dr. Weir Mitchell's phrase, "be idler than the idlest flowers;" but his industry was infinite, and he was never without special and definite labor, though it might be grape culture or bass fishing to-day and a plan for a romance to-morrow.

David Wallace, the father of Lew (he rarely or never signed himself Lewis), was a graduate of West Point; but after a few years in the army he relinquished a

military career for law and politics, was several times a judge in the Indiana courts, and once Governor of the State. A man could hardly owe less to the schools than Lew Wallace. We have glimpses of him as a student here and there, but he never submitted long to systematic education. He was for a short time a student at Wabash College, but his connection with the institute was so slight as to count for nothing as a formative influence. He liked the woods, and the life of the several country towns in which he lived during his boyhood offered few urban deterrents to the pursuit of fishing and hunting. A slender lad, never robust, swarthy of skin and with a pair of marvelous dark eyes, he was always remembered by contemporaries of his youth for the independence of his spirit, his impatience of restraint and his fondness for outdoor sports. He manifested early certain artistic instincts,-he could draw,he even painted a little,-he began a romance,—inspired no doubt by the example of Scott.

The Mexican War gave him an opportunity to wear a uniform and to set foot on foreign soil, and his subsequent career was largely determined by his experiences with the American army. The remains of the Aztec civilization and the story of the coming of the Spanish conquerors captivated his imagination, and, though he saw little important service, he broadened his horizons, and absorbed the atmosphere which, later on, was to give life to his romance, "The Fair God." Returning to Indiana, he married a woman of exceptional cultivation and rare literary gifts, and soon settled at Crawfordsville, where he varied his professional occupation as a lawyer with writing and politics. But when the oncoming cloud of civil war began to cast its shadow, he was quick to foresee the storm. Many a night he debated the political questions of the day with his friends at home in the tranquil college town, or in his law office; and in

those days he organized a company of zouaves from the young men of his county, and it won a wide reputation in the West for the snap and grace of its drill. This, at the outbreak of the war, became the nucleus for Wallace's regiment,-the Eleventh Indiana,-which he drilled until it marched with the swing of a Vergilian line. A tribute to the discipline and efficiency of this regiment of Indiana volunteers is the fact that practically every man who enrolled in it won a commission,-many attaining high rank. General Wallace's military services need not be described or estimated here. Suffice it to say that to him, as to thousands of his generation, the civil war brought its great lessons of sobriety, measure and patience, and in his own life a renewed eagerness for books and the pen. He had neither taste nor capacity for the petty intrigue of politics; he was once a candidate for Congress in the Crawfordsville district, but failed of election. He was never elected to any office of importance, but President Haves made him Governor of New Mexico, and President Garfield, graciously remembering "a friendship that began at Shiloh," sent him as Minister to Turkey, writing across Wallace's commission "Ben-Hur," to indicate that the appointment was not a recognition of mere political and military services.

It is not surprising that when once the story of the coming of Christ had taken hold of his imagination he should have devoted himself to its study with thorough devotion. So many accounts have been printed of General Wallace's reason for writing "Ben-Hur" that it may be well to state here, with the authority of his own word, that in a conversation with Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, whom he met on a railway journey in Indiana, General Wallace was so astounded by the boldness of the infidel's attacks on religion that he at once undertook to investigate the Christian claims for himself, beginning with the Bible and carrying his reading



Drawing by John Cecil Clay

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GENERAL LEW WALLACE

through all accessible authorities. His own mind was cleared of doubts, and he presently wrote a short story describing the meeting of the Wise Men, with no purpose other than to offer it as a sketch for a Christmas number of a magazine. But the subject grew upon him; and the opportunities for a larger treatment of the theme led him to plan the romance on which his literary reputation largely rests. Detachment was always possible for him; so that on railway journeys, at odd hours in hotels, in the office of the territorial governor at Santa Fé, seated under the beeches at his Crawfordsville home, or in his houseboat on the Kankakee, he carried on his work. He had already published "The Fair God," whose reception had been in no way unusual; but the greatness of his new subject inspired him. He chose incidents and characters well calculated to give vividness and color to his drama, and every point of detail received his most painstaking care.

At Crawfordsville the Wabash College library offered him excellent facilities for research. His years in New Mexico (1878-81) carried him to a region whose sand and sun were not without their suggestion of the Holy Land; and there he set up a profile map of the scene of his romance and reconstructed with conscientious fidelity the daily pageant of Palestine. Seated in an easy chair, with a board across his knees, he was a master of the comforts of writing. He wrote a small, flowing, nearly upright hand which, to the last month of his life, was as clear as copperplate. The drudgery of the desk had no terrors for him, and in writing he never suffered even an unimportant note to go from him until he had given it the best polish of which he was capable. The letters he wrote from the Bosporussometimes passed about among members of his family and intimate friends—were of the quality of his best published work. Once, to the writer's knowledge, he undertook the writing of a short prefacethe matter of a few pages-for an old book that was about to be republished; it seemed on the instant a thing that could be done in a few hours; but once the task was begun, his artistic conscience kept him at work revising and rewriting until a fortnight went into the labor.

The literary critics, who guard so jealously the meager shelf of books of all time, are prone to warn the common herd that popularity in itself is no proof of merit, but as against them laymen-the mere readers of books-may take comfort in the fact that it is much easier to be a critic than to be a popular novelist. "Ben-Hur" holds the record for the largest sale ever scored by a copyright novel. Its success was not immediate; it was never advertised with any flourish; but after a few years the sale went forward by leaps and bounds,—and the book is still selling. The sneer, repeated since General Wallace's death, that his book is classic only to the provincial church-goer,-the village class leader and Sunday-school superintendent,-does not account for the fact that it has been translated into every European tongue, and into Arabic and Japanese, or that Pope Leo read and praised it. Its success was not due so much to the fact that the greatest figure in history was brought into it (and with infinite tact and reverence), but that it is above everything else a story, and one of strong fiber and vigorous dramatic interest. It is the work of a martial hand, and those who dismiss it as an auxiliary reading book for village Sunday schools are hard pushed for ammunition. "Ben-Hur" has undoubtedly found favor among the great body of American church-going people, but General Wallace was certainly not a sentimental religionist, though he was, it may be said, a sincere Christian believer.

The defender of any expression of art that attains popularity places himself at once close to the rifle-pits where the fire of the sharp-shooters is relentless. A book may not be according to Saint Beuve, and yet, if it be touched with human sympathy and informed with truth, it will somehow find friends. Many go down defending the battered shield of romance,-but many more stand ready to ride into the arena. Critics of repute declare that Scott was no artist; and many more have forgotten that Bulwer Lytton ever lived. D'Artagnan and the three are daily forced to put their backs to the wall and fight for the honor of Dumas. Lew Wallace found a fragment of the cloak of Scott and threw it about his own shoulders. He was of a generation to whom "Ivanhoe" was a classic beyond question or cavil, and he grew up among books in an atmosphere where the claims of Scott to be called poet were never debated.

General Wallace was proud at all times and in all places to be known as a Western American, and he was particularly devoted to the Ohio Valley, in which he was born and spent his life. As already indicated, he was a variant rather than the type, but successes abroad never shook his affection for his own Western soil. He was, until infirmity seized him, a marked figure in any gathering. His erect, soldierly bearing that never failed to win attention and respect:-his swarthy face and the dark beard, that whitened only in his last years; -his splendid eyes that were always alert and in no wise dimmed by age or suffering; -a musical voice, never heavy enough for the rough work of campaigning, though singularly effective before smaller audiences; -and a manner and speech always gracious, with an old-fashioned courtesy which he never put off,-these phrases may only hint of the charm that distinguished Lew Wallace, and linked him to "the invincible knights of old."

WHEN THE GRASS BEGINS TO GROW

By James Herbert Morse

HERE, up and down this wayside walk,
So many footsteps go—
Children, and maidens, arm in arm,—
And young men, three in a row,—
The one-legged sailor, thump on thump—
I wonder the grass can grow!

And yet in April, when the South
Steals over the drifted snow,—
Before the willow catkins fall,
To lie on the path below,
Or ere the blue-bird pipes from the wall,
The grass begins to grow.

The lady flings back her well-lined hood,
And the sailor's gait is slow;—
'Tis then maids saunter arm in arm,
And the young men—three in a row;—
For love, like a south wind, steals on all,
When the grass begins to grow.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

By Octave Thanet

AUTHOR OF "WE ALL," "THE HEART OF TOIL," ETC.

BOOK TWO-IVAN. CHAPTER VI

THE PRINCESS OLGA'S DAY

TALL young workingman stood in the Raimund vestibule. His sack coat was buttoned over his blue-flannel shirt and his heavy boots were varnished. Carstairs, the second man, opened the door. "Other door"—he began in haughty tones, but at the second glance he started palpably. "Mr. Winslow! I beg pardon, sir," he gasped.

"I've got a job, Carstairs," said he.

"And I'm not glad to hear it, sir, if
you'll pardon me saying so, sir."

Johnny laughed. "Jobs are good things, Carstairs; I hope I'll do mine as well as you do yours. Are the ladies in?"

"Mrs. Winslow is out, sir; but Miss Rutherford is in, sir."

"Tell her I'm here, please."

Johnny sat him down in the receptionroom and looked about him. The familiar splendor of the noble hall, the vista of beautiful and stately rooms, came to him as if to a stranger. He smiled. "Yes, I'm outside," he said. "And I'm afraid I don't like it."

"Miss Rutherford says, would you kindly walk upstairs to Mrs. Raimund's parlor," announced Carstairs.

Meanwhile, Peggy, in Mrs. Raimund's parlor, had risen from the davenport and was standing. She was beautiful in her simple white gown, which, nevertheless, had been adjusted in every fold, and immaculately fresh ribbons added to its pleasantness.

Johnny's eyes grew darker; he wished he were free to kneel at her feet. But she was thinking that there never was a knightlier young man than he. Her heart overflowed with a half-maternal affection dating back so many years.

"Well, Peggy," said he, "accept my congratulations and a tremendous scolding for being so reckless! You'll shorten my life, scaring me so! And so you actually shot Tyler, you little fire-eater! Oh, Peggy, it was horribly reckless; he might have shot you, dear!"

"He was too busy running," said Peggy, laughing. "I did the shooting; but do sit down, Jo'nivan!"

She seated herself on the davenport and let Johnny get on one knee and kiss her hand, with a jest. Johnny looked very nice in that attitude.

"Who told you?" said Peggy, return-

ing to the important subject.

"Billy Bates. He got the story from Mrs. Winslow. Billy is pretty sore," said Johnny, drily; "I can't help enjoying it a bit, for Billy always pulls things off, you know; and he had Tyler's passing so beautifully planned out: 'Rescue of the Lamb by William Bates and Mrs. Winslow.' Tyler sent to the pen; and me weeping tears of gratitude on both their noble shoulders! Then Tyler was too slick for him. But Billy's a real sport and he's wild over you!"

"How was Tyler too slick? You tell me your story, and I'll tell you mine."

"Why, it was this way," said he. "Billy found it out that Tyler knew I had the money in my room, early in the morning.

He had seen Tyler buying a money belt at a pawnshop, the day before, and also a mustache at a costumer's, and Billy suspected at once. He was confident Tyler had stolen the money, or would steal it, that day. So he set a man to shadow him. But Tyler got on to the shadow game. I figure that he got out of the room that morning, while I was with you. It was easy enough for him to get into my room, pretending I had given him the wrong key and he was to fetch me something. He had a horse and buggy waiting; and he had an appointment with me to go to half a dozen places about the strike, all over the city. I say, Peggy, he had his nerve with him, all right. He drove around all day with that bag in the buggy under the seat! And Billy's poor sleuth was roasting, running after us. Why, once we met Billy himself, and I told him Tyler and I were just going out to Pullman. That was almost five o'clock. Billy naturally concluded Watty had put off swiping the money until night. Then, about ten minutes after, Tyler stopped at a saloon to telephone to his sister, who was ill."

"Why did he go in?" said Peggy.

"To get his excuse. Don't you see? Sister was worse; he'd have to go straight over to the West Side. He got me on the street cars, like a little lamb, and then he sprinted over to the Rock Island depot, picked up somebody to drive his buggy back to the stable, and just had time, himself, to change his hair and his mustache in the depot, and hop on the limited."

"Then that was how he risked taking that bag?" said Peggy, thoughtfully; "it

puzzled us a little."

"He had to take it. He hadn't time to make a change."

"How did the money happen to be in gold? That hampered him, too."

"Why, that was—well, it was what you call my theatrical streak, I suppose. There is a lot of rot talked nowadays among workingmen about the demonetization of silver; and I'm an out and out

gold man; so I'd a fancy to give the boys gold. I hope, Peggy, you remembered the train boys."

"Yes, Mrs. Raimund said she would if you wouldn't. I hope you won't think we were too lavish. We gave the conductor a hundred."

"That's all right. Thank you, so much, Peggy. And the porter?"

"Oh, we gave him twenty; he wasn't very efficient, but he was watching—then you don't really mind so much, Jo'nivan? I was afraid he might have taken more. And there is a 'very tidy stake left,' Mr. Raimund says; you can make a lot more out of it—"

Johnny shook his head. "I shan't be in a very money-making business," said he, "but—no, I don't mind, perhaps, as much as I ought, for the poor fellows

needed every cent of the-"

"Johnny!" Peggy almost screamed, "do you mean—oh, you can't mean that you have had this warning and then this escape and now you will go on, the same—Jo'nivan, it isn't fair to me. Do you reckon I would have risked my life for the railway union and those murdering lunatics that stoned women and little babies? I'd rather Tyler got every last cent of it! I would so! You've no right to give the money that I've fought and bled for"—her voice broke in a hysterical little laugh—"you've no right to give it away!"

"I've no right to keep it," said Johnny.
"I promised it; it truly isn't mine."

"And do you mean that after you have found out how cruel and selfish these demagogues can be, after you've seen for yourself that they are just as hard and grasping as the capitalists; and dishonest to boot—do you mean that you are not willing to please the friends who have helped you in your trouble and who care for you more than anybody else, you are not willing to wait and think things over and see for yourself whether these dangerous experiments are going to help? Jo'nivan, I never did ask you anything

on earth, but I ask you now, one thing,—only one thing,—wait six months—only six months; then, if you feel that your honor and your conscience demand you should throw away such great opportunities and break all our hearts, I promise you, on my honor, I will not say a word to dissuade you. Won't you, dear Jo'nivan?"

"The strike would be lost in six months, Peggy; and—don't you see, dear, I have promised the money; I have to give it.

Besides, I ought to give it."

"Do you still cling to those anarchists?"—Peggy caught his words away with a stamp of her foot—"and is that why you are wearing those ridiculous clothes calling?"

"Peggy, if you would just be calm, be

reasonable-"

"I am calm," declared Peggy, whose eyes were flashing and cheeks burning, while Johnny looked paler every moment, "and I say to you now, Jo'nivan, that if you refuse the first and only favor I ever did ask of you,—I will never speak to you

again, to-save-your-life!"

"Is Miss Rutherford in Mrs. Raimund's parlor?" The two excited young creatures heard Mrs. Winslow's voice. Johnny sprang to his feet. "I have to go," he cried. "I was wrong to expect you to understand. But I will do the only thing I can to show my gratitude. I will never trouble you again."

"We're in here, Aunt Emma," called Peggy, sweetly, but she curled her lip for

Johnny's benefit.

Johnny greeted Mrs. Winslow with an effort at composure and the gratitude which he had determined to have.

"I must go," he said, "although I have not half thanked Peggy for what she has done for me. Thank you, too, for your efforts. I feel glad that my father's estate will be in such honorable and careful hands. It is as he would have wished. Good-by."

"I don't understand," said Mrs. Winslow; "please stay, Johnny!" But Johnny went. He held his head very stiffly and did not turn back once, nor hesitate a second, but his heart was hot and bitter within him.

"Oh, maman, maman," he murmured, unconsciously reverting to the speech of his childhood and his first passionate love, "I've done my best to keep my promise. If you only could come back a little while!"

BOOK III-JOHN

CHAPTER I

BLOKER

In the late autumn of the year 1895 John Winslow stood in the grim, little Kensington Street, which fronted a winter-stung prairie, looking across its dreary acres at the spirals of smoke which curled above the factories of Pullman.

He was thinner and more haggard than when Peggy flung her parting flash of petulance at him. He was dressed in a dark suit which was a little shabby, although tidily brushed and pressed. (Johnny had pressed it himself.) At his elbow stood Billy Bates, cheerful of countenance, but much chastened in his toilet since he had become Johnny's friend. Billy continued the subject which had occupied them:

"Well, I don't believe we are going to be able to flag Bloker this bright, beautiful Sunday morning, as the story books

say."

"How was he off when you heard last?"

"Bad enough. He stuck it out at Pullman, run errands and was cat's-paw for the slicker fellows, who saved something out of the wreck. You know his wife died?"

"I don't know anything but the fact; how was it?"

"Pneumonia. And the daughter killed herself—"

"What?" cried Johnny.

"Well, she fell into melancholy and one

night when he was off she turned on the gas. She meant to kill the children, too, but they pulled through. They offered to take 'em to an asylum, but he skipped out with them. I wanted to dig up a V for him myself, but I couldn't find him. Some men are so damned unlucky. Now, you wouldn't believe it, but that fellow opposed the strike—"

"I know he wanted to give in at one time. That's why I'm after him now." Johnny rammed his hands in his pockets and took a turn to warm himself.

"Why didn't you wear your overcoat?" said Billy.

Johnny laughed while a faint red crept up under the pale olive of his cheek.

"Say, you ain't-?"

"No, I haven't sent it to Poco."

"Did you give it away?" demanded Billy.

Johnny laughed. "Let my clothes alone, Billy! When was it-"

"You tell me about that good overcoat first. Have you got it now? No? I can see you ain't. I tell you one thing straight from the shoulder, Ivan; you ain't fit to live in the city!"

"Well, if you will have it, it was this way. You remember when the boys got so discouraged just before I plunked all my little pile into the hole? When I made that speech at the meeting, out

"I remember. Say! that was a jim dandy! I knew it was playing against a cold deck and the boys would have to take their medicine, and the quicker the better; but when I heard you talking, I felt like a quitter; I was mad at myself for having good judgment. Ivan, I've heard a sight of slick talkers, but I never heard a feller that pulled you up by the roots like you did that night! They'd have followed you straight to hell that night, if you'd asked them!"

"They did!" answered Johnny somberly. "Poor Bloker for one, anyhow. He came to me after the meeting, his face quivering, and said that he had about

made up his mind to give in and advise the others to give in; 'but now,' said he, 'you've put the sand in me, I'm game to fight to a finish!' He did, too; and now I know what it cost him. Bloker was just one of the crowd to me, and I forgot him. He slipped out of my mind. Yet he was giving up more than I, for he was sacrificing his wife and children—"

"Which he hadn't no manner of right to do."

"I led him on to do it. But for me he would have given in and gone to work,—oh, damn me! I almost ran into him on the street last Thursday. He gave me one look and ran as if I were a policeman. He was thin, he was ragged, his eyes made me sick—"

"You didn't catch him?"

"No, if I hadn't been obliged to get to my job I'd have chased him; but I asked some of the boys and they told me what they had heard; and—well, I was low in cash and that's where the coat went. I sold it to an opulent rooster, who only gets one-fifty, but has got it all summer and a cinch on it Il winter."

"And you are hunting up Bloker to squander it on? Now I want to find out why you are damning yourself?"

"I've ruined him; I've broken up his home; I've killed his wife, driven his daughter crazy—"

"Don't get excited! Say, what sort of nights do you expect big generals and kings would have if they got to puzzling out what happens to the soldiers? You gave up everything you had; you know you did. You worked like a dog. Damn it, you're no more'n skin and bone yourself! You were square, and you didn't ask no more'n you were willing to give! I'm sorry for Bloker; but I say he hasn't got the right to reproach you; nor you haven't got any reasonable reason to reproach yourself."

Johnny kicked a tin can off the sidewalk, scowling. "Pve gone over all that, Billy. In the first place, while I went in, I thought, unselfishly, to help the fellows who didn't have a chance, it wasn't all to help them. It was a good deal because, long ago, I promised. Then, I wasn't going to be coerced by my father's will. I resented it and I wanted to be a leader and show what I could do—Oh, my motives were mixed—"

"Lord, ain't they always! It's healthier and more natural they should be. Don't you know you can't work pure

gold?"

"In the second place, no man has a right to urge other men into a fight that may ruin them without having a reasonable assurance he is going to win. A strike is a devilish thing. It was my business to be sure it was a righteous strike in the first place, and that there was a good chance of its winning in the second. I didn't do either. I jumped in over my head without knowing how I'd get out. In short, I've been a damn fool and a damn scoundrel." He kicked another can.

"Don't you think we'd better be heading for the city? There'll be a lot of our fellows hanging around the committee meeting, and I may get at the men and head off Tyler. Maybe I'll get a chance at Bloker at the factory. I was told at his house that the shops were doing a little repair work to-day, and he was at it."

"I don't think"—mused Billy—"you'll git them to call off the strike at Weth-

ers'."

"What's going to be the trouble; Ty-ler?"

"Tyler!"

"And what's his little game?"

"After the dough, of course, as usual. I have it pretty straight that he's dickering with the old man, to settle. But they haven't come to his figure. Till they do, he'll be hot for holding on, at least a while longer. No, you won't get the strike called off before the last of the week."

"That will mean bloodshed; the boys are getting desperate about the new men. Billy, what are you here for?"

"Me? Oh, they want a sympathetic strike of the molders in Fairport at the Old Colony. They've a contract to make Wethers' patterns, and they are naturally doing it. Some of your crowd want them called out."

"Shall you let them go?"

"I shan't. I am down on monkeying with contracts. I'm not so particular about keeping the commandments, but I'll keep my word if it busts me. It's kind of maddening, though, to be playing Tyler's game, for he'll lay the strike's failing on to me, while he'll work to call it off the minute he gets his price. Wouldn't it kill you dead, though, to see that infernal plundering thief toddling back and bossing the very fellers he stole from!"

"He knows our mouths are shut," said

Johnny between his teeth.

"They are that," said Billy. "I didn't understand at first, but I guess you've made me enough of a gentleman now, Ivan, to understand that we can't drag a lady's name into our fights."

Johnny laid his arm affectionately on the other's shoulder. "You are a gentleman, Billy. And I can't claim any cred-

it."

"Take away the taffy! But, I tell you, Ivan, if I am not a gentleman now, before God, I will be some day. We've had them in the family; I've heard mother tell of them. And I'll tell you another thing, Ivan: you've done a thundering lot to help me."

He looked at Johnny with that admixture of worship and familiar, protecting affection, which is about as unstained an emotion as our complex human nature allows. Johnny, to him, was not only the most beautiful and noble gentleman in the world and a leader by divine right; he was the creature that needed him, Billy Bates, the most; as well as helped him the most. His own elation of mood vanished in a compassion that irritated him by its poignancy. "Suffering! Suffering like hell all the time," he raged inwardly, "and he's got to. He's got to find out we ain't a bit more saints than his own sort. We're all cut out of the same piece, pants and coat. The under dog would chaw the top one's throat if he could; 'tain't a sweet

disposition's got him under!"

So, unmolested, Johnny sat in the car, his head on his breast; nor did he speak once until the grimy, work-a-day part of the down-town streets was reached. He followed Billy passively out of the train, but turned sharply with a low but staccato query: "You don't suppose Tyler would get the meeting put ahead half an hour so's to down me, before I got there?"

"What's that?" said Billy.

"He told me it would be at 11:30, at Einert's Place. Did you get any word?"

"I only came this morning, unexpected and unwelcome, I guess. But Tyler is up

to all sorts of dirty dodges."

They discovered that their suspicions did Tyler no injustice when they reached the room above the saloon where the meeting of the committee was to take place. A crowd of men waited outside.

"Do you get on to one thing, Ivan?"
Billy whispered, as they neared the door
of a closed room on the third story; "the
fellers here are the peaceful crowd, mostly
married men. The tough guys have got
their tip and are off raising hell somewhere. I wish I knew where."

By this time they were in the hall amid a crowd staring at a closed door which opened immediately. There came out a stout man with bright blue eyes and a head cropped so closely that it was a soft mouse color and wrinkled in the back.

"Hullo, Bates, you come to help us out?" cried the man, a business agent for the molders' local, to which Wethers' men belonged; a good-natured, shrewd fellow, who did his best to steer his own craft in troublous waters. His name was Conrad; he was of American birth, but German parentage. He looked rather suspiciously from Billy to Johnny.

Billy greeted Conrad cordially, but the next man who came out he addressed formally, as "Mr. Tyler." "Well, what have you decided, Mr. Tyler?" said he.

"Oh, the strike's on, all right," replied Tyler, striking a match on the sole of his shoe, in order to light his cigar. The shoes were varnished, his clothes were new, his linen shone, he looked sleek and prosperous. Johnny thought of Bloker, shabby and disheartened, risking his bones that moment in some striker's place, that he might earn a few dollars.

"The boys will be disappointed, won't

they?" said Billy, mildly.

"I think they will," said Conrad.

"They've got the remedy in their own hands if they want to surrender," Tyler observed carelessly; "I'm not a quitter myself."

"Unless it's worth your while," sneered

Johnny.

Tyler seemed as if he had not heard the words.

"You didn't even make them a proposition?" asked Johnny of Conrad, who

merely shook his head.

"Course not; they'd know we was weakening"—this came from a big, blackbrowed admirer of Tyler's. His name was Reilly; he was the president of the blacksmiths' local; he was personally honest, but easily flattered; and, by consequence, of a sensitive and pugnacious vanity. Before Johnny found his measure, he had made fun of a pet scheme of his, thereby earning his ill will. "We've found out they've got a new contract, and they want to run."

"Not enough to keep wages fifteen per cent. higher than they need," said Johnny; "besides, they've got some men now."

"Scabs," said Reilly, "and some of the old bunks and the apprentices."

"They'll have protection, whatever they are; and the public will stand by the cops," retorted Johnny. "The company will win the strike, and our only chance of getting our men their jobs is to let them come back now. I believe if you propose to call the strike off and let the boys go back Monday, they'll take about all of them back."

"Will you carry the proposition for the molders?" asked Tyler, with a grin.

"I'm not eager for the job," returned Johnny, "but rather than have the strike go on another day I'll take it now."

"They kicked you out of the shop when you went to talk with them, didn't they?" said the chairman of the committee. Tyler laughed unpleasantly.

"They tried to," returned Johnny, who seemed amused rather than abashed; but Billy's mellow voice struck in for the first time

"Yes, the old man had three regular toughs who call themselves plain-clothes men. He got himself in a wax. Galitsuin was simply bearing the answer, after fighting against it; him against striking, all the while; but the old fellow, for some reason, was mad's a hatter. So they had a scrap; but Ivan caromed one of the guys against the other, and gave the other guy a job for his dentist, before he jumped out of the window."

Conrad and another man laughed; not so Tyler or his two allies; and the chairman judged Galitsuin to have been insulted

"It makes no difference, I'm not in this business for my health," returned Johnny. "It isn't the question whether I was insulted—"

"The union was insulted," Reilly burst in; "organized labor was insulted. We had ought to resent that—"

"We can't hunt up insults when our men's families are down to dry bread and a potato apiece for the day!" retorted Johnny; "I haven't a word to say for the Wethers. And I hope to get a chance to hold them up some time. But they've got the drop on us now. Our men have been out three weeks; we haven't a cent in the treasury; we haven't had for—not since Wednesday, anyhow. What's the use?"

Conrad looked uncomfortable; the others exchanged glances. The hall was filling up with men. They did not say much, but their murmurs were not of approval of the committee.

"Well, we've another meeting to-morrow," said the chairman; "Wethers may see a great light before then."

"I'm convinced they're with Tyler, too," Johnny muttered in Billy's ear; "maybe not Conrad; but the others are greased, too, damn them!"

"Maybe not, maybe not," soothed Billy; "I'm getting on to their curves, though. The strike will be called off by Wednesday, anyhow, if not to-morrow. Watty is putting up some sort of a bluff to bring Wethers to his terms. You best get a day off, to-morrow, from your loading grocery wagons and watch 'em. You can out-talk 'em and out-fight 'em, but you can't hold a candle to 'em playing politics, and don't you forget it!"

"And till Monday—"
"Well, being Sunday, Wethers won't be running and there won't be any mischief—"

"But they are running to-day," exclaimed Johnny. "Billy, those fellows-"

"Down there! Sure!" cried Billy. "Why didn't you tell me before! Let's get a move on!"

The two friends stood out on the car platform, and, as they approached their destination, the conductor illuminated the situation.

"Lively time at Wethers' this morning, I guess."

"What they doing?" said Billy.

"Pulling out the scabs, I guess. Heard they most killed a feller, yesterday night. Well, I ain't sorry. If folks won't stop scabbing from decency and regard for other men's rights they got to be scared out of it. Stop here? Listen to the racket!"

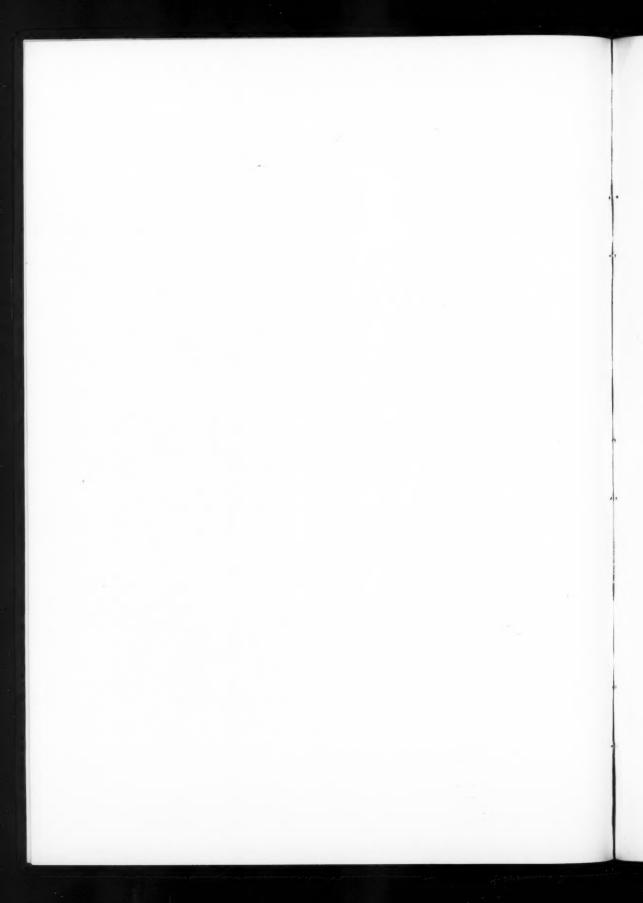
The car landed them on the corner opposite Wethers' shops. It was an unsavory neighborhood, filled with mean shops and lean rookeries, grimy with soft coal, and fluttering the ragged laundry of the occupants over the rickety platforms and staircases, which made fire traps in the rear. Over everything lay the shadow of the great, dingy bulk of



Drawn by I neine Wolcott Hitchcock

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"KEEP BACK," SAID HE, "HE'S DEAD; YOU'VE KILLED HIM ALL RIGHT!"



factories. The foundry chimney rose out of the pile, volleying black smoke such as a raw fireman always spouts from his furnace. The sooty clouds hung low over the stained thoroughfare, roaring now, with a crowd of boys and disheveled women. The boys were mostly half-grown lads who had learned English and deviltry at the public schools, but the women shrieked out their fury in their native tongue,—wherefore an undistinguishable babble swelled above the roofs, pierced continually by one English word: "Scab!"

"They're at it," said Billy; "they've smashed the stockade."

Johnny had seen more than one such scene of mob passions breaking their leash; he looked for the center of the storm and discovered it; one man, with glaring eyes and white face, fleeing before a crowd down the middle of the street, darting under horses' feet and worming himself under wagons. His hat was gone, his clothes were torn, there was blood on his face, but he ran with the swiftness of fear.

"Here!" yelled Johnny. "Here! we belong to the committee. We'll protect you!" All the while he was forging his way through the crowd, Billy at his elbow.

The fugitive turned. His eyes staring like bits of glass went to Johnny's. Whether he had heard or not, he suddenly swerved in his course, and made straight for the two friends. But the pursuers were hot on his heels, and the leader, a lad of eighteen, who worked at Wether's, in Johnny's own shop, sent out a shout, "Get the bricks! Give it to him with the bricks!" Instantly a dozen hands were at the convenient pile and a shower hustled over the wagons; more than one of the missiles went astray, but one hit the mark, and the fugitive toppled over at Johnny's feet.

Instantly Johnny was on his knees beside the fallen man. He lifted the head, which sagged on his arm. A tiny thread

of blood trickled down the matted hair from one temple. The hair was red and growing stiffly, and on the features was fixed a ghastly caricature of that twitching, eager smile, which Johnny had known before.

Billy threw a glance behind him, and turned a grim and white face to the nearest of the crowd. "Keep back!" said he, "he's dead; you've killed him all right!" Then he, too, knelt beside the limp figure; he uttered an exclamation. "Hell! If it ain't Bloker!"

Johnny, with pale lips that stiffened, was fumbling about the man's ragged shirt.

"Only one shirt," muttered Billy; "ain't he dressed poor for this weather! Oh, damn them!"

"Haven't you got any whisky?" said Johnny, in an even little voice. "Don't you worry, Bloker! You're all right. We won't let them touch you."

"They're skipping fast enough," muttered Billy, "leaving us to be pinched. Don't rub him, Ivan; all the whisky in the world won't help him. Look at his

"Three lives," said Johnny in the same small dry voice, "three lives. Thrown away because I made a fine speech. It's a good deal for a man, who tries to be decent, to carry on his conscience all his life."

CHAPTER II

"A SCRAP"

When Johnny walked into the swaying mass of men at Einert's the morning after Bloker's death, he returned, gravely, salutations from men almost as grave and stern looking as he. To this there were exceptions: Tyler's party made a clatter of jokes and laughter; and Tyler himself moved about the hall, his handsome, florid features dealing smiles, and his big fist hammering arguments into his changing audience. Already Johnny was grown quick to gather straws from men's

reticence, as well as their talk; he marked how Tyler's hot confidence fell upon cold gloom; how his hearers edged out of his way. They were sick of the strike. They had begun to suspect Tyler. And they had found a leader. Once or twice, Tyler shot lowering glances in Johnny's direction, but he made no move to approach him. On the contrary, he imperceptibly changed his position lest they collide. This, too, Johnny marked. It puzzled him. But, had he known, the explanation was simply the presence of Mr. William Bates.

Billy was leaning against the bar, drinking the sweet, white soda pop, which had become the standard subject for jokes about him in the daily journals.

"This is bad business, gentlemen," said Billy. "It's no affair of mine; only I can't

let my men get mixed up in it."

This neutrality and the neutral's known conservatism acted as a magnet to the older and colder men. The group about Billy's innocuous glass grew by natural attrition. Forth from it, in thread-like undertones, fluttered sinister criticism of Tyler.

"Who's paying out all this here stuff bout Tyler?" finally demanded Reilly, wedging his big shoulders between two of

Billy's listeners.

"I don't know who began it," returned Billy, cutting the tip of a cigar with much nicety, "but you can hear it all round. They say he's greased, or he wants to be, and he's holding out till they come to his figure."

"I guess we ought to know by this time that Tyler's all right; he's done more to git us recognized and git decent wages than any man in the union," snapped the blacksmith; "I'll say that to anybody."

"I don't know what he's done, so I

can't deny it."

"I guess there ain't anybody in Chicago but knows what Tyler's done and how he's worked and sacrificed for organized labor." "What's he done?" came from the crowd in several sullen voices. One elderly man said that one sure thing was, that Tyler hadn't raised wages—"cause, look at 'em!"

"But he's kep' 'em from fallin' lower,"

urged Tyler's supporter.

"Lord! So've I," said Billy, "but I ain't sending out a brass band about it. You make me think of a kid's composition: 'Pins have saved the lives of many people, by their not eating 'em!' But I'm glad to hear you say these stories are all hot air. Still, I guess we'd best not send Tyler by himself to dicker with the Wethers Co. You'd be a good one and Ivan Galitsuin; there's no questioning your squareness."

Billy's further persuasion was interrupted by a telephone call. And, for once off his guard, Billy betook himself to a long and baffling wrestle with a man whose name he couldn't gather, and who purported to come from Fairport, and wished to relate a wondrous tale of a projected strike. Five minutes sufficed to rouse Billy's suspicions, two more to confirm them, and to ring off with a curt excuse; but in those seven minutes considerable had happened in the saloon.

Tyler had not avoided a clash with Johnny through any disinclination to fight. He could see his hold on his followers parting like a cut rope. "Gleetzin" was openly and carelessly defying him; he only knew one way to quiet criticism; that was to send the critic to the hospital. Therefore, the instant Billy's soft, gray hat swung round the door lintel, Tyler made straight for his man.

"I've something to say to you, Gleetzin," said he. "I'd like to understand what you mean by sneaking around insinuating that I'm a thief and a liar and trying to sell out my best friends to these bloodsuckers?"

"I suppose I mean that you are," said Johnny, in his gentlest tone.

Tyler's blow was like a flash, but it found Johnny's guard, not his head. It

must have been given with too furious an impetus and thus unbalanced the striker, for the next second there was a swift rush of fists. Johnny's left, in scientific parlance, jabbed Tyler over the heart; and, as he countered, Johnny's right found the great fighter's neck just under the jaw. There was a frightful crash, a big man, a table and three beer glasses tumbled on the floor together.

"You've done for him, by hell!" gurgled a bricklayer who had seen the fight; "he can't put up his hands for one while!"

"He—he ain't killed?" hesitated the barkeeper, running round his counter, with first aid to the injured, in the shape of a whisky bottle.

"No, worse luck," said Johnny; "he'll live to do plenty more mischief."

Johnny looked indifferent; he was indifferent. To the mood which had held the lad since he lifted poor Bloker's head off its cruel pillow, Tyler's slaying was a duty rather than a crime. And an electric tingle of fear of the soft-spoken, gentle fellow stirred the beholders; they admired him to the verge of awe, for his callousness to bloodshed.

"He don't give a damn whether he's killed him or not," one man whispered to another. "Wally's met his match at last," sniggered the bricklayer.

"Gentlemen," said Johnny, "I think it is time for your meeting."

Within the hour, the committee waited on the Wethers, within another hour, the general meeting had accepted the manufacturers' terms.

The misery of the months which followed the Wethers' strike neither time nor happiness ever effaced for Johnny. Never again, although his perfect health and his natural elasticity of hope restored him to daily cheerfulness, was life the same lighthearted thing to him. He was caught in that awful mesh of the evil consequences of the action of good intent, which has bewildered conscience and made the un-

happy "follower of the gleam" doubt God himself.

One circumstance added incalculably to his torture. The first impulsive movement of his remorse was to assume the charge of Bloker's children. He was not earning enough to support them away. By boarding himself with Mrs. Delaney, who had befriended the children, he could see to them far more efficiently and at less cost.

"You'll be jest like those pilgrim guys,"—Billy's journey to the higher education was now leading him through the Crusades,—"who used to wear sackcloth and put peas in their boots; didn't do a mite of good, but made them bloody uncomfortable. You'll be hearing about Bloker all the time; and you won't make them stop talking because you'll think they mustn't forget their father; it won't work; it would be safer to take to drink."

"It's all I can do for him," said Johnny, "and don't row me, else I'll get so I can't talk to you about it. And you're the only one."

Johnny moved his trunk and bath-tub to Mrs. Delaney's that night. Billy's only grain of consolation was that Johnny had agreed to let him contribute to the children's maintenance.

"Now, Ivan," advised Billy, "don't use up your energies feeling bad; you'll need 'em all in your business."

"I do work as hard as I can, Billy," said Johnny, quite meekly, "and I don't whine."

"Sure," cried Billy heartily, throwing an arm around his neck, but restraining a desire to be sympathetic. "For what he needs is *brace*," was Billy's faith. "Sure, you're sandy!"

Billy's homely consolations did help, but Billy was away much of the time. When he was gone, there was no one; so Johnny worked the harder. Long afterward he told some one who loved him that neither love nor religion was the salvation of a man in despair, like work.

Yet there were days when the heavy

and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world crushed everything save dogged endurance out of him. Once, during such a mood, he read over his mother's last letter; it seemed to him that he had never understood it before.

"I have failed as she failed," he thought dully; he felt numb with despair. Yet, in that selfsame hour a new purpose began to stir in him, for he felt a disgust at his own apathy. "My father would want to kick me,—well, in effect he has kicked me already, good and hard!"

When he left Peggy, he vowed to sink out of his old world. Therefore, he had taken his mother's name, the better to throw in his fortunes with her. But now, having let the idealist in him go its length, he revolted at his own impetuosity. After a while he turned to the study of his father's motives. Perhaps it was to save him from mischance, huge and woeful as this which had befallen him, that Josiah Winslow had plotted. Johnny went back, groping through his childish memories. They showed him more than he expected. How many times his father had been gentle to him!

"Pretty bad to be a disappointment to him, too," said Johnny wearily; "not a thing I've done but would sicken him—unless—I wonder if he wouldn't chuckle over my downing Tyler!" He found an obscure satisfaction in rating himself after his father's manner, giving his father the rôle of his judge, and repenting to him. "Oh, if he only could come and whack at me as he used to!" longed Johnny. Often he thought: "Peggy's the only real person in the world who would understand why it dulls the pain for me to let my fancy run away with me so! Oh, Peggy, Peggy!"

Sometimes the homesick yearning he had for the mere sight of Peggy so goaded him that but for the Blokers, who took his every dollar, he would have gone to Fairport only to steal a look at her. He believed himself disguised enough by his dress and his mode of life, which he fan-

cied had battered him out of all his former comeliness; and his mother's noble name had been corrupted into Gleason, while Ivan was docked into Van; surely there was nothing to call the attention of the curious in Van Gleason.

Probably it was at this time that the plan of removing to Fairport began to shape itself in Johnny's mind.

"After all, I've something left to lose," said Johnny. "I've been a fool, but not a coward. My father would tell me not to begin being pusillanimous now!"

Meanwhile a quarter from whence Billy had anticipated excitement showed none; Tyler was very quiet. For this, however, there was a good explanation. It was no fault of Tyler's. He caught a heavy cold when he went out the day after his felling. The cold turned into bronchitis, so Tyler had plenty of time to stoke his wrath.

Bitterer than the blow was the damage to his prestige which it had wrought. Associates, who had been close, he fancied neglected him during his illness, while the commonalty were lukewarm. And the election of officers in his local was coming on. He wanted to be president. Some stroke was necessary to hearten the faithful and intimidate the backsliders. He watched his chance and was not long in finding it.

Conrad and Tyler had clashed over one of the innumerable efforts of the socialists to drag the labor unions into politics. Tyler was working with the socialist wing at this time. Johnny had drifted farther and farther from them during the year, and he gave his best to Conrad. There sprang up one of those unexpected squalls of discussion to which any unwieldy assemblages are prone. Thus it happened that Johnny captured the floor from an inexperienced parliamentarian of the social labor party and succeeded in making a speech.

"I see your finish, Wally," whispered one of Tyler's friends, as applause and catcalls contended when Johnny sat down.

"And I see his," said Tyler grimly, "you wait!"

His nearest friends exchanged glances when, the ballots having been announced and Tyler's man having shown himself a true prophet of evil, Tyler had simply rammed his hands into his pockets and left the hall.

His departure was unnoticed by Johnny, who presently slipped away and walked alone to the cross street which he must traverse to reach his car.

Billy had cautioned him never to walk alone at night. He was docile, and promised prudence; but to-night he had been roused out of his apathy; and the excitement drowned Billy's warnings and his own resolution.

ment drowned Billy's warnings and his

He plunged out of Clark Street, blazill-lighted street where the shadows of the houses devoured the feeble space illumined by a single gas-lamp. As he walked, the brief elation of conflict and oratory fell from him, the deep abiding melancholy of his common mood asserted its rights.

"How little I can help them?" he was thinking. "I barely hold them; I've given them my fortune, my future, my chances of happiness, my peace of mind even; yet I'm an alien still. They'd like me better, they'd believe in me more, if I'd stayed where I belonged!"

Just in front of him a shadow fell athwart his path. His wits acted as alertly as a rabbit's; he sprang to one side and a man staggered and stumbled on a thwarted blow.

"Put up your hands, we'll have it out now," called a deep baritone which he knew. He saw two other men skulking in the shadow. When he would have jumped back, one of these ran between him and the street.

"No running now, stand up and take it!" cried Tyler.

Johnny's coat was over his arm, his knife was in the pocket; he struck the guardian of the road between his eyes,

ducked the blow which Tyler aimed at long range; and put enough space between his assailants and himself to slip his closed knife between his clenched fingers! Tyler was able to land two blows; Johnny struck Tyler only once, but he reeled, and Johnny gained a few steps more on his retreat to the lighted highway. When the second man would have stopped him Johnny's armored fist struck straight first at his arm, then at his jaw; and as he fell a little space more was gained. rushed forward again, followed by the third man. He tried to clinch but went down before his follower's eyes. The third man darted at Johnny as he whirled. Johnny felt a sharp prick in his side; but he landed a swinging blow on his assailant's eye, which stopped the latter's onset for a second.

Then Johnny ran, ran for his life. Tyler was on his feet again and they would use their knives if not their pistols; it was either to get to the lights and the crowd or be stabbed to death under the shadow of the rotten wooden porches. Something whizzed by him, what, he never knew, for he made the street and hailed a car. As soon as he was seated he realized what had befallen him. He sat in the car holding his arm tightly against his side where he had jammed his handkerchief, until the car reached the corner near a celebrated hospital; nor did the conductor suspect anything wrong until the pale young man had stepped with careful steadiness off the front platform and walked up the street.

"Say, Mike," cried the motorman, "look at the platform; that feller's been stabbed!"

The conductor threw an experienced eye over the boards in question.

"That's right. Well, he's got his nerve with him; he's not troubling the police; and he's toddled into the hospital."

Nor did Johnny come out for a month.

(To be continued)

THE ASSOCIATED WIDOWS

By Katharine M. Roof

THE confirmed bachelor sat apart, fairly submerged by a sea of Sunday papers; yet a peripheral consciousness of the ladies' presence was revealed in his embryonic smile.

He folded over a voluminous sheet containing an account of the latest murder, and glanced at a half-page picture, labeled, "The Scene of the Crime."

"Was there ever yet a woman that could keep a secret," he demanded, apparently of the newspaper. "Now, if this poor fellow had only kept his little plans to himself—but, of course, he had to go and tell some woman."

"Looks like the man didn't know how to keep his secret that time," returned Mrs. Pendleton with a smile calculated to soften harsh judgments against her sex.

"There are some secrets a woman can keep," observed Elsie Howard. Her gaze happened to rest upon Mrs. Pendleton's golden hair.

"For instance," demanded the confirmed bachelor. (His name was Barlow.)

"Oh—her age for one thing." Elsie withdrew her observant short-sighted eyes from Mrs. Pendleton's crowning glory, and a smile barely touched the corners of her expressively inexpressive mouth. Mrs. Pendleton glanced up, faintly suspicious of that last remark.

Mr. Barlow laughed uproariously. In the two years that he had been a "guest" in Mrs. Howard's boarding-house he had come to regard Miss Elsie as a wit, and it was his habit—like the Italians at the opera—to give his applause before the closing phrases were delivered.

"I guess that's right. You hit it that time. That's one secret a woman can keep." He chuckled appreciatively.

Mrs. Pendleton laughed less sponta-

neously than usual and said, "It certainly was a dangerous subject," that "she had been looking for silver hairs amongst the gold herself lately." And again Elsie's eyes were attracted to the hairs under discussion. For three months now she had questioned that hair. At night it seemed above reproach in its infantile fairness, but in the crude unkind daylight there was a garish insistence about it that troubled the eye.

At that moment the door opened and Mrs. Hilary came in with her bonnet on. She glanced around with frigid greeting.

"So I am not late to dinner after all. I had thought you would be at table. The tram was so slow I was sorry I had not walked and saved the fare." She spoke with an irrational rising and falling of syllables that at once proclaimed her nationality. She was a short, compact little woman with rosy cheeks, abundant hair and a small tight mouth. Mrs. Hilary was a miniature painter by choice and a wife and mother by accident. She was subject to lapses in which she unquestionably forgot the twins' existence. She recalled them suddenly now.

"Has any one seen Gladys and Gwendolen? Dear, dear, I wonder where they are. They wouldn't go to church with me. Those children are such a responsibility."

"But they are such happy children," said gentle little Mrs. Howard, who had come in at the beginning of this speech. In her heart Mrs. Howard dreaded the long-legged, all-pervasive twins, but she pitied the widowed and impoverished little artist. "So sad," she was wont to say to her intimates in describing her lodger, "a young widow left all alone in a foreign country."

"But one would hardly call America a foreign country to an Englishwoman," one friend had interpolated at this point.

"Yes, I know," Mrs. Howard had acknowledged, "but she seems foreign. Her husband was an American, I believe, and he evidently left her with almost nothing. He must have been very unkind to her, she has such a dislike of Americans. She wasn't able to give the regular price for the rooms, but I couldn't refuse her—

I felt so sorry for her."

Mrs. Howard liked to "feel sorry for" people. Yet she was apt to find herself at sea in attempting to sympathize with Mrs. Hilary. She was a sweet-faced, tired-looking little woman with a vague smile and dreamy eyes. About five years ago Mrs. Howard had had "reverses" and had been forced by necessity to live to violate the sanctity of her hearth and home; grossly speaking, she had been obliged to take boarders, no feasible alternative seeming to suggest itself. The old house in Eleventh Street, in which she had embarked upon this cheerless career, had never been a home for her or her daughter. Yet an irrepressible sociability of nature enabled her to find a certain pleasure in the life impossible to her more reserved daughter.

As they all sat around now in the parlor, into which the smell of the Sunday turkey had somehow penetrated, a few more guests wandered in and sat about provisionally on the impracticable parlor furniture, waiting for the dinner signal. Mrs. Howard bravely tried to keep up the simulation of social interchange with which she ever pathetically strove to elevate the boarding-house intercourse into the decency of a chosen association.

Suddenly there came a thump and a crash against the door and the twins burst in, their jackets unbuttoned, their dusty picture hats awry.

"Oh! mater, mater!" they cried tumultuously, dancing about her.

"Such sport, mater. We fed the elephant." "And the rabbits-"

"And a monkey carried off Gwendolen's gloves—"

"Children," exclaimed Mrs. Hilary impotently, looking from one to the other, "where have you been?" (She pronounced it bean.)

"To the park, mater-"

"To see the animals—"
"Oh, mater you should see the ducky little baby lion!"

"What is it that they call you?" inquired a perpetually smiling young kindergartner who had just taken possession of a top-floor hall-room.

Mrs. Hilary glanced at her slightingly. "What is it that they call me? Why mater, of course."

"Ah, yes," the girl acquiesced pleasantly. "I remember now; it's English, of course."

"Oh, no," returned Mrs. Hilary instructively, "it's not English; it's Latin."

The kindergartner was silent. Mrs. Pendleton suppressed a chuckle that strongly suggested her "mammy." Mr. Barlow grinned and Elsie Howard's mouth twitched.

"They are such picturesque children," Mrs. Howard put in hastily. "I wonder you don't paint them oftener."

"I declare I just wish I could paint,"
Mrs. Pendleton contributed sweetly, "I
think it's such pretty work."

Mrs. Hilary was engrossed in the task of putting the twins to rights.

"I don't know what to do with them, they are quite unmanageable," she sighed. "It's so bad for them—bringing them up in a lodging-house."

Mrs. Howard flushed and Mrs. Pendleton's eyes flashed. The dinner bell rang, and Elsie Howard rose with a little laugh.

"An English mother with American children! What do you expect, Mrs. Hilary?"

Mrs. Howard was busy retying a withered blue ribbon upon the left side of Gladys' brow. She looked up to explain:

"They are only half-American, you

know. But their manners are getting quite ruined with these terrible American children."

Then they filed down into the basement dining-room for the noon dinner.

"Horrid, rude little Cockney," Mrs. Pendleton whispered in Elsie Howard's ear.

The girl smiled faintly. "Oh, she doesn't know she is rude. She is just-

English."

Mrs. Howard, over the characterless soup, wondered what it was about the little English artist that seemed so "different." Conversation with Mrs. Hilary developed such curious and unexpected difficulties. Mrs. Howard looked compassionately over at the kindergartner who, with the hopefulness of inexperience, started one subject after another with her unresponsive neighbor. What quality was it in Mrs. Hilary that invariably brought both discussion and pleasantry to a standstill? Elsie, upon whom Mrs. Howard depended for clarification of her thought, would only describe it as "English." In her attempts to account for this alien presence in her household, Mrs. Howard inevitably took refuge in the recollection of Mrs. Hilary's widowhood. This moving thought occurring to her now caused her to glance in the direction of Mrs. Pendleton's black dress and her face lightened. Mrs. Pendleton was of another sort. Mrs. Pendleton had proved, as Mrs. Howard always expressed it, "quite an acquisition to our circle." She felt almost an affection for the merry, sociable talkative Southern woman, with her invariable good spirits, her endless fund of appropriate platitude and her ready, superficial sympathy. Mrs. Pendleton had "come" through a cousin of a friend of a friend of Mrs. Howard's, and these vague links furnished unlimited material for conversation between the two women. Mrs. Pendleton was originally from Savannah, and the names which flowed in profusion from her lips were of unimpeachable aristocracy. Pendleton was a very "good name" in the South, Mrs. Howard had remarked to Elsie, and went on to cite instances and associations.

Besides those already mentioned, the household consisted of three old maids, who had been with Mrs. Howard from her first year; a pensive art student with "paintable" hair; a deaf old gentleman whose place at table was marked by a bottle of lithia tablets; a chinless bank clerk, who had jokes with the waitress, and a silent man who spoke only to request food.

Mr. Barlow occupied, and frankly enjoyed the place between Miss Elsie and Mrs. Pendleton. He found the widow's easy witticisms, stock anecdotes and hackneyed quotations of unfailing interest and her obvious coquetry irresistible. Mr. Barlow took life and business in a most un-American spirit of leisure. He never found fault with the food or the heating arrangements, and never precipitated disagreeable arguments at table. All things considered, he was probably the most contented spirit in the house.

The talk at table revolved upon newspaper topics, the weather, the health of the household, and a comparison of opinions about plays and actresses. At election times it was strongly tinged with politics, and on Sundays, popular preachers were introduced, with some expression as to what was and was not good taste in the pulpit. Among the feminine portion a fair amount of time was devoted to a review of the comparative merits of shops.

Mrs. Pendleton's conversation, however, had a somewhat wider range, for she had traveled. Just what topics were favored in those long undertone conversations with Mr. Barlow only Elsie Howard could have told, as the seat on the other side of the pair was occupied by the deaf old gentleman. There were many covert glances and much suppressed laughter, but neither of the two old maids opposite were able to catch the drift of

the low-voiced dialogue, so it remained a tantalizing mystery. Mrs. Pendleton, when pleased to be general in her attentions, proved to be, as Mrs. Howard had said, "an acquisition." She spoke most entertainingly of Egypt, of Japan and Hawaii. Yet all these experiences seemed tinged with a certain sadness, as they had evidently been associated with the last days of the late Mr. Pendleton. They had crossed the Pyrenees when "poor Mr. Pendleton was so ill he had to be carried every inch of the way." In Egypt, "sometimes it seemed like he couldn't last another day. But I always did say 'while there is life there is hope," " she would recall pensively, "and the doctors all said the only hope for his life was in constant travel, and so we were always, as you might say, seeking 'fresh fields and pastures new."

Then Mrs. Howard's gentle eyes would fill with sympathy. "Poor Mrs. Pendleton," she would often say to Elsie after one of these distressing allusions. "How terrible it must have been. Think of seeing some one you love dying that way, by inches before your eyes. She must have been very fond of him, too. She always speaks of him with so much feeling."

"Yes," said Elsie with untranslatable intonation. "I wonder what he died of."

"I don't know," returned her mother regretfully. She had no curiosity, but she had a refined and well-bred interest in diseases. "I never heard her mention it and I didn't like to ask."

"Poor Mrs. Howard," Mrs. Pendleton was wont to say with her facile sympathy. "So hard for her to have to take strangers into her home. I believe she was left without anything at her husband's death; mighty hard for a woman at her age."

"How long has her husband been dead?" the other boarder to whom she spoke would sometimes inquire.

Mrs. Pendleton thought he must have been dead some time, although she had

never heard them say, exactly. "You never hear Elsie speak of him," she added, "so I reckon she doesn't remember him right well."

As the winter wore on the tendency to tête-á-tête between Mrs. Pendleton and Mr. Barlow became more marked. They lingered nightly in the chilly parlor in the glamor of the red lamp after the other guests had left. It was discovered that they had twice gone to the theater together. The art student had met them coming in late. As a topic of conversation among the boarders the affair was more popular than food complaints. A subtile atmosphere of understanding enveloped the two. It became so marked at last that even Mrs. Hilary perceived italthough Elsie always insisted that Gladys had told her.

One afternoon in the spring, as Mrs. Pendleton was standing on the door-step preparing to fit the latch-key into the lock, the door opened and a man came out uproariously, followed by Gladys and Gwendolen, who, in some inexplicable way, always had the effect of a crowd of children. The man was tall and not illlooking. Mrs. Pendleton was attired in trailing black velveteen, a white feather boa, and a hat covered with tossing plumes, and the hair underneath was aggressively golden. A potential smile hovered about her lips and her glance lingered in passing. Inside the house she bent a winning smile upon Gwendolen. who was the less sophisticated of the two children.

"Who's your caller, honey?"

"That's the pater," replied Gwendolen with her mouth full of candy. "He brought us some sweets. You may have one if you wish."

"Your—your father." translated Mrs. Pendleton with a gasp. She was obliged to lean against the wall for support.

The twins nodded, their jaws locked with caramel.

"He doesn't come very often," Gladys

managed to get out indistinctly. "I wish he would."

"I suppose his business keeps him away," suggested Mrs. Pendleton.

Gladys glanced up from a consideration of the respective attractions of a chocolate cream and caramel.

"He says it is incompatibility of humor," she repeated glibly. Gladys was

more than half American.

"Of humor!" Mrs. Pendleton's face broke up into ripples of delight. She flew at once to Mrs. Howard's private sitting room, arriving all out of breath and exploded her bomb immediately.

"My dear, did you know that Mrs. Hil-

ary is not a widow?"

"Not a widow!" repeated Mrs. Howard

with dazed eyes.

"I met her husband right now at the door. He was telling the children goodby. He isn't any more dead than I am."

"Not dead!" repeated Mrs. Howard, collapsing upon the nearest chair with all the prostration a news bearer's heart could desire. "And she was always talking about what he used to do and used to think and used to say. Why-why I can't believe it."

"True as preachin'," declared Mrs. Pendleton, adding that you could have knocked her down with a feather when

she discovered it.

Elsie Howard came into her mother's room just then and Mrs. Pendleton repeated the exciting news, adding, "Gladys says they don't live together because of incompatibility of humor!"

Elsie smiled and remarked that it certainly was a justifiable ground for separation and unkindly went off, leaving the

subject undeveloped.

The next day Mrs. Howard had a caller. It was the friend whose cousin had a friend that had known Mrs. Pendleton. In the process of conversation the caller remarked casually:

"So Mrs. Pendleton has got her divorce

at last."

Mrs. Howard smiled vaguely and courteously.

"Some connection of our Mrs. Pendleton? I don't think I have heard her mention it. Dear me, isn't it dreadful how common divorce is getting to be!"

The guest stared.

"You don't mean to say-why, my dear Mrs. Howard—is it possible you don't know? It is your Mrs. Pendleton."

Mrs. Howard remained looking at her friend. Once or twice her lips moved but no words came.

"Her husband is dead," she said at last, faintly.

The caller laughed. "Then he must have died yesterday. Why, didn't you know that was the reason she spent last year in Colorado?"

"For her husband's health," gasped Mrs. Howard, clinging to the last shred of her six months' belief in Mrs. Pendleton's widowhood. "I always had an impression that it was there he died."

The other woman laughed heartlessly. "Did she tell you he was dead?"

Mrs. Howard collected her scattered faculties and tried to think.

"No," she said at last. "Now that you speak of it, I don't believe she ever did. But she certainly gave that impression. She seemd to be always telling of his last illness and his last days. She never actually mentioned the details of his deathbut then, how could she-poor thing?"

"She couldn't, of course. That would have been asking too much." Mrs. Howard's guest went off again into peals of

unseemly laughter.

When her caller had left, Mrs. Howard climbed up to the chilly skylight room occupied by her daughter and dropped upon the bed, exclaiming:

"Well, I never would have believed it of

Mrs. Pendleton!"

Elsie, who was standing before her mirror, regarded her mother in the glass.

"What's up. Has she eloped with Billie Barlow at last?"

Mrs. Howard tried to say it, but became inarticulate with emotion. After five minutes of preamble and exclamation, her daughter was in possession of the fact.

"That explains about her hair," was Elsie's only comment. "I am so relieved to have it settled at last.

"Why didn't she tell me," wailed Mrs. Howard.

"Oh, people don't always tell those things."

Mrs. Howard was silent.

As they passed the parlor door on their way down to dinner, Mrs. Pendleton's merry laugh rang out and Elsie caught a glimpse of the golden hair under the red lamp and the fugitive glimpse of Mr. Barlow's bald spot.

About two days later, as the girl came in from an afternoon's shopping, and was on her way upstairs, her mother called to her. Something in the sound of it attracted her attention. She hurried down the few steps and into her mother's room. Mrs. Howard was sitting over by the window in the fading light, with a strange look upon her face. An open telegram lay in her lap. Elsie went up to her quickly.

"What is it, mother?"

Mrs. Howard handed her the telegram. "Your father," she said.

Elsie Howard read the simple announcement in silence. Then she looked up, the last trace of an old bitterness in her faint smile.

"We will miss him," she said.

"Elsie!" cried her mother. It was a tone the girl had never heard from her before. Her eyes fell.

"No, it wasn't nice to say it. I am sorry. But I can't forget what life was with him." She raised her eyes to her mother's. "It was simply hell, mother; you can't have forgotten. You have said it yourself so often. We can not deny that it is a relief to know—"

"Hush, Elsie, never let me hear you say anything like that again."

"Forgive me, mother," said the girl with quick remorse. "I never will. I don't think I have ever felt that death makes such things so different, and I didn't realize how you would—look at it."

"My child, he was your father," said Mrs. Howard in a low voice. Then Elsie saw the tears in her mother's eyes.

"Such a shock to her," Mrs. Pendleton murmured, sympathetically, to Elsie. "I know, Miss Elsie; I can feel for her—" Elsie mechanically thought of the last hours of Mr. Pendleton, then recalled herself with a start. "Death always is a shock," Mrs. Pendleton finished gracefully, "even when one most expects it. You must let me know if there is anything I can do."

Later in the evening she communicated the astonishing news to Mrs. Hilary, who ejaculated freely: "Only fancy!" and "How very extraordinary!"

"Didn't you think he had been dead a hundred years?" exclaimed Mrs. Pendleton.

"One never can tell in the states," responded Mrs. Hilary conservatively. "Divorce is so common over here. It isn't the thing at all in England, you know."

Mrs. Pendleton stared.

"But they were not divorced, only separated. Do you never do that—in England?"

"Divorced people are not received at court, you know," explained Mrs. Hilary.

Mrs. Pendleton's glance lingered upon the Englishwoman's immobile face and a laugh broke into her words.

"But when you are in Rome, you do as the Romans—is that it, Mrs. Hilary?" But the shot glanced off harmlessly from the thick armor of British literalness.

"In Rome divorce doesn't exist at all," she graciously informed her companion. "The Romish church does not permit it, you know."

The American woman looked at the Englishwoman more in sorrow than in anger.

"How," she reflected, "is one to be revenged like a lady upon an Englishwoman?"

It was about a week later that Mrs.

Pendleton, finding herself alone with

Mrs. Howard and Elsie, made the final
announcement.

"I hope you-all will be ready to dance at my wedding next month. It's going to be very quiet, but I couldn't think of being married without you and Miss Elsie —and Mr. Barlow, he feels just like I do about it."

PENETRALIA

By Madison Cawein

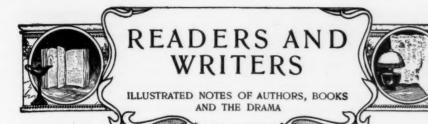
AM a part of all you see
In Nature; part of all you feel:
I am the impact of the bee
Upon the blossom; in the tree
I am the sap, that shall reveal
The leaf, the bloom, that flows and flutes
Up from the darkness through its roots.

I am the vermeil of the rose,
The perfume breathing in its veins;
The gold within the mist that glows
Along the west and overflows
The heaven with light; the dew that rains
Its freshness down and strings with spheres
Of wet the webs and oaten ears.

I am the egg that folds the bird; The song that beaks and breaks its shell; The laughter and the wandering word The water says; and, dimly heard, The music of the blossom's bell When soft winds swing it; and the sound Of grass slow-creeping o'er the ground.

I am the warmth of earth; the scent That throats with honey every bud That opens, white with wonderment, Beneath the moon; or, downward bent, Sleeps with a moth beneath its hood: I am the dream that haunts it, too, Serening all its face with dew.

I am the seed within its pod;
The worm within its closed cocoon;
The cell within its clinging clod;
The germ that gropes through soil and sod
To beauty, naked in the noon:
I am all these, behold! and more—
I am the God that you adore.



AN article in the London Academy contains this description of the physical appearance of Joseph Conrad: "In appearance Mr. Conrad suggests the seaman. His figure is stalwart and short, his dark beard well trimmed, and his walk nautical. Meet him near the docks and one would write him down 'ship's captain' without hesitation. But his eyes, curiously distinctive and striking, mark him out from his kind. Ship captain he may be, but his eyes proclaim him an artist."

Mr. Conrad is said to be a man little affected by the demands of the literary market, and something more than indifferent to ordinary commendation or disapprobation. He said to a friend: "Praise and blame to my mind are of singularly small import, yet one cares for the recognition of a certain ampleness of purpose."

AS the war correspondent seen his best days? Time was, not longer ago than the Boer war, when he was the revealer of secrets, the prophet of action and the critic of generals. The public formed its opinion of the rights and wrongs of the conflict from his account. He was the plague of the war department, and the despair of the commander whose success depended upon secrecy as much as it did upon the number of his men and the efficiency of his equipment. But Japan has indicated to the world how to deal with the correspondent. She has been fighting for her preservation, and has had no desire to amuse the world, entertain the morbid or supply pabulum to debating societies. Japan did not undertake a censorship over what was written. She merely restrained the correspondents themselves. They were held, in safety and comfort, where they could do little harm. When the

armies were well under way they were permitted to send reports of what had been done, but not to prognosticate what might be done.

The irritation of the correspondents has, no doubt, been considerable. The feeling of loyalty, of ambition and competition felt by a newspaper correspondent when he is sent upon an important mission, is a thing unique. But the difficulty is that in being loyal to his paper, he becomes, not infrequently, a nuisance to society. In serving his sheet he undermines some one else. In becoming a correspondent faithful to the death, he ceases to be a gentleman, because he is unfaithful to the code by which gentlemen live. Newspaper men of honor and self-respect have faced this humiliating fact with secret shame, and thousands who loved the following have left it for no other reason than this: that certain demands of their profession were irreconcilable with their sense of honor.

Military men have made this conscienceless publicity the excuse for much inepitude and failure. They have failed to see how they could hold the correspondent in check in countries where "the liberty of the press" was considered sacred. But Japan has been direct, sensible and effective in her acts. Ethically speaking, it was not a case where the "liberty of the press" was commensurate with the "liberty" of Japan. Japan mastered the correspondents, and effective military commanders will have this precedent. They will have to find some other excuse than the public betrayal of their projects for the failure of their plans to carry. It is evident that the correspondent must pocket his irritation, and look upon himself, not as a creature privileged to disrupt plans merely to please his editor and gratify his reading constituency, but as one man in the mass, who, like others, can be utilized for public good, but restrained when he is a menace.

DOCTOR Louis Livingston Seaman confided many personal as well as general facts to the interested public in his "From Tokio Through Manchuria With the Japanese," recently published by the Appletons, but he refrained from printing certain piquant incidents which have been retailed at dinner tables. There was, for example, the occasion on which he returned to Tokio after his fourth attempt to enter Port Arthur and wagered all takers a case of champagne that the redoubtable fortress would not fall before the first of the year. His friends considered the wager a safe one for them to offset, but as Port Arthur did not surrender before January first, Doctor Seaman has at his call more cases of excellent champagne than one temperate man has any call to use.



GOUVERNEUR MORRIS
Whose two-part story, "Bobby's Return," begins in this number

AS the months come and go, bringing with them their contributions not only of actual life, but of fictional life as well, it is interesting to glance back and see what events, what conversations and what books remain in the memory. The events and the conversation which we remember are liable to be those of which we do not venture to speak except to those vitally interested in our inconspicuous lives. But concerning books, it is easier to be confidential. In looking back over the novels of the past half-year, the writer finds among those which arise pleasantly in the memory, Basil King's "The Steps of Honor." It is a story of absorbing human interest, of fine delineation of character, of natural and goodbut not dramatic or artificial-construction. and one which leaves in the mind one beautiful and clear idea, i. e., that one may count it as a privilege to "go down the steps of honor" to help up a friend. The going down may bring shame, or apparent shame, the loss of friends, of place and comfort, but the labor is worth the sacrifice, and the reward is in proportion to the relinquishment. Few books written convey more convincingly that we "are bound together in the bundle of life," than this one, in which the good and the bad, the sympathetic and the unsympathetic, the unseeing and the beholding spirits, live in such proximity as blood relationship can give. They are made to influence each other in ways that brings, at last, something like understanding even to the most obtuse. The book shows a strong human sympathy, and in its straightforward workmanship reveals a style all the more satisfying because its art is not self-conscious nor strained.

THE rumble of the automobiles through literature has become almost as noisy as the snorting of them along our streets. Kipling is never more himself than when he has his hand on the throttle, and he has contrived to introduce one of the monsters—one of the latter-day dragons—into the most occult and delicate tale he ever wrote. Doctor A. Conan Doyle has also been affected with the automobile madness, and, with his quiet little mother beside him, rages down the Yorkshire roads, with her gentle, restraining hand upon his arm to

keep him from running down injudicious live stock. "The Motor Pirate," Mr. Paternoster's bright automobile detective story, went through six editions in as many months, and Mr. Morley Roberts has introduced the road machine into his latest tale, "Lady Penelope," with as much humor and naturalness as did Mrs. Wiggin and others in their composite story, "The Affair at the Inn." In "Lady Penelope" there is a laughable account of a Bishop who takes his initial trip with a reckless, dare-devil, sixteen-year-old youngster as a chauffeur. The Bishop loses his nerve and prays to be set down; this the disgusted youngster does with all his heart, leaving the Bishop stranded on a country road, where he sits wrapped in thoughts more becoming to the laity than to an ecclesiastic. Lady Penelope herself owns a swift car and ventures out in it accompanied by a number of timid servants, who, one by one, are dropped at their own request, while the valorous charioteer, mad with the frenzy of "getting there," speeds on alone, oblivious to all things save the delight of roaring through space at her own speed. "They have swift steeds who follow," but they have a merry time before they get up with Penelopealmost as serious a time as the pursuers of Don Juan in Mr. Bernard Shaw's inimitable "Man and Superman," in which, it will be recollected, the automobile goes as far as the very verge of Hades.

"THE Fugitive Blacksmith" is a very agreeable title, and suggests, happily, "The Flaming Tinman," George Bowwore's unforgetable creation in "Lavengro." "The Fugitive Blacksmith," like the latter book, is the work of a man who understands "the open road." Charles D. Stewart is his name. He is an American, an engraver by occupation; a Chicagoan by force of habit. He has tried many kinds of work, and professes to having worked on every kind of a merchant vessel except a canal boat. He has trammed it through Texas, Mississippi and Arkansas; has been a cowboy, and has been a practical blacksmith. He knows the men who love the vagrant ways, and those who work at the simpler trades, and he has, by himself, with labor and care, evolved certain theories as



CHARLES D. STEWART

to what makes literature. He has himself rejected much of his work, offering to the publishers only that which had passed muster with himself after severe examination. His short stories have found publication in The Atlantic, The Century and St. Nicholas, "The Fugitive Blacksmith" being his first novel.

MANAGERS have always claimed to have a desire for plays with bright conclusions; most of our dramas end happily and are painfully conventional in their final tableaux. There are rare instances of somberness, but as a general rule depressing difficulties are brushed aside. In Mr. Forbes Robertson's "Love and the Man," there is a motive very like that running through "Our Lady of the Beeches," though in the end there is happiness, while in Baroness von Hutton's novel, the beauty lies in the restraint of the hero who loves a married woman, and their final agreement to stop a most dangerous intercourse. It is doubtful whether H. V. Esmond had this story in mind while writing his play. He has developed the plot tediously, and it is

only superlative acting that makes it interesting. Mr. Robertson, like Mr. Willard, is a consummate artist. His emotion is pliable and repressed; his face shows fleeting change; his voice is resonant and his movements expressive. Mr. Willard's emotion develops, one can see it expand. The mention of two English actors so excellent as these recalls the English criticism of American theater management; it was to the effect that the quality of our drama would improve if we should encourage actor-managers. It does not follow that such a change would insure us good plays. Mr. Willard failed in two pieces before he reached his public, and then he had to resort to revivals. His ill-success at the beginning was not because he lacked sincere effort, but because he showed poor selective insight. We can not agree as to the infallibility of the actor-manager. Mr. Robertson also makes us wonder whether his critical judgment was totally blind to the fact that his play would have been greatly improved by the skilful application of the pruning knife.

FOR those who are inquisitive concerning the life of Maxim Gorky, whose future now lies in the dark uncertainty which attends all those who oppose the government in Russia, there is a newly published life written by Mr. E. J. Dillon, the well-known English traveler and journalist. Mr. Dillon enjoys the acquaintance of Gorky, and has been associated with his friends, and has been able to write intimately of his subject. Gorky was born in the gutter, and struggled up among the lowest and most vicious. Until middle life he was a tramp, but a tramp whose intensity of thought flamed in him, almost to his destruction. In the years which other men count themselves fixed in the sphere they have selected, he became a student and won for himself a professorship in literature at a Russian university. It was inevitable that in the recent strike of the students he should be a leader. With a prodigality which was to be expected of him in such a crisis as the present, he put in jeopardy that life which intellectual persons all over the world regard as one of extreme brilliancy, originality and dark

It is probably much more gratifying to Gorky to stand with the group of insurrectionists, and, if called upon, to die with them, than it would be to accent his own personality by the writing of any book, however masterful. Gorky is of the number of liberal professors who have during the last few years become fewer and fewer in the universities. For it has been the policy of the government, as soon as a professor confessed to liberal sentiments, to see to it that he was replaced by another holding conservative ideas. "And yet," observes Mr. David Macbeth, the lucid and courageous Russian correspondent for the Chicago Tribune, "such is the anti-autocratic virus of education that nearly as fast as one professor is uprooted for his liberal ideas another springs up to take his place. The government will appoint to vacant professorships men whose families are under the greatest obligations to the government. Within half a dozen years these men are preaching the liberal doctrine, and in turn are exiled. It is only by this process of continual rotation in office that the government is able to maintain at the universities even a respectable percentage of professorial sympathizers.'

Mr. Macbeth gives the following list of names as those of the greatest distinction in educational Russia: Milyoukov, Kovalevsky, De Roberty, Vunogradov, Menchikof

and Mouronitsev.

"The first," observes the correspondent, "was exiled and is now lecturing in Harvard on contemporary Russia.

"The second was exiled and founded the Russian School of Social Science in Paris. "The third was exiled and occupies a

chair of the same school.

"The fourth has accepted a permanent

chair at Oxford University.

"The fifth was long associated in Paris with Doctor Pasteur, and is now one of the greatest bacteriologists in that city.

"The sixth was not formally exiled, but was 'requested' to resign his chair of law in the University of Moscow, and is now

a practitioner in that city."

Mr. Macbeth sets forth with such brevity and clarity the answer to the often-asked question, "Why does the higher education in Russia create assassins?" that his remarks may be quoted. "Education," he says, "has opened the student's eyes to many of those abuses in his country of which the unlettered peasant must remain ignorant. The peasant only knows that something is wrong; that he is poor; that his taxes are high; but he is apt to think that these abuses are irresistible, like the snows and cold of his long winter.

"But the student quickly finds out that the abuses under which his country groans are remediable; that a better system of government will bring more happiness to him, to his family, to his village and to every living soul in the empire.

"Burning with enthusiasm, eager to become a martyr, the student consecrates himself to the cause of reform.

"Then comes the question, How can he hasten reform? Not by his eloquence, for he is not permitted to talk. Not by his pen, for he is not allowed to write. Not by his ballot, for he has no ballot. Every one of the ordinary avenues through which the citizens of republics and of constitutional monarchies are accustomed to express their feelings, to prune away excrescences, and to cut out abuses, are closed to the Russian student, and, finally, for want of a better way, he has decided to adopt the policy of terrorism, to frighten the autocracy into reform."

Mr. Macbeth might have included in this appalling indictment of the bureaucrats that the students tried, as have liberals before them, to urge "the right of appeal." Americans may consult their histories for what happened here when this right was questioned. They may consult their inner consciousness for what might have happened had they been shot down upon the steps of the administrative palace when they offered an appeal to the chief executive.

The "dignity" of the Congress of the United States was maintained the other day when representatives arose to deny that sympathy was felt with the assassination—or, as the students put it, the "execution"—of Grand Duke Sergius. But, however much it be to the credit of these public men to have sustained their denials with emphasis, a canvass of the people of this country would show that they are in sympathy with the uprising of the people of Russia,

and that Mr. Baker, of New York, told the truth when he affirmed that the assassination of one bad man did not shock him nor the people of this country so much as the massacre of many men, women and children. Time was when Americans spoke the truth about such matters and were unafraid. Why should they be afraid now?

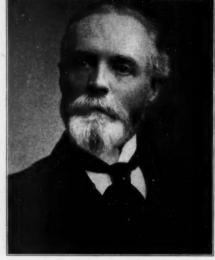
OCTOR Newell Dwight Hillis chose an excellent subject for his first novel when he selected Johnny Appleseed, the imaginative and disinterested pioneer, who, making his way through the Ohio wilderness, paused many times to plant in propitious places the apple seeds and other fruit seeds which he carried in his outfit. When his orchards of the future were well set out Johnny Appleseed raised a bulwark of logs and brush about them to keep them from the deer and went on his solitary way, confident that women and men to come after him would bless his memory and the path his feet had trod. "The Quest of John Chapman" is the title of Doctor Hillis' book, and in it is told the good romance of this man of the wilderness days.

THE recall of Mr. Joseph Choate as ambassador to Great Britain, to be succeeded by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, is a notable event. When Mr. John Hay, whose name as secretary of state will be attached to Mr. Reid's credentials, was Lincoln's private secretary, Mr. Reid was a correspondent in the field with the Union army. Afterward Mr. Hay became connected with the New York Tribune, and at one time Mr. Reid was his superior on that newspaper. Now he has a chance to give Mr. Reid what his heart has so long craved,—the embassy to the Court of St. James.

It has long been an indulgent custom of our government to reward literary men with positions in the diplomatic and consular services. There have been some brilliant men as our representatives abroad, and perhaps the most brilliant of these have at some time or other been ministers or ambassadors in London. Mr. Choate is a lawyer, however, and Mr. Reid is a journalist. The retiring ambassador has for half a century been known in New York and throughout the country as a successful lawyer and



JOSEPH H. CHOATE



WHITELAW REID

a brilliant and witty after-dinner speaker. He is at once a fine companion and a keen, clear-headed attorney of the highest type. The impression he has made in London has been extremely favorable, and he has been in great demand all over the United Kingdom.

Mr. Reid is not new to diplomacy, and he is a man of culture and means. We doubt very much that he has in the same degree the qualities which have made Mr. Choate popular, but there is no doubt of his ability. As a speaker he is inclined to be too serious and heavy, and we should say that he lacks humor. Then, too, his health is not of the best. He has had an honorable if not a brilliant career, and he undoubtedly will do credit to the appointment.

WHATEVER may be said about Mr. Roosevelt, President of these United States, no one can deny that he is exhilarating. Never was he more so than when, at New Year's day, he offered as his resolution, "To deal fairly by all men and to see that all men deal fairly by us." The good, sound declaration seems to relieve the oppressed spirits of those who suffer from the quiescent philosophy of Tolstoi, and of those supine religionists who flourish

at the present time, and who deny to man the exercise of his native antagonism, his normal pugilism. Fiction has had a good deal to do with the erection of sham standards of virtue and morality. The misapplication of the idea of sacrifice has been insidiously undermining the self-respect of sympathetic readers. Dickens created numbers of half-witted creatures with misplaced affections and a semi-insane passion for self-immolation, whom he held up to lacrymose admiration. And look at juvenile fiction! Its field is strewn with sentimental wrecks. How many poor boys are forced by insincere authors to give up their education and go to work to lift the mortgage from the farm! There is great rejoicing in the old home the night the sham hero presents the redeemed mortgage to his parents, but the cowardly author puts the period there and dare not, for fear of consequences, venture farther. If he did, what must he reveal? A tired-spirited boy who has sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, drudging in some subordinate position, while the boy who took his schooling and his chance developed the ability to buy a number of homesteads. The poor sham hero was made to waste his energies on something which probably caused more worry than happiness after it was secured—he was compelled to save at the spigot and run out at the bung. This sacrifice of a nice boy for some rocky, lonesome, back-road farm can not be anything but an act of immoral stupidity whether it is committed in real life or in fiction.

Still more immoral and exasperating are those heroines who give up their liberty and marry some hated plutocrat to save a loved father from ruin. The loved father who will accept such a sacrifice ought to be unloved with haste and decision. As for ruin, it must be remarked in passing that frequently when it comes it is as a relief, like the ex-

traction of an ulcerated tooth.

Mr. Roosevelt stands opposed to the maudlin, which is probably why he is so interesting and why his books make such good reading. One is not entirely sure whether he is a hero of real life or of fiction. but from the moment he appeared upon the horizon he appealed to the imagination. One held the conviction that he would not slump; also that he was not a hypocrite. He was not afraid to preach the religion which he wished to live. He did not pretend that he went in for aimless sacrifice, that he advocated non-resistance, immoral peace, or any other form of discouragement and ineptitude. He would not do an injustice to Theodore Roosevelt in order that he might bolster up some knock-kneed soul who had not the courage to take the consequences of his own acts. In other words, he could never consent to become pathetic, and will under no circumstances covet the martyr's crown. The health and honesty of what may be termed his moral policy can not but have an effect upon his time, and since fiction writers constitute no inconsiderable portion of our teeming commonwealth it is to be hoped that they will declare against the sham morality and the religion of defeat.

SOUTH America has received curiously little attention in an historical way, and it is with satisfaction that those who value the clear record of the world doings regard the appearance of a lucid, if unimaginative work by Charles Edmond Akers, entitled "A History of the South American Republics." The South American States have been growing in influence, in popula-

tion, in ambition and wealth. They have, it is true, had troublous times, and have stumbled on toward representative government, handicapped by a number of things, not the least of which is a temperamental leaning toward monarchy. But they are reaching a more dignified state of autonomy, and commercially, at least, are elements with which to reckon.

Hitherto it has been next to impossible to find any trustworthy record of events in the Southern Republics. Mr. Akers has offered a condensed, business-like history of Argentina, Paraguay, Uruguay, Brazil, Chile, Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, Colombia and Venezuela.

Mr. Akers is a newspaper man, but evidently not of the sort that amplifies. He has not dealt with theories, or even with the picturesque phases of facts, but has given an account which the person curious about the past history or the present situation of South America may consult with the conviction that if he derives meager information, it will vet be reliable. Mr. Akers does not venture to search for the causes of the political unrest and nervous suspicions of the South American republics. He contents himself with a review of the chief events in their more or less explosive careers, and denies himself and his readers all entertainment at the expense of his subject. This book will prove an excellent working basis for historians more expansive. E. P. Dutton & Company are the publishers.

To the present generation the announcement that a new edition of "The Dodge Club" is to be printed will mean little, but middle-aged persons will recall with pleasure a book which once had a remarkable popularity. Its author, the late James De Mille, wrote many other books in his day and had thousands of admirers. If memory serves aright, he was a Canadian by birth and taught in some college in this country. "The Dodge Club" appeared in Harper's Magazine and was afterward published in the thin octavo form which Harper and Brothers so long affected for their fiction.

The uproarious fun of the story was very taking at the time, and it was especially grateful to the readers of the magazine's somewhat serious pages. As a book it is said to have gone through no less than forty editions, but even this circulation did not suffice to bring it within the ken of the

present generation.

Mr. De Mille's other books of note were "The Cryptogram," "The Living Kink," "The American Baron," and "Cord and Creese." The first and last of these were of the Wilkie Collins sort and, indeed, were probably inspired by "The Moonstone." They were mysterious and thrilling. A posthumous story, entitled "Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder," appeared in serial form a few years ago.

ARMINIUS Vambery, Professor of Ori-ental Languages in the University of Budapest, has, in his curiously frank book, "The Story of My Struggles," made this confession: "There are natures not made for rest; they need perpetual motion and excitement to keep them happy. I belong to this latter category. I never did care for a quiet, peaceful existence, and I am glad to have possessed those qualities, for through them I have gained the two precious jewels of human life-experience and independence." That there are plenty of his mind is indicated by the ever-increasing proportion of those who dwell in cities. It is estimated that in the United States sixty-five per cent. of the population now clutter in the towns, and the others are put to it to supply these town dwellers with all they need. And the town dwellers need a good deal-or think they do. They desire luxury, amusement, excitement, change, and the presence round about them of a great many other persons. It is not necessary to their happiness that they should know many of these persons. They may, indeed, feel an antagonism to them and ride among them in private conveyances to avoid contamination. Yet they enjoy having these swarms of uncongenial and often miserable creatures obstruct their paths. They wish to appear exclusive among myriads. They object to the views, the speech, the deportment and the taste of the mob, and yet deliberately surround themselves with it. They find a newspaper a corrupting influence, yet want three or four daily issues of it in their homes. The telephone and telegraph service is never good enough to suit

them, yet they will not remove themselves from the neighborhoods in which these are among the chief modes of communication. They abhor the street-car, yet desire to have it running in the next block. They are full of paradoxes-and they are in the majority. It is a majority which sees daily accessions to its ranks, and which is now coming to talk a foolish jargon about the simple life. It is the fashion among them at this time to imagine they desire solitude. But few of them seek it. They prefer to talk about it between the acts at the play, or at afternoon teas, or Sunday morning luncheons in the upper stories of their steam-heated, electric-belled, telephone-haunted, elevator-approached, marble-entranced apartment houses. Few have the frankness and the wit to admit with poor Vambery-who has seen so much and laughed so little!—"I never did care for a quiet, peaceful existence."

T is not alone the dilettanti who commit themselves to the making of extra fine editions of books, although they have, in this country, had the more or less undisputed privilege of attending to such refinements of book-making. Houghton & Mifflin have been indulging themselves in extravagant labors of this kind, and have installed Mr. Bruce Rogers in a special building at Riverside, and are printing their editions de luxe from type and not from plates. One man, skilled in this special work, sets the entire volume with his own hands. The translation of Virgil's Georgics appears, done with exquisite simplicity, from this Department of Special Editions.

"OP o' me Thumb," by Frederick Fenn and Richard Bryce, is the attractive title of a curtain-raiser, in which Miss Maude Adams has recently appeared. It tells the story of a little waif employed in a laundry; she has an imagination and a heart; like the other girls in the establishment, she longs for companionship, but does not get it, because she is ugly and a waif. Her starved heart sets her imagination working, and she weaves around an unclaimed shirt the romance of an absent lover. Every week she re-washes, re-irons the linen, and ties it up with ribbon, wait-



MAUDE ADAMS IN "'OP O' ME THUMB'

ing for him. Finally he comes, and the girl's dreams are shattered; she clings to him as long as possible-but even a waif may have a sensitive heart's desire-and in the end the idol of her imagination rolls up the shirt, crushing Amanda Afflick's handiwork, and leaves her, thereby crushing her heart. The curtain drops, as the little one sinks to the table with a sob. There are quaint flashes of humor in the dialogue, remindful of Barrie at his besta humor born of simple sadness; there are little human touches, movements and expressions that are to the actor's art what light and shade are to the illustrator'sthese Miss Adams gives with clear, distinct appreciation of their fineness. The range of the little piece is wide; it begins by claiming a spontaneous laugh from the audience, for rarely have we seen a more plaintive, piqued, and pathetic make-up than that of Amanda Afflick's; it ends with a heart-throb for the barren outcome of it all-vet the ending is the only consistent one.

THE Honorable Charles F. Warwick, formerly mayor of Philadelphia, and a member of the Philadelphia bar, has afforded himself that fine pleasure of the amateur and written a book. The nature of it betrays a bookman's enthusiasm and a politician's bias. "Mirabeau and the French Revolution" is the subject, the study confining itself to that portion of the French Revolution with which Mirabeau was associated, the influence of the personality of Mirabeau being carried on beyond the point at which he ceased to exist in the flesh. The J. B. Lippincott Company are the publishers.

THE announcement that the A. Wessels Company, of New York, is to publish Goldwin Smith's informal review of Morley's "Life of Gladstone" must have an interest for all Americans, because of Gladstone's attitude toward this country during the Civil War. Aside from Mr. Morley, no one is better qualified to speak of the great Liberal leader than Professor Smith, who, with all his faults, is one of the greatest minds on this side the Atlantic. In his later years he has angered Canadians and many in the mother country by his out-

spoken opposition to England's present tendencies. In this he stands with the late Herbert Spencer and other good company. But whatever else may be said against him, the absolute honesty of his convictions must be admitted. It is said that this book will contain some new revelations as to Gladstone's proposals to the North in case the Civil War should go against it.

THE great problem confronting the American drama, says Mr. Charles Klein, is how best to escape the pernicious influence of musical comedy. spoken with some feeling by the creator of "The Auctioneer" and "The Music Master," since he is responsible for the librettos of "El Capitan" and "Red Feather." Until very recently, one has had to comply with the accepted idea that isolated variety of song and joke constituted an evening's entertainment; yet the tide is turning, and even our vaudeville houses find it necessary to form stock companies for the purpose of adding legitimate plays to their programs. The musical comedy reaction is upon us. Hugh Morton, whose popular success, "The Belle of New York," is still familiar, has emerged from obscurity, and now figures as C. M. S. McLellan, author of "Leah Kleschna." We can not claim that the musical comedy has ceased to hold attention, but there is to be seen a transition to something healthier, in the ascending scale of "Fantana," "The Sho-Gun," and "The Duchess of Dantzic." In the former there are the usual inconsistencies, but the musical score is far above the average; George Ade brings to his libretto a poignant humor, covering a large surface of American life, but he is not as deep as Gilbert and Sullivan; George Edwardes, in his musical version of Sardou's "Madame Sans-Gêne," surrounds "The Duchess of Dantzic" with a serious interest and a coherent purpose. It is romantic and bright, without being loud, and the acting is good. The pessimism of W. J. Henderson about the fate of comic opera is not without cause, but the freshness of this last piece leads one to hope for better things. Sir Charles Wyndham, giving the English view of the matter, thinks that "musical comedy is engineered by syndicates-the drama by individuals. . . .



JULIA WARD HOWE

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Whose article on Harriet Beecher Stowe appears in the department of "American Literature"

It is the individual, not the syndicate, that aspires." He does not deny that there is a place for light music and mirthful thought. Yet, with us, this revulsion of feeling against the conventional musical comedy is due to other reasons than external management: it is because our music-lovers have tastes which are becoming particular, and because our audiences are beginning to realize that intellects should retire after the theater, and not during the progress of the play.

In "The Tower of Pelée," by Professor Angelo Heilprin, is described at length the changes occurring at the crater of the great Martinique volcano since the fateful year of 1902. Chief among the phenomena has been a tower or spine of solid andesitic lava which has shot up from the crater at the rate, for a period, of from thirty to forty feet a day. Had no fragments fallen from this obelisk it is estimated that it would have reached a height of three thousand feet, and even with all that it suffered in the way of losses it reached, at its maximum, a height of one thousand feet above the Morne de la Croix, the highest point on the original crater. Professor Heilprin describes his approach to the tower in this fashion: "Shortly before two o'clock the opportunity for which we had so impatiently waited seemed finally to arrive. Clouds and vapors died down to one side, and the great tower, its crown hanging at a dizzy height above, began to unfold. Piece by piece was added to it-purple, brown and gray-until at last it stood abreast of us

virtually uncovered from base to summit. 'Look!' I shouted to my companion, and my words failed me for the magnificence of the view that presented itself. The spectacle was one of overwhelming grandeur, and we stood for some moments awed and silent in the shadow of this most impressive of mountain forms. Nature's monument, dedicated to the thirty thousand dead who lay in the silent city below, it rose up a huge monolith, eight hundred and thirty feet above the newly constructed summit of the volcano, and five thousand and twenty feet above the Caribbean surface-a unique and incomparable type in our planet's wonderland."

Professor Heilprin has been inclined to account this as the solidified core or stopper of the volcano, thrown up by interior volcanic stress; but scientific men are disagreeing with him and are advancing the theory that the spine was composed of rock-froth or pumice, that is to say, of lava not in a liquid state, yet recently expelled.



EVANGELINE BOOTH
Commander of the Salvation Army in America

THE French Government is reconstructing the historic chateau of Malmaison and will open it to the public next May. Empress Eugénie, who is taking a great interest in the reconstruction, wired from Egypt offering a number of valuable pieces of furniture which once adorned the celebrated chateau. The Department of Beaux-Arts voted a contribution of fifteen thousand dollars and will restore many articles formerly in the chateau and now in the national furniture stores.

"THE Right Life," by Henry A. Stim-son, is the first of a series of ethical books undertaken by the publishing house of A. S. Barnes & Co. It comes in response to the demand made by parents and other persons having the welfare of the young at heart, to place in the public schools certain books intended to influence character. The ordinary manuals of ethics, it is felt, do not fill this need. The Scriptures have long since been taken from the schools. The result is, for the majority of the pupils of the public school, a superficial education, intensely secular, tinctured with a materialistic science, and producing little structural effect upon the character. The American people have never felt entirely satisfied with this condition of affairs, and a reaction is setting in. The "smart" pupil, it is felt, is not necessarily the good citizen. In fact, an astonishing number of "smart" pupils have found their way into the penitentiary. Doctor Maxwell, the superintendent of schools in New York, has written the introduction to "The Right Life," recommending it to the consideration of pupils who wish, in gaining the elements of an education, to give consideration to the finest art of all, that of living.

JULIUS L. Stewart, the American painter, whose original, not to say eccentric, methods of work have aroused interest, is now engaged in Paris upon a very large canvas called "Redemption." The scene shows a midnight orgy of the present day, with glittering lamps and crystal. The central figure, a blond woman in evening dress, stares ahead, seemingly under deep emotion, her eyes fixing themselves upon

the thorn-crowned Redeemer, whose etiolated figure is painted upon the wall of the great room. The subject is sensational, perhaps, but critics praise the work. The difficulty with most modern religious pictures, however, is that they are mere accidental subjects to the painters, and not, as were such themes to the men of the Renaissance, the foremost subjects of selection. The conviction is wanting in the spirits, and therefore in the brushes of the present-day men, and as a general thing they do better with subjects which awaken in them an interest more sincere.

HOSE who enjoy reading the transla-Those who enjoy who find themselves charmed with their wild beauty, are not always aware that the creation of Arabian lyrics goes on to-day with little less enthusiasm and no less spontaneity than it did in the time when there were giants among the makers of desert song. Mr. D. B. MacDonald, speaking upon this subject in a paper read at a congress at the St. Louis Exposition, pointed out that the stream of poetry had flowed unbroken from the sixth to the twentieth century. Even the forms remain the same—a part of them in stately and heroic measures, a part in a simple tongue adapted to folk songs. Both forms of poetry are historic and popular; both forms loved by scholars and by the most unlearned, and each has its laws and its vocabulary.

One reason for the unbroken continuity of these songs has been the almost unchanged conditions of Arabian life. The Arab reavers now use the rifle instead of the bow, but their horse remains as of old, the supplement to themselves; they still love the raid—still ride to it, singing as they go. These songs are to their camels, to their companions, to their loves, in animadversion of their foes. The songs suit the hour, the better ones living for a generation or two, even as do our own popular ballads. Then they sink from the memory and others come to take their place, or the more picturesque lines of an old ballad find incorporation in a new song of, perhaps, superior beauty and condensation. The love of the desert, of the dawn, of moonrise and silence, of the green palm rising from hot



E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
Author of "Mysterious Mr. Sabin," etc.

sands, of the lonely way and the distant wife, are still the burden of these fitful, wild and sincere utterances.

These songs, spontaneous though they be, are not anonymous. It is the custom to accord to the maker the credit of his song. Moreover, all are emotional, subjective and the mirror of one man's thought. They have not that composite quality that have Occidental folk songs, and they do not record events.

They have, in their intimate revealment of introspection, hope, love and hate, a deeper poetic significance than has the Western ballad. They are personal, and bear therefore the stamp of their individuality. Similar though they be in some respects, yet they are as different as the souls and thoughts of men are different. This song creation is continuous in the country of gleaming skies and yellow sands. The printer and the publisher do not enter into the matter, and the songs born of dawn, die in the wind, and cease with the brief memories of those who hear. But they are there, actual entities, things of beauty, of passion and of unfeigned feeling.



FLORENCE EARLE COATES
Author of "Mine and Thine"

NE notices among the advance literary notes of McClure, Phillips and Company, "The Troll Garden," by Willa Cather. The title would seem, in some subtle way, to indicate a book of verse, and there is no denying that Miss Cather writes good verse, and restrains herself from writing when she has nothing to say. But fascinating as her poetry sometimes is, it will not compare with a certain short story she once wrote, which received publication in one of the magazines, entitled "A Death in the Desert." It was a story of such unusual interest and intensity that certain hardened magazine readers confessed to having been so moved and fascinated by it as to have read it over many times. The story was that of a woman, who, having fallen under the thrall of an erratic musical genius, and knowing herself the creature of his careless appreciation merely, had gone, mortally stricken, into the desert to die. It is the American desert that is pictured, and it is done by one who knows it well. To this retreat comes the brother of the musician, and there awakes in the soul

of the dying woman a curious, mirror-like reflection of her love. The story is not a morbid one, although the above sentences might give one that impression. There is courage in the woman, and spirituality, and her love is in very truth a fatal one. Seldom has an American story been written so deep in its feeling and so outspoken in its emotions. Miss Cather is, indeed, virile, realistic, imaginative and frank, and her stories have many of the qualities which American critics and editors are quick to praise in foreign writers, but slow to recognize in Americans.

IT is claimed for Robert Edeson that he is the typical American actor; what this constitutes, and whether the claim goes hand in hand with the typical American play is to be thought over. "Soldiers of Fortune" and "Ransom's Folly"—both by Richard Harding Davis—gave Mr. Edeson the chance to represent an American under stirring conditions; now he is an Indian in the play written for him by William C. DeMille, and called "Strongheart." The



OWEN JOHNSON Author of "In the Name of Liberty"

young dramatist, who exhibits decided spirit and sincerity, is the son of the late Henry DeMille, author of "Lord Chumley," and collaborator with David Belasco. The Indian, as represented by Mr. Edeson, becomes a dignified, earnest citizen, who, about to graduate from Columbia University-Mr. DeMille was a Columbia manfinds himself in love with his chum's sister at the same time that he is called home to become chief in his father's place. Theory about giving the red man an equal chance with the white man is here met with prejudice: Strongheart finds himself forsaken by his friends because of his race; they would deny him his love, though the heroine remains faithful, and while, in the end, he leaves her, calling on the Great Spirit for aid, he asserts his worthiness above all prejudice-and does not that sound the American note? There are many bright touches of college life, to make the play compete with "The College Widow." It is strongly and earnestly played: is not that what we demand of any actor, American or foreign? The American actor depends entirely upon the American dramatist, whoever he may be. We note, however, George Ade's prophecy coming true: melodrama is claiming our attention. Fitch's "The Woman in the Case" deals with a man accused of murder, -and his wife, who, to save him, sinks herself to the debased level of the woman in the case. In a repulsive climax. the truth is reached during a scene of drunkenness, and the man is cleared. The topic is melodrama; the wife's rôle, played by Miss Blanch Walsh, is not subtle; it is melodrama, and only a step removed from the wild shriek and glare and gasp of a Bowery "thriller"; Mr. Fitch has read his newspaper attentively, Miss Walsh handles his play quietly and effectively, and shows her range deserving of more vital substance. What is significant is the melodramatic tendency. Augustus Thomas, in his latest "The Education of Mr. Pipp," resorts to green lights, thieves incognito as counts and barons, while through it all walk the Gibson girls, a loud nouveau riche, kindhearted mother, and the poor hen-pecked husband-a dramatization of the Pipp family, "from Pippsburg," facetiously murmurs the villain. As usual, Thomas is entertaining but not convincing. In many



BLANCH-WALSH

ways we are given melodrama, modified by the word "refined": witness "Leah Kleschna," "Sunday," "Sherlock Holmes," and "Raffles,"—the latter two could move the smallest messenger-boy. And what is the difference between these and the "thriller"? More the refinement of the actor than the treatment of the dramatist, though, in his play, the dramatist must needs show some reticence in his demands upon nerves.

WILLIAM Sharp, the poet, is, it appears, to visit this country. The author of "Vistas" will find an enthusiastic welcome in this country, where his work has, from the first, met with deep appreciation. His dramas have in them that



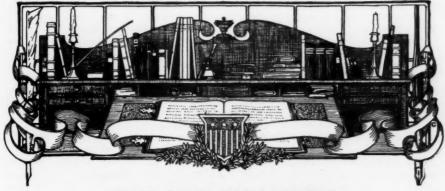
MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE'S HOUSE, HARTFORD, CONN, An article on Mrs. Stowe, written by Julia Ward Howe, appears in the department of "American Literature"

stress, that passion and dark splendor of thought which is too seldom found among those who write in the English tongue. Too often, when English writers are not frivolous, they are constrained. But William Sharp is frank, profoundly sincere, indifferent with the indifference of the utter artist to all considerations save those of art, yet moral with a kind of appalling morality. His work takes hold of the imagination and will not let it go.

THE ancient controversy of romanticism versus naturalism was aroused again in Paris during the past month by a revival of Victor Hugo's typical romantic drama, "Angelo," at the Theatre Sara Bernhardt, and Emile Zola's typical realistic drama, "Therese Raquin," at the Odéon. The critics appeared, however—quite regardless of the school to which they were allied—to be of opinion that both dramas were somewhat threadbare. "Angelo" appeared maudlin with sentiment; "Therese Raquin"

dismal, disgusting and interminable. Hugo seemed absurd, Zola monotonous. The time has come for new things! It may be that what is needed is writers with less "school" and more devotion to nature and to art. An out-and-out egotist, whatever his genius, can not, after all, hope to endure in the esteem of the people for more than two generations. And both Hugo and Zola, whatever their differences, or their abilities—and they were giants in their way—were egotists to the absorbed souls of them.

ELINOR Macartney Lane's "Nancy Stair" has been dramatized by that veteran playwriter, Mr. Paul Potter. Mary Mannering has undertaken to present the rôle of the "spoiled, magnificent maid," though Maude Adams was the first to see the dramatic possibilities of the part and to contemplate the acting of it. The play opened at the Hudson Theater, in New York, last month, and will go to London in the fall season.



THE READER'S STUDY

Conducted by Will D. Howe, Ph. D.

AMERICAN LITERATURE. VII

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

By Julia Ward Howe

REMEMBER hearing in my childhood of Dr. Lyman Beecher as a preacher of eminent power and authority. His reasoning in behalf of the orthodoxy of his time was spoken of as very logical and convincing. From this parent tree, so typical of the Puritan character, shot forth branches of world-renown, to wit: Henry Ward Beecher, the great preacher, and Harriet, best known as Harriet Beecher Stowe, illustrious as the author of an epoch-making book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Born in Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1812, and brought up after the age of four, by an excellent step-mother, Harriet's religious sensibilities were developed in early life. She delighted in serious study, and in imaginative composition. She was four-teen years of age when a stirring sermon, preached by her father, impressed her so deeply as to influence her whole life thereafter. The topic of the discourse was the love of Christ for human souls. Of its effect she writes: "When father made his passionate appeal: 'Come then and trust your soul to this faithful friend,' I longed

to cry out, 'I will.' Like a flash it came over me that, if I needed conviction of sin, He was able to give me this also. As father came home and was seated in his study, I came to him and fell in his arms, saying: 'Father, I have given myself to Jesus, and He has taken me.' I can never forget the expression of his face, as he looked down into my earnest, childish eyes. 'Is it so?' he said, holding me silently to his heart, as I felt the hot tears fall on my head. 'Then has a new flower blossomed in His kingdom to-day.'"

We have had so many pictures of the harsher side of the Puritan discipline that we should be glad to keep this lovely glimpse of the early relation between the strenuous old father and the daughter who was to do a work that he, the parent, dreamed not of. Harriet was unusually faithful in her studies, and was early enabled to become a teacher in the school kept by her elder sister, Miss Catherine Beecher. This school was started in Boston, but in 1832 it was removed to Cincinnati, in what was then called "the far West." This re-

moval was consequent upon Doctor Beecher's acceptance of a call to the presidency of Lane Seminary, which was at that time an outpost of theological instruction.

Miss Beecher's aim was to introduce a very superior system of education among the women of the West. In this ambition her sister Harriet fully sympathized, laboring to the same end. In 1833 Harriet found time to publish a school geography, and in the same year competed successfully for a prize of fifty dollars with a story called "Uncle Job."

That Harriet Beecher should one day marry a professor of theology may have seemed to many a foregone conclusion. This befell in 1836, when she became the wife of Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, a childless widower and the occupant of a chair in

Lane Theological Seminary.

constantly in her mind.

The pair were not rich in worldly goods, and Mrs. Stowe's fine powers were for some years mainly devoted to the care of home and children, of whom the first instalment was a pair of twin daughters. Later on, a stay of some weeks in a southern family made her acquainted with the institution of slavery, and from that time forth the wrongs and sufferings of the negro dwelt

A change of residence at this time seems to have added intensity to her feelings on this score. Professor Stowe had, in 1849, accepted the call to a chair in Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, Maine. In her new surroundings, Mrs. Stowe found the public indifferent to the conditions of the southern negro. In Boston, with which she may thenceforth have had some acquaintance, the diatribes of the Liberator and the eloquent speeches of Wendell Phillips did not yet avail to arouse a wave of sympathy for the slaves of the South. Those who boldly called themselves abolitionists were much decried by society in general. The bill for the rendition of fugitive slaves was at this time brought before the public, and while some ministers denounced its iniquity, others did not hesitate to preach obedience to its enactment. It was in those days that a friend wrote to Mrs. Stowe to this effect: "If I could use such a pen as you can, I would write something that should make this whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is."

To this appeal Mrs. Stowe responded with an earnest "I will." While she was so minded, a sudden vision came to her one Sunday at the communion table. She saw in imagination her hero, Uncle Tom, in his tribulation and tragical death. The pathos of the imagined situation moved her to copious weeping, and she at once began her famous story, which appeared as a serial in a paper of anti-slavery tendencies, published weekly in Washington, D. C.

I was once present at the opening of a World's Exposition where the touch of a child on an electric button had been planned to set in motion the vast system of machinery by which the exhibits were run. The little one was not embarrassed by any overwhelming sense of responsibility. He performed his appointed task and retired. Almost as unconsciously, one thinks, Mrs. Stowe may have launched upon American society a firebrand which set the northern imagination aflame, and which aroused bitter animosity among those whose peculiar institutions it described.

The success of the story, published in book form in 1852, was phenomenal. Its sale was prodigious. Many letters from the political and social eminences of the time attest the admiration which it awakened in Great Britain. It was translated into the various languages of the Continent. I myself received in those days a letter from an Italian friend in Rome, in which it was said: "All the world here is talking of an American romance, entitled "La capanna

dello Zio Tom."

Those who knew whereof they spoke indorsed Mrs. Stowe's portrayal of the true inwardness of southern slavery as correct, and found no exaggeration in her picture of Uncle Tom's excellence. A near relative of mine said to me in those days: "I can not approve of Mrs. Stowe's stirring up the negroes by her book, but her account of Uncle Tom is perfectly warranted by what I have seen. I have known just such a

negro."

Let me add to this the record of a bit of conversation reported to me by one of the participants:

Scene. A bedroom in one of our great

Time. Four o'clock on a frosty winter morning.

An elderly lady, wrapped in many shawls, is sitting beside a fire almost extinct, reading intently, by the light of a candle.

Her mate, suddenly rousing, exclaims:

"My dear, what can you be reading at this time of night, in this cold room?"

"I'm just finishing 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,'" responds the lady, to whom her husband replies: "I don't need to inquire any more about it. It must be the first book of the

age."

The change of circumstances which Mrs. Stowe now experienced was one which might have overwhelmed a woman less modest in her estimate of herself, less resolute in the consecration of her life to high ideals of duty. She had lived as the anxious and toilsome wife of a poor professor, with a large family and small means, moving in a restricted social circle, and commanding little or no outlook into the great world beyond her narrow surroundings.

She was now in comparative affluence, and had become world-famous. Her book had touched that deep secret spring of human sympathy whose rising makes the cause of one the cause of all. Her portrayal of the wrongs and evils of slavery had penetrated the nerve centers of the multitude. American slavery was then presented before the great tribunal of human conscience, to be condemned, once and for ever.

Mrs. Stowe had been bred in simple life, with simple tastes. She coveted none of the shows or distinctions of fashionable society. The money now at her command, the homage lavished upon her in England and on the Continent of Europe by persons of high position and distinction, all this did not disturb her calm New England equipoise of mind. She rejoiced,—who would not have done so,—at the power newly acquired, which placed within her reach advantages and opportunities before denied to her. But beneath the weight of her new honors the simplicity of her character remained unimpaired.

I recall, in this connection, the anecdote of a lady, the mother of two daughters, of whom one had always lived in an atmosphere of ease and elegance, while the other had led perforce a life of many sorrows and anxieties. Being questioned one day by a friend as to the relative merits of these daughters, she replied:

"Mrs. A. has been tried by adversity, Mrs. B. by prosperity. I should find it difficult to decide which of the two has profited most by experience."

Mrs. Stowe had undergone these opposite trials in her own person, and had passed through them unscathed. She had gained the world, and had not lost her own

luos

Those who knew Harriet Beecher Stowe after this time saw her with the halo of a great reputation about her head. Her countenance, as I recall it, bore the impress of a solid satisfaction. She had appealed to the world in behalf of the most despised and oppressed of God's creatures, and her appeal had been heard and answered.

I should, however, do Mrs. Stowe wrong were I to represent her as fully satisfied with what she had accomplished. Her success, on the contrary, served to incite her to new efforts, of which the first was "A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," published in 1853. This volume was occupied mainly by what the French term, "pièces justificatives," i. e., statements and citations confirmatory of the situations presented in her story. Soon after this appeared "Dred," a second slave story. When the question of slavery had been settled by the Civil War, Mrs. Stowe sought out new fields for the exercise of her imaginative talent, and gave to the public "Agnes of Sorrento," "The Minister's Wooing," "The Pearl of Orr's Island," and other works which it is not needful to mention here.

Mrs. Annie Fields, in her interesting biography, gives us the impression that new plans of work continually suggested themselves to Mrs. Stowe, and that her literary ventures followed each other so rapidly that the inception of one story sometimes delayed the completion of another.

When women had gained access to the lecture field, Mrs. Stowe followed the general bent, so far as to read portions of her works to large and appreciative audiences. These performances, though eminently successful, were not long continued, the attractions of the pen and study far outweighing those of the platform with the gifted author.

Some years before the outbreak of the Civil War, Doctor Howe and I passed some days in Charleston, S. C., on our way back from Cuba. We received kind attentions from individuals in that city, sometimes accompanied by hints of an impending struggle. To these, my husband gave little credence.

"They can not be so mad," was his comment, when we spoke together of these mat-

ters.

On the occasion of an afternoon call upon a lady distinguished for superior culture, the topic of Mrs. Stowe's book was

introduced by our hostess.

"Dr. Howe," said Mrs. ———, "do you not think that an institution which can produce a character like that of *Uncle Tom* must be a good one?"

My husband's answer may easily be im-

agined.

I remember a delightful little supper which took place at the Fields' residence while the war was still in progress. The guests of the occasion were Mrs. Stowe, with one of her daughters, Henry Ward Beecher, and myself. Mr. Beecher had occupied part of the evening with a stirring lecture on some topic relative to the crisis of the moment. There had been talk of a new federation of states, from which New England should be excluded. The lecturer had said: "I take it that there will be patching and darning on our national map when New England is left out in the cold." He had also humorously commented upon the grandiose style of Yankee lying in comparison with that of our English relatives. At the supper which followed, Mrs. Stowe said to her brother: "Henry, when you were a boy, you used to lie in that lordly Yankee fashion of which you spoke in your lecture just now." To this accusation, Mr. Beecher laughingly pleaded guilty, amusing us with some anecdotes of his youthful mischief.

I recall also a pleasant dinner party given by the late Mrs. Samuel Parkman (Mary Dwight) to Professor and Mrs. Stowe, on the occasion of the betrothal of their youngest daughter to a clergyman of the Anglican denomination. Mrs. Stowe had by this time become familiar with conventional society. She wore a becoming-

dress of light gray silk, and her dark ringlets were held in place by a silver comb or coronet. She appeared to enter into the spirit of the festivity. The bride-elect was of a fair complexion, pretty and pleasing. While we were still at table, I overheard Professor Stowe endeavoring to explain to a young lady of fashionable belongings the meaning of the terms "eso-teric" and "exoteric," which he pronounced with strong emphasis upon the syllable "sot."

In ordinary society Mrs. Stowe was usually silent and reserved. Yet of what passed in her presence she was a close observer. I have heard her spoken of as "owlish," but I think that her silence must have resembled that of the owl which it is said that an Irishman once purchased, mistaking it for a parrot. When asked whether the bird had been heard to speak, he replied: "No, it does not talk, but it keeps up a devil of a thinking."

When she really took part in conversation, her quiet face became very expressive, and her dark eyes would sparkle with the sense of humor which always underlay her

deep seriousness of character.

A friend of mine, a Northern woman, long resident in Florida, once gave me the following account of a visit from Mrs. Stowe: "I had invited her to spend the day, with several other ladies, at my villa. She came with an old white fur tippet wrapped about her neck. She sat all day near the open fire, occupied apparently with her own thoughts, for she spoke to no one. When the day was well nigh spent, one of the guests related the remarkable experience of a woman who had passed through some danger, I forget of what sort. Mrs. Stowe presently startled us all by inquiring, with some show of interest: "Did the woman live?"

Now that the dreadful wounds of the Civil War have been at least partially healed, it is painful to revert to the state of things which preceded and occasioned the terrible conflict. This is done to-day in no spirit of unkindness. In her graphic picture of the evils of slavery, Mrs. Stowe is careful to recognize the bond of mutual regard which often united the slave and the slave-holder. Those of us who have had

personal knowledge of "the old South" can testify to the laborious and conscientious solicitude with which some, perhaps many, southern families looked after the condition of their bondsmen and women. Yet the horrible evils depicted in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did exist in many parts of the South, and were liable to occur in any

part of its domain.

In reviewing those dark days, we must remember that the deepest springs of human action do not lie upon or near the surface. The South of that time was not solid for slavery, nor was the North solid against it. The deepest thought and highest conscience of both sections repudiated a system which stripped men and women of human rights, and, as far as possible, of human attributes. Every step was taken to imbrute the character of these unfortunates. Manhood was denied to the men, womanhood to the women, parentage to the children, the acquisition of knowledge to all. In many places negroes were bought and sold like dogs or horses, often with less consideration than would have been shown to high-bred animals. The real humanity of the South could not but feel grieved and offended by this state of things. An idea of sectional obligation, coupled with the sympathy of large numbers, doubtless carried many good men into the Confederate ranks, but many there were who lamented the action of the Southern leaders, and who abstained from any participation therein.

What shall we say of Mrs. Stowe's famous book, now that it has a history of half

a century behind it?

We must say that the story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" still lives, and deserves to live. Mrs. Stowe chose for its hero a poor, ignorant, despised slave, who undergoes in person every outrage and indignity which a brutal master could inflict, and whose excellence of character shines out through the degradation which assails his mortal body, but which can not dim or obscure the beauty of his soul. Such individuals are, perhaps, not frequently met with in any race, neither are they confined to any race.

This heroic negro has his parallel among men of his own people and condition. The wretched system which delivered him, bound and helpless, into the persecuting hands of a white man immeasurably his inferior, appears in its darkest colors when contrasted with a nature so noble in endurance, so magnanimous in forgiveness. The story will live, like Goethe's "Faust," for its truth and deep human pathos.

I must confess that, as it appeared in the numbers of a Washington weekly, it did not greatly attract me. Its faults of style did not appear to indicate in the writer a first-class literary ability. The sort of religion exemplified, especially in the character of little Eva, could hardly have been congenial in those days to one who read Emerson and attended the preaching of Theodore Parker. Neglecting to follow the narrative, I presently lost sight of it altogether, and was astonished beyond measure when the published volumes electrified the society of the time.

As I read it to-day, I feel that its merits are such as should preclude criticism. No more genuine effort, methinks, was ever made to help human need with the instrument which is acknowledged to be

"Mightier than the sword."

Mrs. Stowe had enjoyed no academic training. She was not versed in the criticism which prevails to-day. But her book was offered upon the altar of a heavenly intuition, and she and it will go down to posterity as of supreme desert and of undying memory.





REVIEWS



IN THE NAME OF LIBERTY
BY OWEN JOHNSON

WHEN Madame Roland uttered her immortal indictment against liberty, it is not probable that she consciously included the particular sort of crime-masculine ingratitude-with which Mr. Owen Johnson, in his new story, has charged it. But right dramatically Mr. Johnson brings home his charge, and the reader feels that the title of the story has been aptly chosen. Mr. Johnson has done one of the most interesting, and at the same time one of the most daring, things that a historical romancer can do: he has pictured a by-gone period in a time of stressful action and has left out-except incidentally-all of the great persons whose names adorn or blot the pages of our histories. After all, we are perhaps too much given to thinking of history as consisting almost wholly of these bright, particular stars, the rest of it being mere nebulæ clustered about them and wholly unworthy to have the telescope of our imagination directed thereto. But now and again some unconventional story-teller, like Mr. Johnson, by the force of his talent, turns our attention toward them, and in a drama of the people reminds us-in his case—that Marat and Robespierre and Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette are not all there was of the French Revolution. In the obscure, pathetic figure of a bouquetaire of Paris who, through her love for a man playing at patriotism, rises to a great sacrifice, he has given us a real heroine in whose fortunes and fate we are genuinely interested. Of course, in his later chapters especially, Mr. Johnson inevitably challenges comparison with that prose epic of the revolution, "A Tale of Two Cities," which has all but beggared the scene for later writers. But Mr. Johnson's story has merits of its own unborrowed from Dickens or any one else.

One of them is a saving sanity of expression that resolutely stops short of exaggeration and early begets in the reader a feeling of security and confidence. Those who, like Daniel Deronda, have "a passion for history and are eager to know how time has been filled up since the flood," will find "In the Name of Liberty" well worth reading.

The Century Company, New York
Price \$1.50

NOSTROMO BY JOSEPH CONRAD

WHAT a pity it is that Mr. Joseph Conrad, who is one of the few recent writers that have attained to the dignity and the beauty of a style, should not choose with that style to tell us more of a story! In his latest novel, "Nostromo," much fine writing, in the best sense of that term, does not repay us for the lack of apprehensible plot and tangible characters. (The scene of the story is an imaginary South American republic in the throes of hectic revolutions that threaten the prosperity of the English owner of a rich silver mine within its territory. Nostromo, a low-born Genoese, half braggadocio, half hero, is intrusted at a critical hour with the safe conveyance of the output of the mine, a commission that tests his honor and allegiance. But the owner of the mine, all of the lesser characters, and even Nostromo himself, behave like bashful youths at a country party. They seem to shrink from being introduced, and if the reader wishes to meet them, he must make a distinct effort to do so. For an unusually long while Mr. Conrad leaves his wild country totally unpeopled, and when he does bring in his characters, they appear in great numbers and almost all at once, crowding past the reader so rapidly that he has scant chance for anything more than a how-do-you-do to each.

He has never the satisfaction of really getting to know any one of them. The love element is slight and in its development irregular, and the adventurous element is not absorbing. The stream of the story is always slender. It glimmers and shimmers most poetically—what there is of it—but even at its broadest and strongest it gives no hint of bearing the reader along with it, and again and again it sinks wholly out of sight amid the silver sands of picturesque description.

Harper and Brothers, New York Price \$1.50

MINE AND THINE BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

HE distinguishing marks of Mrs. Coates' verse are simplicity and an unashamed gravity. A fine severity, New Englandish in tone, is noticeable in the poet's attitude toward life, a something that links the meaning of her verse to past rather than to contemporary American poetry. Sometimes, though distantly, its sweet and fragrant coolness recalls the poetical manner of Matthew Arnold. Mrs. Coates' subjects are illustrative of her attitude,-love of country, of great causes, of great men, of nature, as the source of beauty and of consolation. The sympathetic note is strong in her verse, and sometimes it shares the common feminine defect of that virtue,-vagueness and lack of distinction. With her, as with most poets, the celebration of spring is a test of poetical value, a test to which she responds with the sweetest, the most lyrical tones of her repertoires.

If her mental and spiritual attitude is New Englandish, her economy of force, the returns she receives from expenditure, may be called "Yankeeish." Never lavish or luxuriant in phrase, or intention, the means she employs tell. Her garden does not yield a great variety of flowers, nor are the blossoms grown there of the largest size, but these are to be admired, not only for themselves, but because of the healthy condition of root, stem, and accompanying leaves. The whole plant is of good condi-

Quality in verse can be most successfully illustrated by example. Though the verses

given below are not generally indicative of Mrs. Coates' choice of subject, they illustrate better than further comment can do the delicacy and gravity of her manner:

CRADLE SONG
Thy heart and mine are one, my dear,
At dawn and set of sun;
When skies are bright, when days are drear,
Thy heart and mine are one!

About us move the hapless folk
Whom paltry things estrange;
The friends that feel their bond a yoke,
The loves that lightly change;

But thou and I, my bonny child, Their dangers blithely shun, Nor can by folly be beguiled,— For thou and I are one!

> Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston Price \$1.25 net

MYSTERIOUS MR. SABIN BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

S an attempt to transmute modern pol-A itics into thrilling fiction—to turn day dreams into cruisers—this story is successful, though not unique. The chances of a war between England and Germany are aired in newspapers, if not weighed in cabinets, and the mysterious Mr. Sabin, who is also the astute Mr. Sabin, merely fulfills forecasts. To do this, he pricks international jealousies, finds the weakness of national defenses, invents new modes of attack, and barters the future of France as the price of his secrets. Bourbon princesses are not often beautiful, nor Russian ambassadors gullible, but any assumption will be gladly accepted that puts in motion the diabolical ingenuity of Mr. Sabin. The intrigues, disguises and attacks that secure the admiral's precious plans, after many failures, would do credit to the brain of Sherlock Holmes in its early and best estate. One would not wish to pit the revived detective against the inscrutable diplomat, for a beaten gladiator is deplorable. Indeed, since Sir Conan Doyle does not essay long narratives, and Wilkie Collins and Gaboriau are become classics, Mr. Oppenheim stands easily first in the art of intricate construction. The windings of his

labyrinth seem past retracing, until the trustworthy clue is put in the reader's hands. For this he must await the author's pleasure; guesses, peeps ahead, past experience will profit him nothing.

Mr. Oppenheim is as generous of his love-making as he is skilful in plot. It would be unfair to outline the romance that provides the elements of youth, ardor and suspense; but it is ample in interest to dower a novel given over wholly to love, and not the least obstacle to Mr. Sabin's schemes. In fact, Helène's marriage is the mainspring of his ambition, and nothing save a great love could circumvent so watchful a guardian. The glimpses into Mr. Sabin's romantic and variegated past are perhaps too frequent; four heart-broken victims of the great passion is an undue allowance even for an aristocratic hero.

The book, in one respect, is the victim of heredity. It shows plainly its descent from the English three-volume novel. The author has not been able to break away from the traditions of regulation length, or to close his narrative at the logical place. The chapters that relate Mr. Sabin's voyage and American adventures are clearly a postscript. A new set of characters surrounds the hero, the action is detached from the main movement, and a few trifling alterations would transform this conclusion into an independent short story. The fault, however, is merely one of superfluity; the main body of the book is intact, although the artistry of the whole is impaired. No reader will desert Mr. Sabin while he is the center of danger, or leave him until he settles down to scientific golf among the Lenox hills.

> Little, Brown and Company, Boston Price \$1.50

MR. WADDY'S RETURN BY THEODORE WINTHROP

PUTTING aside the shade of sadness that inevitably comes over the reader as he learns that the author of the volume that he holds did not live to see it published, one finds himself on opening "Mr. Waddy's Return" immediately inducted into a blithe and even gay story. The prefatory chapter, recording a remarkable and hitherto unpublished episode in the voyage of the May-

flower, is capital. The reader is left to conjecture as to whether Major Winthrop invented the episode or whether he discovered it in the yellowed family papers of some musty garret in Back Bay, Boston. It is good enough to do credit to any author's powers of invention and almost too good to be true. A certain Waddy, cook of the vessel (by his descendants he was invariably alluded to as its steward or purveyor), one day unluckily served Miles Standish with pepperless porridge. Thereupon that peppery gentleman compelled him to eat the whole bowl after a small cannister of the seasoning had been emptied into it. After some days Waddy reappeared at his post. But the pepper had entered into his soul, and though for several generations the Waddys continued to be meek and dull and lumpish, "at last," says Major Winthrop, "the permeating was accom-plished, and our hero, Ira, the first really alive Waddy, was born." There is nothing else in the book that is quite so good as this first chapter. Yet the story that is spun about Ira Waddy, coming home rich from India, whither he was whimsically attracted by the river that bears his name, is most entertainingly told. It is a love story pure and simple. Waddy and his sweetheart, Mary Sullivan, lived in troublous timesthe fifties-but of the great events then shaping, the reader is seldom reminded. The story lacks atmosphere, indeed, and is a trifle incoherent and undefined, doubtless because it was of necessity finished by another person than its author-Mr. Burton E. Stevenson. But the fresh and lively comment, the manner,-so distinctly the author's own,-the "skipping spirit," like Gratiano's, that brightens every page, are out of the ordinary.

> Henry Holt and Company, New York Price \$1.50

THE SILENCE OF MRS. HARROLD BY SAMUEL M. GARDENHIRE

THIS novel occupies at present the debatable land of criticism, for it has been attacked as far-fetched and supported as deeply psychological, but it has not met with the indifference which is the most crushing of defeats. The sparks of praise and blame that reviewers have struck out

show that the book is made of metal, not stuffed with drowsy down.

Mrs. Harrold's silence, unlike that of her predecessor, Dean Maitland, shelters no crime; but the clearing of the mystery requires an intricate and novel plot. The discovery of relationships, the linking together of scattered and seemingly unrelated facts, the many ramifications, show constructive skill of a high order. This adroit management and the powerful portrayal of certain phases of New York life,-phases of new growth and not easily understood by the outsider,-differentiate the book from others of the season. The inner workings of the synagogue—as the theatrical syndicate is named by its opponents-are laid bare with a surety and enthusiasm that will fill every theatrical advance notice and play-bill with new meaning. The rotund Brussman, the real head of the trust, is both delightful and invincible. He has brought control to a fine art, and even his victims must enjoy spoliation that is performed with such suavity and deftness. Any one who can give points in the theory of trusts to Bartholomew Dean, Wall Street magnate, president of the Interstate Steel Company, and a social force in Manhattan as well, deserves respect. Mr. Dean, however, is in deep waters at the period of the story, for the steel company is fighting a stronger combination for the possession of a new process for purifying iron ore and some rich deposits on Lake Superior. The manipulation of these interests and of the three love affairs that begin and culminate is a literary tandem that might need all the author's watchfulness. But he spares time for much conversation and analysis of character. One would require some preparatory training under Henry James to appreciate the elaborate explanations, the subtle distinctions, the indirect and incomplete expressions, that these lovers prefer. The present effect is that of tedium and some indifference to their fates. A little bluntness, some stammering avowals, or unfinished speeches have their place in fiction, as in life.

This lack of red blood, this tendency to hair-splitting, to over-refining, lower the vitality and lessen the simplicity that are the attributes of greater literature. This is but to say that the author is a product of his time; that he sees life on too many sides to see it whole; that culture has been inimical to spontaneity. As a study—thorough, logical and strong—of some complex, sophisticated aspects of New York life the book will rank high. The scientific construction will retain the interest which the exposure of trust methods, the side-lights on society and the church have quickened.

Harper and Brothers, New York Price \$1.50

THE FUGITIVE BLACKSMITH BY CHARLES D. STEWART

N "Arabian Nights" entertainment, in A a humble and democratic form, is the gift proffered the reader by "The Fugitive Blacksmith." The scene of the knightly event in fiction-making herein chronicled is the sand-house in the railroad yards at Memphis, Tennessee. Largely speaking, Finnerty, the night keeper of the sand-house and coal-chutes, may be considered as representing the Arabian monarch, while the part of the lovely Scheherezade is personated by Stumpy, a tramp with a wooden leg, who pays to Finnerty the price of a lodging in the sandpile by spieling the yarn of a checkered existence in a rather wide world.

The story is a continued one. What is better the interest is a continued one; for Stumpy, like Mrs. Humphrey Ward, has a talent for concluding his chapters at the point where the reader's curiosity rises highest, and where the latter is left begging for more.

The hero of Stumpy's stories is a former friend and partner against whom a charge of murder has been wrongly preferred, and who, in company with Stumpy, is flying from injustice. The flight is a prolonged one, and covers a number of miles in a number of states, and it is punctuated by a series of droll and comical adventures. Bill, the partner, is handy with his mind and his body, and he has a genius for getting out of tight places. He fills the rôle of hero as well as Br'er Rabbit and in much the same fashion.

The book is vivified by clever character sketches shrewdly illustrative of life in the grade of society described. Mrs. Finnerty, her daughter and her friends give interesting glimpses into the point of view sustained by "their set," and not the least of the book's art lies in the social distinctions

and differences thus implied.

The humor of the story is abundant and of a particularly natural sort. Detached paragraphs give but a faint idea of its quality. Perhaps there is, however, no danger of giving a false and unworthy impression of that humor in quoting the following opinion of a sheep-herder concerning the animals he tends. "There ain't much in their eyes," said Jonas, "except the stony stare. And they can't wag their tail like a dog. Many a time I've been glad that there was an animal that could talk with its tail. They're an unmanly beast that ain't of this world at all. And if they see a good chance to die they'll lay right down and wait for kingdom come. They're a mackerel-eyed martyr from their Hebrew noses to their helpless tail. They're all right, though, for a piece of the landscape on a sunny day. They do say that they're the beast that stands for the human race in the Scriptures, and I'll be dinged if I hain't seen Christians just like them."

An unspoiled sense of humor is all that any one needs for enjoyment in reading "The Fugitive Blacksmith." The book it-

self will do the rest.

The Century Company, New York Price \$1.50

THE DIVINE FIRE BY MAY SINCLAIR

'HE Divine Fire'' is the work of genius, and if it can not, as a whole, be ranked a great novel, as "Richard Feverel" is a great novel, or as "The Newcomes" is a great novel, the book is yet, in parts, of a power so glorious and remarkable that the reader is inclined to turn prophet and to foretell that, in its author, the line of the more distinguished English novelists is to be continued. As in the books of Mrs. Ward and George Meredith, so in this, the marks of scholarly strength, of the student's nicety and exactness in thought and phrasing are abundant. The "literary form" of the scholar is unmistakable. No less unmistakable is the power which controls and dominates this student's aptitude, and which makes it subordinate to the presentation of life. The author is no pedant. Frequent as are the discussions of matters literary in the novel, nothing in these discussions can be said to be dragged in, or to be without a proper relation; for the book is the story of a great poet, and of his friends, and, with the story of their life must come naturally some discussion of lit-

erature as an art.

Usually the literary man is an unsuccessful characterization in fiction, is uninteresting and not convincing. It is the particular achievement of this book that its hero, Savage Keith Rickman, a London cockney, lives and moves, to the reader's sense, a man and a poet, the more the first because he is the last. The biographies of the poets must be familiar reading to the author of this book. In no feeble way is that knowledge applied. Savage Keith Rickman is a creation, original and individual, born of the union in the author's mind of imagination and knowledge. The development of the poet's character is steady and strong throughout the book. More than that, the quality of his literary genius is not vague or unsubstantial. It belongs to the Now, and it is discriminated with an appreciation of the values in literature that moves one to ad-

The book is of an amplitude in power that makes a description of its merits difficult. Perhaps this very amplitude is its most differentiating quality. More and more, in late years, the specialist in novel writing, with his fine and exquisite work, descriptive of one phase of life having little relation to the whole, has claimed our attention. The author of "The Divine Fire" is not a specialist but a general practitioner. Her appreciation of special values,-particularly those of character,-is tremendous and vivid, but nothing in the book is more significant than the fact that these special values are related and graded to a standard. With the utmost freedom and pliancy in the characterization of individuals,-with no appearance of method or artificiality, with no air of handing out a reward of merit to the best person in the bunch,—the author yet handles the people of her story so as to make the reader feel that character is the strongest, the most moving force of life.

The characterization is unequal in devel-

opment. However it may fail, as it does sometimes, in extension, in direction it is always correct and vivid. This is no less true of the journalists with whom the poet associates than it is of Poppy Grace, the variety actress; of Flossie Walker, the little bank clerk; of the poet's Methodistical father, Isaac Rickman, who keeps the tawdry book shop, called ironically by the poet, "The Gin Palace of Art"; of Horace Jawdine, the Oxford critic, fastidious and fearful of the divine fire; of Dickie Pilkington, the stock broker; of Kitty Paliser, brilliant young woman of fashionable society; lastly, of Lucia Harden, the heroine, descendant of a long line of aristocratic scholars and men of the world. One may regret that the author has not carried farther some of these characterizations, but the correctness of the direction taken by each is warrant for a power of tremendous

range and variety. It is to be regretted that the story, as a whole, does not reach the height achieved by the characterization. Somewhat it lacks in the welding together of incident. Its greatest deficiency lies in the absence of climax in sentimental values. Some of the indications of the affection existing between Lucia Harden and the poet are fine and exquisite in quality, and never in fiction has the power of a great love to banish little loves been better illustrated than in the transformation of Rickman's sentimental point of view after he comes in contact with Miss Harden. Notwithstanding this, there is not a great emotional scene in the book. This is partly due to the lack of development in the heroine's character, who, exquisite by the author's analysis, yet lacks often warmth and individuality when she speaks for herself,-is indeed "wooden," like some of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's petted heroes. While the "great affair" of the poet is thus unconvincing, the little ones are brimming over with life. The affair with Flossie Walker, the pretty, commonplace little bank clerk, an affair the result of boarding-house propinquity, is felicitous beyond words, both as a matter of analysis and of representation.

In the way of incidents the author has not yet achieved the freedom and originality displayed in the character drawing. Sometimes these suggest other books. The poet's relation to the variety actress recalls something in "Richard Feverel"; the sale of the Harden Library by Sir Frederick brings to the reader a memory of "Romola," while the visit of the poet to the Harden estate can scarcely fail to rouse a recollection of the little bookbinder's visit to the Princess Cassamassima. The adaptation of these incidents does not suggest anything so little as imitation, and the treatment of them is, in each case, original and individual. The inference intended is only that mentioned at the beginning of the paragraph,—that the author's use of happenings is not yet so free as her characteriza-

One might mention many little flaws in the book. This would be ungenerous, and unfair in a short review. The impression one receives from the whole production is that of a tremendous and generous power, a power that includes humor, wit, analytical and philosophical power, scholarship, vivid and trenchant strength in characterization. Something that critics call "fusion," and that bons viveurs, in speaking of a wine, allude to as its "bouquet," is absent from the book, or is not there in full. But there is evidence in plenty that this quality may be produced in future work. While the story of "The Divine Fire" is not on so popular a subject as that of "Robert Elsmere," and will not, therefore, command so large an audience, it is certainly a question susceptible of argument, whether or no this novel of May Sinclair does not equal in power the first novel of Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

Henry Holt and Company, New York

LITTLE CITIZENS BY MYRA KELLY

THAT conspicuous branch of contemporary fiction, the "juvenile" for "grown-ups," receives a diverting and worth-while addition in "Little Citizens," a series of stories concerning public school life in the midst of the mixed population of New York's East Side. Most of the children are Jewish, and, in the representation of their terrible manners, their extraordinary dialect and their oriental warmth of heart, the author shows keen observation,

delightful humor, and no mean order of creative talent. She has done as well by these wretched little Hebrews of New York as Edith Wyatt has done by the comfortable, luxurious, pleasure-loving Jew of Chicago, in her charming volume, "Every

One His Own Way."

Miss Kelly's book is amusing, and it is unconsciously, unintentionally, and therefore delightfully, instructive. Several volumes on Jewish ceremonial could not bring so vividly before the mind the Jewish horror of anything made from pork, as does the story of the ill-fated Isaac Borrachson, who indulged in a swearing bout and whose mouth, in consequence, the teacher washed out with soap and water,-"soap from the fat of pigs." The picture of the long procession of Isaac's outraged relatives, headed by the Rabbi, who come to expostulate with the rash young teacher, her bewilderment and misunderstanding of their attitude,-a misunderstanding still further increased by the vision of their tremulous, happy faces when she announces to them that a repetition of Isaac's offense will be followed by washing out his mouth with hot water, sapolio and washing soda,-all this offers instruction mingled with entertainment of the shrewdest and most genuine

The dialect is picturesquely and easily handled. In the use of it the author has the freedom which could come only from perfect familiarity and command. Other racial peculiarities,—the love of gorgeous dress, the reverence for money, these particularly,—are constantly and deliciously illustrated. In its compound of fun, feeling, and fact, the book is distinctly individual and deserves a high place in the list of contemporary fiction.

McClure, Phillips and Company, New York
Price \$1.50

CAPTAINS OF THE WORLD BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON

IN a published interview the author has disclaimed the intention of turning her camera on the Homestead riots, but the tinge of realism is none the less visible. If the reader, perforce, puts actual scenes and people in the place of fictitious ones, the substitution is his own, and the grasp of

the situation, the interpretation of motives, the look ahead, are but the firmer, clearer, wider.

Although the relations of labor and capital form the basis of the story, they are given no undue ascendency. A great love which endures without hope of requital, suffering, sudden death, the pathos of stunted childhood, the light flutter of society, supply the warmth of human interest that industrial problems need. Miss Overton's backgrounds have been often commended, and this underworld of labor among the iron furnaces, this moneyed aristocracy, so resentful of its origin, so tenacious of its position, are etched in with keenness and delicacy. The boardinghouses, the cottages, the model tenements that shelter the workingman, are all far more individual and distinctive than the granite palaces so near, and so inaccessible.

The process by which a workman turns into a labor leader and an equal of employers, by which native ability and force of character tramples down obstacles and holds fast to the good as he sees it is not a new one, but as Miss Overton draws it, it is logical and absorbing. Manning deserves all that domestic happiness can bring him, for he is emphatically a good man, and Beatrice learns the supremacy of love, as well as that "superiority of judgment inherent in and resulting from the marital condition" which the more frivolous Evelyn has acquired. Nettie Faraday, the thin, defiant little caretaker, with her own rigid ideas of life and duty, the demented old woman, Kemble's hard-working, frustrated, blameless life, are little more than sketches, but sympathy is given the more freely because of the absence of clap-trap appeal.

The speeches of fiction rarely produce an effect on the reader commensurate with that noted by the author, but Manning's argument at the conference between labor leaders and employers—that conference which is "the one new thing under the sun"—sounds forcible. The remedy of a general arbitration board may prove efficacions, since it is certain that nowadays "the Lord or Lady Bountiful is only a picturesque anachronism." Justice and equality, not alms or friendship, are the workingman's aim. It is undeniable that "the spirit of

the age is not represented by conquest, migration, religious disputation, romanticism, or even the fine arts, but by industry," and such books as this, with their sympathetic comprehension, absence of rancor or partizan bias, make for a better understanding and ultimate peace. More profound studies of the subject may be obtainable, but common sense and a good love story are always at a premium.

> The Macmillan Company, New York Price \$1.50

IMPORTED AMERICANS BY BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG

HE results of a first-hand study by Mr. Broughton Brandenburg into the immigration problem, come to us in the form of a volume of some three hundred pages, entitled, "Imported Americans." Mr. Brandenburg was aided by his wife, who accompanied him throughout his investigation. They began at the beginning. In order that they might trace from the start the history of typical foreign families, they went to Italy and formed the acquaintance of persons intending to emigrate to this country. They came back steerage with these people and took up their lodgings with them in an Italian tenement. Mr. Brandenburg's book is of special interest for the reason that it offers a radical remedy for existing immigration evils. He is convinced that the inspection of immigrants should take place in their home countries before they are allowed to embark for this country. Among the good results that he predicts for this method are the prevention of undesirable immigration, the stimulus of desirable immigration, the protection of immigrants from the demands of grafters, advisors and sub-agents, the prevention of naturalization frauds and the assistance of customs inspections. In this way the entire flow of immigration would be at all times under the complete control of our government. Moreover, it would cost, the author believes, only two dollars a head, whereas the present cost is five dollars. Hardly any reader of Mr. Brandenburg's book will fail at its close to wish that his method might be adopted.

> Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York Price \$1.50

THE CLOSED BOOK

BY THE CHEVALIER WILLIAM LE QUEUX

THE name of Lucrezia Borgia has been always one to conjure with, but the recent whitening of her reputation has focused upon the golden-haired duchess a renewed interest, of which Mr. Le Queux has skilfully availed himself. The bringing together of memories of Lucrezia, Cardinal Wolsey, Henry VIII, the Black Douglas, the monks of Certosa, in the England of to-day,-the England that shoots, gives week-end parties, summons Scotland Yard, and frequents smart restaurants, -seems startling at first glance. But the author's ingenuity is equal to the fusion of these divergent periods and personalities; and his work is not only free from incongruities and anachronisms, but it is much the gainer through the picturesque contrasts, the shifts of scene, the variety of motive.

Hidden jewels and buried silver have done yeoman's duty in fiction, but the Borgia emeralds, and the altar pieces of the Abbey of Croyland, that bigotry and vandalism destroyed, are of superior quality. Either treasure-trove alone would furnish an exciting chase and an ample reward, but the two are riches indeed. The famous Borgia poison adds a subtler danger to the usual cut and thrust of robbers. The dry, matter-of-fact, circumstantial, enumeration of the contents of the casket, and the shapes of the sacred vessels, should bring conviction to every unbeliever. Anything is possible where the Borgias are concerned, and the Earl and Lady Judith give the backing of modern society to Italian romance.

The author's taste for archæology and manuscripts has enabled him to inlay the product of his fancy with curious bits of history and little known antiquarian details. The plans of the Abbey of Croyland and the Castle of Threave not only glimpse a picturesque life, but have the value of authenticity. The great granite bullet that shot off the hand of the beautiful Lady Margaret de Douglas is a newer accessory than the poison ring of Pope Alessandro. The excerpts from the Closed Book, written by the priestly secretary, Godfrey Lovel, admirably reproduce the life of the English monastery in correct early English diction; and the vellum leaves, unpregnated with venom, are no less active in the story than the inscribed measurements for the finding of the treasure. The catalogue of the hero's collection—"musty smelling parchments, rolls of folded vellum documents, with their formidable seals of lead, or wax, heavy books bound in oaken boards and brass bosses, tiny illuminated books of hours minutely written; ancient chapters, diplomas, deeds and the like"—would almost entice the idle reader into the pursuit of paleography.

The novel is a good one of its class, for the foundation of research has more than usual solidity, and the superstruction of imagination is daring and diversified.

The Smart Set Publishing Company, New York
Price \$1.50

MEMOIRS OF THE AMERICAN WAR BY MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM HEATH

F middling stature, light complexion, very corpulent and bald-headed, which led the French officers who served in America to compare him to the Marquis of Granby"-with this self-portrait General Heath began a record that holds a recognized place among contemporary narratives of the revolution. If, in the allusion to the Marquis, there is a touch of undemocratic vanity, the reader will easily pardon it, it is so very human, and it adds so to the spice of things! These memoirs cover almost the whole of the period of the war for independence, and though, owing to a foolish boast that he failed to make good, Heath was, during the latter part of the war, no longer intrusted with important expeditions, he was eye-witness still to many of them. His patriotism appears to have been of the most genuine sort, for in July, of 1778, several months after his own fiasco and the severe censure it entailed from Washington himself, we find him writing, on the occasion of the battle of Monmouth, "Here was General Washington seen in all his splendor; for this critical situation is the orb in which he shines the brightest. He rallied the retreating troops; he inspired them by precept and by example." No one will blame General Heath for cherishing the august expression of esteem and affection signed "G. Washington" that he received at the close of the war and to which he gives full space on his page. He must, indeed, despite a little hotheadedness, have been a worthy officer and an estimable man, though probably, as his editor suggests, better fitted for muster service and barrack duty than for active command in the field. In their new dress, with notes by Rufus Rockwell Wilson, a reproduction of the original title-page and all of the author's quaintnesses of phrase intact, these memoirs form a valuable addition to our source-books of American history.

A. Wessels Company, New York Price \$2.50

HISTORIC DRESS IN AMERICA

BY ELIZABETH MCCLELLAN

O any one who is interested in the antiquities of our altogether modern country, this publication will be of great value. Efforts have been made before to compile a volume which should illustrate and describe the costumes worn by the men and women of America's earliest days, but nothing approaching the completeness of the present work has yet been offered. The work begins with the time of the earliest Spanish occupation of the continent, and concludes with the opening of the nineteenth century. Within this period the dress of men and women, nobles, commoners and soldiers, is minutely described, the illustrations being from contemporary prints, old portraits and similar authentic sources.

> George W. Jacobs and Company, Philadelphia Price \$10.00

THE STAYING GUEST BY CAROLYN WELLS

THE title calls up a vision of a grumpy old man, or a pertinacious spinster, but the reality is Ladybird Lovel, a spirited, original, dramatic child, whom her creator nicknames "Enthusiasm Incarnate." Ladybird might be also called the Flying Guest, for within the bounds of Plainville she is always on the wing, and her little pinions fan every ember. It is no wonder that two maiden ladies of fixed habits and great decorum dread the advent of such a comer. Immaculate Primrose Hall is tightly shuttered every morning at eight o'clock, "causing an artificial night in the middle of the day, through which the inmates find their

way like other creatures who can see in the dark." Hospitality is a duty of infrequent exercise, because "company upsets things so," and the aunts fit well with their domicile. Aunt Priscilla has a large share of "the infernal feminine," and though Aunt Dorinda "hasn't let go her youth" so entirely, her part in life is the meek one of assent. The introduction of an elfin child and a Yorkshire terrier works havoc in this virgin demesne, but Ladybird wins hearts and finds her place, and when the real niece, for whom she has been mistaken, ship.

Carolyn Wells is a synonym for sprightly humor, and this charming story does her no discredit. Whether Ladybird, in the absence of domestic praise, flees to the orchard where "the trees are so sympathetic," or fears "being hatcheted into ternity by a gory villain," or experiments in matchmaking, she is always entertaining, and a natural, if not an ordinary, child.

"The Staying Guest" may be addressed to children, but older readers will not allow them to enjoy a monopoly of her freaks and quaint sayings.

The Century Company, New York
Price \$1.50

THE EASY WAY TO FAME

By S. E. Kiser

TIME was when men went forth to fight
And thus win laurel wreaths to wear:
Great Cæsar had to show his might
Before men knew him everywhere:
Ah, luckless wights of yore, they ne'er
Won glory in an easy way,
They found the crowns of honor rare—
Fame waits on all of us to-day.

Miss Borgia poisoned men for spite
And so got known: now ladies fair
Take Lydia Pinkham's stuff and write
In praise thereof, and thus they share
Renown with those who do and dare;
They wed for titles, and display
Their skill at golf to reach the glare—
Fame waits on all of us to-day.

The Corsican achieved the height
By plunging millions in despair;
We give renown to them who smite
And send the pig-skin through the air;
We raise to prominence a Lehr
And willingly our tributes pay
To football heroes with long hair—
Fame waits on all of us to-day.

L'ENVOI.

Ho, you that long to hear the blare
Of trumpets in your honor, pray
Why sit unknown, unsung back there?
Fame waits on all of us to-day.



JAMES K. HACKETT

AS SEEN BY CARTOONIST GEORGE BREHM

THE READER MAGAZINE

